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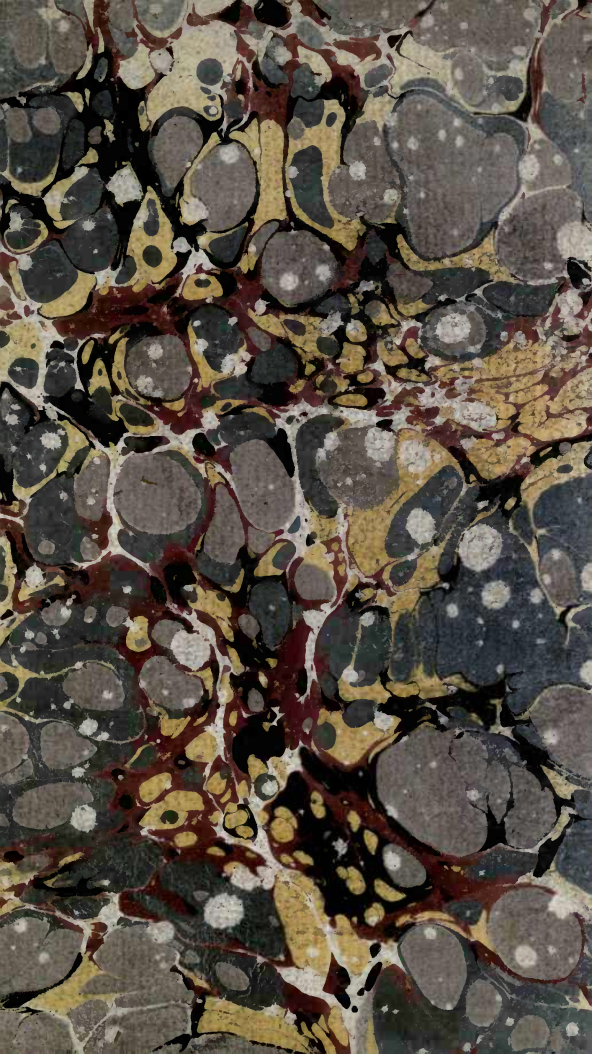

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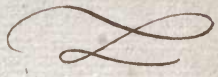

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Musæ Seatonianæ.

A COMPLETE

COLLECTION

OF THE

CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEMS,

FROM THE

FIRST INSTITUTION OF THAT PREMIUM BY

The Rev. Mr. THO. SEATON, in 1750,

TO THE PRESENT TIME.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

TWO POEMS,

LIKEWISE WRITTEN FOR THE PRIZE,

By Mr. BALLY and Mr. SCOTT.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. WRIGHT FOR G. PEARCH; J. JOHNSON, AT NO. 72. IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; AND J. & T. MERRILL, CAMBRIDGE.

M.DCC.LXXXI.

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Juſt Publiſhed,

In Four Volumes Small Octavo, Price 14s. bound,

The SECOND EDITION of

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

By SEVERAL HANDS;

Being a Proper SUPPLEMENT to Mr. DODSLEY's COLLECTION.

Printed for GEO. PEARCH: and Sold by J. JOHNSON, No. 72 St. Paul's Church-Yard.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IF the preſent Age is not celebrated for Poetical Genius, it is remarkable for Poetical Taſte, even the moſt refined. Numerous Poems might be adduced in proof of this, but none with greater propriety than thoſe contained in the following Collection.

A DESIGN was formed ſome time ago to collect all the Poems which gained Mr. SEATON's Prize; but it was either interrupted or neglected. The deſign was too laudable to be entirely laid aſide; we have therefore reſumed it. We felt for the cauſe of Literature when we ſaw ſcattered in obſcure corners, Poems which have done ſo much honour to their Authors, and which have ſo faithfully anſwered the intention of the pious

pious Donor, by inculcating and embelliſhing the great truths of the Chriſtian Religion.

It may be neceſſary to obſerve, that the following is a complete collection of all the Prize-Poems, ſome of which were become very ſcarce. In the years 1766, 1769, and 1771, no Poems were publiſhed for the Prize. We have added Two Poems to the Collection which were written for the Prize, but, in the eſtimation of the Judges, were not ſuppoſed to deſerve it. The Poems, however, have great merit, and as ſuch we thought them intitled to the ſtation they poſſeſs.

We deemed this no improper opportunity to give the world ſome account of Mr. Seaton; a man who is generally known to it only by his liberality in the cauſe of Religion and the Muſes; but our reſearches have been unequal to the taſk. It is remarkable, that the hiſtory of a public-ſpirited Man ſhould have been ſunk in the ſhallow gulph

of

of little more than twenty years; for the Anecdotes of his life which are known are but few, and indeed not very intereſting.

The Reverend Mr. Thomas Seaton was born at Stamford, in Lincolnſhire, about the year 1684; and, after paſſing the uſual time at the uſual ſtudies, was admitted, in 1701, a Sizer of Clare-Hall in the Univerſity of Cambridge, under the tuition of Mr. Clarke, the then Bedel of the Univerſity. Three years after, while Bachelor of Arts, he was admitted Scholar of that College, and at the end of the ſubſequent three years he acquired a Fellowſhip. Here he reſided fifteen or ſixteen years; in the courſe of which he wrote, among other little things, a Pamphlet againſt Whiſton on the Eternity of the Son of God. In 1721 he reſigned his Fellowſhip, and went to reſide at his living in Northamptonſhire, to which he had been preſented by the late Lord Nottingham, whoſe Chaplain he was. Here he married,

and

and poſſeſſed the univerſal good-wiſhes of his pariſh till his death. He was a man aſſiduous in promoting the cauſe of Religion, becauſe he loved it; and he gave no ſmall teſtimony of his attachment to it in his Will, from which the following clauſe is extracted:

"I GIVE my Kiſlingbury eſtate to the "Univerſity of Cambridge for ever; the "rents of which ſhall be diſpoſed of yearly "by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, "as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Maſter of "Clare-Hall, and the Greek Profeſſor for "the time being, or any two of them, ſhall "agree. Which three perſons aforeſaid ſhall "give out a ſubject, which ſubject ſhall, for "the firſt year, be one or other of the Per-"fections or Attributes of the Supreme "Being, and ſo the ſucceeding years, till "the ſubject is exhauſted; and afterwards "the ſubject ſhall be either Death, Judg-"ment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, "&c.

" &c. or whatſoever elſe may be judged by
" the Vice-Chancellor, Maſter of Clare-Hall,
" and Greek Profeſſor, to be moſt conducive
" to the honour of the Supreme Being and
" recommendation of Virtue. And they
" ſhall yearly diſpoſe of the rent of the
" above eſtate to that Maſter of Arts,
" whoſe Poem on the ſubject given ſhall
" be beſt approved by them. Which Poem
" I ordain to be always in Engliſh, and to
" be printed; the expence of which ſhall
" be deducted out of the product of the
" eſtate, and the reſidue given as a reward
" for the Compoſer of the Poem, or Ode,
" or Copy of Verſes."

ON THE

ETERNITY

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

BY

CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

M DCC L.

ON THE

ETERNITY

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

HAIL, wond'rous Being, who in power ſupreme
Exiſts from everlaſting, whoſe great name
Deep in the human heart, and every atom
The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains,
In undecypher'd characters is wrote—
INCOMPREHENSIBLE !— O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove
Thro' the vaſt concave of th' ætherial round)?
If to the Heaven of Heavens they wing their way
Adventurous, like the birds of night they're loſt,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day. —

May then the youthful, uninſpired Bard
Preſume to hymn th' Eternal; may he ſoar
Where Seraph and where Cherubin on high
Reſound th' unceaſing plaudits, and with them
In the grand Chorus mix his feeble voice?

He may—if Thou, who from the witleſs babe
Ordaineſt honour, glory, ſtrength, and praiſe,
Upliſt th' unpinion'd Muſe, and deign'ſt t'aſſiſt,
GREAT POET OF THE UNIVERSE, his ſong.

Before this earthly Planet wound her courſe
Round Light's perennial fountain; before Light
Herſelf 'gan ſhine, and at th' inſpiring word
Shot to exiſtence in a blaze of day;
Before "the Morning-Stars together ſang,
And hail'd Thee Architect of countleſs worlds;
Thou art—all-glorious, all-beneficent,
All Wiſdom and Omnipotence thou art.

But is the æra of Creation fix'd
At when theſe worlds began? Could aught retard
Goodneſs, that knows no bounds, from bleſſing ever,
Or keep th' immenſe Artificer in ſloth?
Avaunt the duſt-directed crawling thought,
That Puiſſance immeaſurably vaſt,

And

And Bounty inconceivable, could reſt
Content, exhauſted with one week of action—
No—in th' exertion of thy righteous power,
Ten thouſand times more active than the Sun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Syſtems innumerable, matchleſs all,
All ſtampt with thine uncounterfeited ſeal.

But yet (if ſtill to more ſtupendous heights
The Muſe unblam'd her aching ſenſe may ſtrain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The beſt of Beings on the nobleſt theme
Might ruminate at leiſure, Scope immenſe
Th' eternal Power and Godhead to explore,
And with itſelf th' omniſcient mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundleſs All,
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidſt a choicer few,
Of ſpirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime Pillars of the Univerſe,
Creation and Redemption—and a while
Pauſe—with the grand preſentiments of glory.

Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and ſelf-plum'd vanity—
O Thou, whoſe ways to wonder at's diſtruſt,

Whom to deſcribe's preſumption (all we can—
And all we may—) be glorified, be prais'd.

A Day ſhall come, when all this Earth ſhall periſh,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; it ſhall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war againſt themſelves; and mutual rage,
To make Perdition triumph; it ſhall come
When the capacious atmoſphere above
Shall in ſulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vaniſh into void; the earth beneath
Shall ſever to the center, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the deſtructive flames.
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? Ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immenſe Atlantic roar,
In vain ye ſwell; will a few drops ſuffice
To quench the inextinguiſhable fire?
Ye mountains, on whoſe cloud-crown'd tops the cedars
Are leſſen'd into ſhrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where;
Where, Tenerif's thy ſtatelineſs to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to theſe?—No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden ſun.

Nor ſhall the verdant vallies then remain
Safe in their meek ſubmiſſion; they the debt
Of nature and of juſtice too muſt pay.
Yet I muſt weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andaluſia; but for thee
More largely and with filial tears muſt weep,
O Albion, O my country! Thou muſt join,
In vain diſſever'd from the reſt, muſt join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illuſtrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye ſtars,
Tho' million leagues and million ſtill remote,
Shall yet ſurvive that day; Ye muſt ſubmit,
Sharers, not bright ſpectators of the ſcene.

But tho' the earth ſhall to the center periſh,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; tho' the air
With all the elements muſt paſs away,
Vain as an ideot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandiſh the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales muſt to perdition yield;
Tho' the gilt Sun, and ſilver-treſſed Moon
With all her bright retinue, muſt be loſt;
Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, ſurviv'ſt
Eternal, as thou wert: Yet ſtill ſurvives

The ſoul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.

He comes! He comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming ſword's intolerable blaze
I ſee! He comes! th' Archangel from above.
" Ariſe, ye tenants of the ſilent grave,
" Awake incorruptible and ariſe:
" From eaſt to weſt, from the Antarctic pole
" To regions Hyperborean, all ye ſons,
" Ye ſons of Adam, and ye heirs of Heaven—
" Ariſe, ye tenants of the ſilent grave,
" Awake incorruptible and ariſe."

'Tis then, nor ſooner, that the reſtleſs mind
Shall find itſelf at home; and like the ark,
Fix'd on the mountain-top, ſhall look aloft
O'er the vague paſſage of precarious life;
And, winds and waves and rocks and tempeſts paſt,
Enjoy the everlaſting calm of Heaven:
'Tis then, nor ſooner, that the deathleſs ſoul
Shall juſtly know its nature and its riſe:
'Tis then the human tongue new-tun'd ſhall give
Praiſes more worthy the Eternal ear.
Yet what we can, we ought;—and therefore Thou,
Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and Good!

Purge

Purge Thou my heart with hyſſop, leſt like Cain
I offer fruitleſs ſacrifice, and with gifts
Offend and not propitiate the Ador'd.
Tho' Gratitude were bleſt with all the powers
Her burſting heart could long for, tho' the ſwift,
The fiery-wing'd Imagination ſoar'd
Beyond Ambition's wiſh—yet all were vain
To ſpeak Him as he is, who is INEFFABLE.
Yet ſtill let Reaſon thro' the eye of Faith
View Him with fearful love; let Truth pronounce,
And Adoration on her bended knee
With heaven-directed hands confeſs His reign.
And let the Angelic, Archangelic band
With all the Hoſts of Heaven, Cherubic forms,
And forms Seraphic, with their ſilver trumps
And golden lyres attend:—"For Thou art holy,
"For Thou art One, th' Eternal, who alone
"Exerts all goodneſs, and tranſcends all praiſe."

ON THE

IMMENSITY

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

BY

CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

M DCC LI.

ON THE

IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

ONCE more I dare to rouſe the ſounding ſtring,
THE POET OF MY GOD—Awake, my glory,
Awake, my lute and harp—myſelf ſhall wake,
Soon as the ſtately night-exploding bird
In lively lay ſings welcome to the dawn.

Liſt ye! how Nature with ten thouſand tongues
Begins the grand thankſgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the foreſt and the field!
My fellow-ſubjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your Mattins, and with you
Confeſs his preſence, and report his praiſe.

O Thou, who or the Lambkin, or the Dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'ſt to Pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean Eſſay, nor from thy treaſure-houſe
Of Glory' immenſe the Orphan's mite exclude.

What

Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by Sages old
Of Sovereign virtue) ſparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And bluſhes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treaſure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The Agat and the deep-intrenched gem
Of kindred Jaſper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the Mimic on herſelf;
And in their veins ſhe oft pourtrays the forms
Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and ſtreams
Now ſtealing ſoftly on, now thundering down
In deſperate caſcade, with flowers and beaſts,
And all the living landſkip of the vale:
In vain thy pencil, Claudio or Pouſſin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would eſſay
Such ſkill to imitate—it is the hand
Of God himſelf—for God himſelf is there.

Hence with the aſcending ſprings let me advance
Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and ſpar,
Up to the mountain's ſummit, there t' indulge
Th' ambition of the comprehenſive eye,
That dares to call th' Horizon all her own.
Behold the foreſt, and the expanſive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whoſe ſmooth-ſhorn ſod

No

No object interrupts, unleſs the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—Behold in regal ſolitude,
And paſtoral magnificence, he ſtands
So ſimple! and ſo great! the under-wood
Of meaner rank an awful diſtance keep.
Yet Thou art there, yet God himſelf is there
Ev'n on the buſh (tho' not as when to Moſes
He ſhone in burning majeſty reveal'd).
Nathleſs conſpicuous in the Linnet's throat
Is his unbounded goodneſs—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preſerver chaunts ſhe in her ſong;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful leſſon learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other ſound—for, in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains, where th' unbounded proſpect
Gives liberty her utmoſt ſcope to range,
Turn we to yon encloſures, where appears
Chequer'd Variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract and ſtill ſuſpend
With ſweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of labouring man and clumſy art,
Seen with the ring-dove's neſt?—On that tall beech
Her penſile houſe the feather'd Artiſt builds—

The rocking winds moleſt her not; for ſee,
With ſuch due poize the wond'rous fabric's hung,
That, like the compaſs in the bark, it keeps
True to itſelf, and ſtedfaſt ev'n in ſtorms.
Thou ideot, that aſſerts there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever—
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his manſion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To bluſh with juſt vermilion—Hence away—
Hence, ye prophane! for God himſelf is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious to trace
Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—
And tho' nor ſhining ſun, nor twinkling ſtar
Bedeck'd the crimſon curtains of the ſky;
Tho' neither vegetable, beaſt, nor bird
Were extant on the ſurface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great ſea
Slept in profound ſtagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its maker;
Yet man at home, within himſelf, might find
The Deity immenſe, and in that frame
So fearfully, ſo wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power—
I ſee, and I adore—O God moſt bounteous!

O in-

O infinite of Goodneſs and of Glory!
The knee, that thou haſt ſhap'd, ſhall bend to Thee;
The tongue, which thou haſt tun'd, ſhall chaunt thy praiſe;
And, thine own image, the immortal ſoul,
Shall conſecrate herſelf to Thee for ever.

ON THE

OMNISCIENCE

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

BY

CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

M DCC LII.

ON THE

OMNISCIENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

ARISE, divine Urania, with new ſtrains
To hymn thy God! and thou, immortal Fame,
Ariſe, and blow thy everlaſting trump!
All glory to the Omniſcient, and praiſe,
And power, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whoſe voice
To pious ears ſounds ſilverly ſo ſweet,
Come with thy precious incenſe, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choiceſt ſtores the altar crown,
Thou too, my Heart, whom He, and He alone
Who all things knows, can know, with love replete,
Regenerate, and pure, pour all thyſelf
A living ſacrifice before his throne!
And may th' eternal, high myſterious tree,
That in the center of the arched Heavens
Bears the rich fruit of Knowledge, with ſome branch
Stoop to my humble reach, and bleſs my toil!

When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay
A ſenſeleſs embryo, then my ſoul thou knew'ſt,
Knew'ſt all her future workings, every thought,
And every faint idea yet unform'd.
When up the imperceptible aſcent
Of growing years, led by thy hand, I roſe,
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
Inſenſibly to day, thou didſt vouchſafe,
And taught me by that reaſon thou inſpir'dſt,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect—in Thee is wond'rous,
Uncircumſcrib'd, unſearchably profound,
And eſtimable ſolely by itſelf.

What is that ſecret power, that guides the brutes,
Which Ignorance calls inſtinct? 'Tis from Thee,
It is the operation of thine hands
Immediate, inſtantaneous; 'tis thy Wiſdom,
That glorious ſhines tranſparent thro' thy works.
Who taught the Pye, or who forewarn'd the Jay
To ſhun the deadly nightſhade? Tho' the cherry
Boaſts not a gloſſier hue, nor does the plum
Lure with more ſeeming ſweets the amorous eye,
Yet will not the ſagacious birds, decoy'd
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
They know to taſte is fatal, whence alarm'd

Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.
Go to, proud reas'ner philoſophic Man,
Haſt thou ſuch prudence, thou ſuch knowledge?—No.
Full many a race has fell into the ſnare
Of meretricious looks, of pleaſing ſurface;
And oft in deſart iſles the famiſh'd pilgrim
By forms of fruit, and luſcious taſte beguil'd,
Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
For why? his wiſdom on the leaden feet
Of ſlow Experience, dully tedious, creeps,
And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable Sage, that nightly trims
The learned lamp, t'inveſtigate the powers
Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
And the dark regions of the foſſil world,
Grows old in following what he ne'er ſhall find;
Studious in vain! till haply, at the laſt
He ſpies a miſt, then ſhapes it into mountains,
And baſeleſs fabrics from conjecture builds:
While the domeſtic animal, that guards
At midnight hours his threſhold, if oppreſs'd
By ſudden ſickneſs, at his maſter's feet
Begs not that aid his ſervices might claim,
But is his own phyſician, knows the caſe,
And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.

Hark,

Hark from afar the feather'd matron * ſcreams,
And all her brood alarms! The docile crew
Accept the ſignal one and all, expert
In th' art of Nature and unlearn'd deceit:
Along the ſod, in counterfeited death,
Mute, motionleſs they lie; full well appriz'd,
That the rapacious adverſary's near.
But who inform'd her of th' approaching danger?
Who taught the cautious mother, that the hawk
Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her deſtruction?
Her own prophetic ſoul is active in her,
And more than human providence her guard.

When Philomela, ere the cold domain
Of crippled Winter 'gins t' advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in ſome poplar ſhade
Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
Who points her paſſage thro' the pathleſs void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her ſcience is the ſcience of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the North
E'er aſcertains her courſe, nor buoy, nor beacon:
She, Heaven-taught voyager, that ſails in air,
Courts nor coy Weſt nor Eaſt, but inſtant knows
What Newton † or not ſought, or ſought in vain.

Illuſ-

* The Hen Turkey. † The Longitude.

Illuſtrious name! irrefragable proof
Of man's vaſt genius, and the ſoaring ſoul!
Yet what wert thou to Him, who knew his works
Before creation form'd them, long before
He meaſur'd in the hollow of his hand
Th' exulting Ocean, and the higheſt Heavens
He comprehended with a ſpan, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in his golden ſcales;
Who ſhone ſupreme, who was himſelf the light,
Ere yet Refraction learn'd her ſkill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.

When Knowledge at her father's dread command
Reſign'd to Iſrael's king her golden key,
O! to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon deſcanting on the brutes,
O! how ſublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good will to man,
That wiſdom he alone of men poſſeſs'd
In plenitude ſo rich, and ſcope ſo rare.
How did he rouſe the pamper'd ſilken ſons
Of bloated Eaſe, by placing to their view
The ſage induſtrious Ant, the wiſeſt inſect,
And beſt œconomiſt of all the field!
Tho' ſhe preſumes not by the ſolar orb

To

To meaſure times and ſeaſons, nor conſults
Chaldean calculations, for a guide;
Yet conſcious that December's on the march,
Pointing with icy hand to Want and Woe,
She waits his dire approach, and undiſmay'd
Receives him as a welcome gueſt, prepar'd
Againſt the churliſh Winter's fierceſt blow.
For when, as yet the favourable Sun
Gives to the genial earth th' enlivening ray,
Not the poor ſuffering ſlave, that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-ſought gold,
Endures ſuch trouble, ſuch fatigue, as ſhe;
While all her ſubterraneous avenues,
And ſtorm-proof cells with management moſt meet
And unexampled houſewifery ſhe forms:
Then to the field ſhe hies, and on her back,
Burden immenſe! ſhe bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary ſtep, and many a ſtrain,
And many a grievous groan ſubdued, at length
Up the huge hill ſhe hardly heaves it home:
Nor reſts ſhe here her providence, but nips
With ſubtle tooth the grain, leſt from her garner
In miſchievous fertility it ſteal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way.
Go to the Ant, thou ſluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.

But if thy deaden'd ſenſe, and liſtleſs thought
More glaring evidence demand; behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive preſents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glaſs
May read himſelf a fool. The Chemiſt there
May with aſtoniſhment invidious view
His toils out-done by each plebeian Bee,
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs, and from diſcordant flowers,
A perfect harmony of ſweets compounds.

Avaunt, Conceit, Ambition, take thy flight
Back to the Prince of vanity and air!
O! 'tis a thought of energy moſt piercing;
Form'd to make Pride grow humble; form'd to force
Its weight on the reluctant Mind, and give her
A true but irkſome image of herſelf.
Woeful viciſſitude! when Man, fall'n Man,
Who firſt from Heaven, from gracious God himſelf
Learn'd knowledge of the Brutes, muſt know, by Brutes
Inſtructed and reproach'd, the ſcale of being;
By ſlow degrees from lowly ſteps aſcend,
And trace Omniſcience upwards to its ſpring!
Yet murmur not, but praiſe—for tho' we ſtand
Of many a Godlike privilege amerc'd

By

By Adam's dire tranſgreſſion; tho' no more
Is Paradiſe our home, but o'er the portal
Hang in terrific pomp the burning blade;
Still with ten thouſand beauties blooms the Earth
With pleaſures populous, and with riches crown'd.
Still is there ſcope for wonder and for love
Ev'n to their laſt exertion—ſhowers of bleſſings
Far more than human virtue can deſerve,
Or hope expect, or gratitude return.
Then, O ye People, O ye Sons of Men,
Whatever be the colour of your lives,
Whatever portion of itſelf his Wiſdom
Shall deign t' allow, ſtill patiently abide,
And praiſe him more and more; nor ceaſe to chaunt
"ALL GLORY TO TH' OMNISCIENT, AND PRAISE,
"AND POWER, AND DOMINATION IN THE HEIGHT!
"And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whoſe voice
"To pious ears ſounds ſilverly ſo ſweet,
"Come with thy precious incenſe, bring thy gifts,
"And with thy choiceſt ſtores the altar crown."

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

ON THE

POWER

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

BY

CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

M DCC LIII.

ON THE

POWER OF THE SUPREME BEING.

"TREMBLE, thou Earth!" th' anointed poet ſaid,
"At God's bright preſence, tremble, all ye mountains!
"And all ye hillocks on the ſurface bound!"
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll!
The Muſe with tranſport hears ye; once again
Convulſe the ſolid continent! and ſhake,
Grand muſic of Omnipotence, the iſles!
'Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of Power,
'Tis thy terrific voice; all Nature hears it
Awaken'd and alarm'd; ſhe feels its force;
In every ſpring ſhe feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vaſt machine.
Behold! quakes Apennine; behold! recoils
Athos; and all the hoary-headed Alps
Leap from their baſes at the godlike ſound.
But what is this, celeſtial tho' the note,

And proclamation of the reign ſupreme,
Compar'd with ſuch as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Should Ocean to his congregated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the watry world down an huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible caſcade,
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
When Zephyr faints upon the lily's breaſt,
'Twere but the ceaſing of ſome inſtrument,
When the laſt lingering undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with ſounds
So mighty! ſo ſtupendous! ſo divine!

But not alone in the aërial vault
Does He the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with his inteſtine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And ſhocks the central magnet—Cities then
Totter on their foundations, ſtately columns,
Magnific walls, and heaven-aſſaulting ſpires.
What tho' in haughty eminence erect
Stands the ſtrong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverſe hoſts, tho' many a baſtion jut
Forth from the rampart's elevated mound,
Vain the poor providence of human art,

And

And mortal ſtrength how vain! while underneath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of ſhatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamour inconceivable uptorn,
And hurl'd adown th' abyſs. Sulphureous pyrites
Burſting abrupt from darkneſs into day,
With din outrageous and deſtructive ire,
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflictive ear, and terrifies the eye,
And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we felt,
Within Auguſta's walls twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation; but ev'n Thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever;
Thy goodneſs infinite but mildly warn'd us
With mercy-blended wrath: O ſpare us ſtill,
Nor ſend more dire conviction! We confeſs
That thou art He, th' Almighty: we believe.
For at thy righteous power whole ſyſtems quake,
For at thy nod tremble ten thouſand worlds.

Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is and is not in a moment—hark!
On th' hurricane's tempeſtuous ſweep he rides
Invincible, and oaks and pines and cedars
And foreſts are no more. For, conflict dreadful!
The Weſt encounters Eaſt, and Notus meets

In his career the Hyperborean blaſt.
The lordly lions ſhuddering ſeek their dens,
And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,
Who dar'd the ſolar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints and falls and dies;—while He ſupreme
Stands ſtedfaſt in the center of the ſtorm.

Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not leſs manifeſt, is not leſs mighty.

Survey the magnet's ſympathetic love,
That wooes the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, inviſible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric ſphere aſſaults thy frame,
Shew me the hand that dealt it!—Baffled here
By his Omnipotence, Philoſophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And ſtands, with all his circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in th' etherial ſpace
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If

If ſuch the operations of his power,
Which at all ſeaſons and in every place
(Rul'd by eſtabliſh'd laws and current nature)
Arreſt th' attention ; Who ! O Who ſhall tell
His acts miraculous ? when his own decrees
Repeals he, or ſuſpends, when by the hand
Of Moſes or of Joſhua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic ſeers, ſuch deeds he wrought,
Before th' aſtoniſh'd Sun's all-ſeeing eye,
That Faith was ſcarce a virtue. Need I ſing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
Loſt in the reflux of the watry walls,
That melted to their fluid ſtate again ?
Need I recount how Sampſon's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was ſtrung t' o'erthrow
Idolatrous Philiſtia ? Shall I tell
How David triumph'd, and what Job ſuſtain'd ?
—But, O ſupreme, unutterable mercy !
O love unequall'd, myſtery immenſe,
Which angels long t' unfold ! 'tis man's redemption
That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
Shone forth the Sun of Righteouſneſs reveal'd,
And on benighted reaſon pour'd the day ;

" Let there be peace (he ſaid) !" and all was calm
Amongſt the warring world—calm as the ſea
When, " O be ſtill, ye boiſterous Winds !" he cried,
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taſte
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he riſe
Victorious o'er the univerſal foe,
And Death and Sin and Hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conqueſt is mankind,
And in ſweet ſervitude and golden bonds
Were ty'd to him for ever.—O how eaſy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecſtacy to bear! Him, bleſſed Shepherd,
His flocks ſhall follow thro' the maze of life
And ſhades that tend to Day-ſpring from on high;
And as the radiant roſes after fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in ſmiling Spring, ſo ſhall it fare
With thoſe that love him—for ſweet is their ſavour,
And all Eternity ſhall be their ſpring.
Then ſhall the gates and everlaſting doors,
At which the KING OF GLORY enters in,
Be to the Saints unbarr'd: and there, where pleaſure
Boaſts an undying bloom, where dubious hope

Is

Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from paſſion—there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him, who is, and was,
And in immortal proweſs King of Kings,
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.

ON THE

JUSTICE

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

BY

GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

M DCC LIV.

ON THE

JUSTICE

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

BY

GEORGE BALEY, M.A.

DUBLIN.

ON THE

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

O THOU, whoſe Juſtice awes the moral World,
Dread Judge, and Governor ſupreme! thine eye,
Thro' the vaſt amplitude of ſpace diffus'd,
No action 'ſcapes, no thought that bubbling ſprings
In the heart's troubled deep. In vain the Wretch,
Specious in borrow'd vizor, lifts his front
Triumphant: Thee no artificial gloſs
Deceives: the Monſter walks beneath thy ken
Foul with unnumber'd ſpots. His deeds are noted
In thy eternal volumes to confound
His guilt: tho' now perhaps he wanton baſks
In Fortune's ſunny ſmiles, and laughs diſdainful
At Virtue, pin'd with penury and cold.
Nathleſs, when this dark ſublunary plot,
Which now with ſeeming intricacies mocks
Our buſy ſearch, amazingly to view

Shall

Shall ſtand unravell'd in th' all-cloſing ſcene,
The Caitiff, at the curtain's fall, ſhall bleed;
And Men and Angel-Choirs applauſive laud
Th' unerring rectitude of all thy ways.

O may the Poet then, whoſe faltering tongue
Liſps theſe rude ſtrains, and trembles while he ſings
What aſks a Cherub's note, a Seraph's glow,
This mundane polity by Thee ſuſtain'd
On the firm baſis of eternal right,
O King, that reign'ſt for ever! may He then,
When Thou the ſcatter'd Particles ſhalt call
His Soul's demoliſh'd manſion to rebuild,
Approach thy dread Tribunal unappall'd;
May Mercy o'er that Juſtice then prevail,
Which here his humble verſe eſſay'd to paint!

With ſcanty line ſhall Reaſon dare to mete
Th' immeaſurable depths of Providence?
On the ſwoln bladders of Opinion borne
She floats awhile, then floundering ſinks abſorb'd
Within that boundleſs ſea ſhe ſtrove to graſp.
Shall Man, here ſtation'd to revere that God
Who call'd him into being from the duſt,
His moral ſcheme implead, and impious cite
Th' Almighty Legiſlator to the bar

Of

Of erring intellect; too weak his ſight
To trace each hidden link that knits the chain
Stupendous? Hence he labours to depoſe
Jehovah from his ſovereignty, and lifts
A blind ideal phantom to the throne.
Things oft inverted in this turbid maſs
Strike his diſguſted eye, and ſhake his Faith,
Too prone to ſhift her compaſs. Vice he ſees
With gems and Tyrian purple ſparkling gay,
And Virtue mouldering in a dungeon's gloom.

" Say, is This fitting (cries the doubting Sage)?
" Do theſe unequal diſpenſations ſpeak
" A wiſe impartial Ruler of the World?
" Shall earth, ſhall air, and every element
" Be tax'd to furniſh the blaſphemer's meal,
" While Heaven's beſt votary, who in fervent pray'r
" Exhales his ſoul, the ſcantieſt offal wants
" His macerated body to relieve?"
Thus Man, whoſe mind's too narrow to contain
The vaſt dimenſions of th' harmonious whole,
From parts, uncomely if aſunder view'd,
Deciſive ſentence gives. Thou laugh'ſt above,
Dread ELOHIM, to ſee him ſtudious weigh
Thy meaſures in his balance: Thou whoſe graſp
The waters, and whoſe ſpan the heavens compriz'd.

To judge aright how Providence conducts
The moral ſyſtem, where a clue is lent
T' unwind the myſtic maze, with cautious ſteps
Man muſt purſue; each nice gradation ſcan;
Obſerve how parts, erſt oppoſite, conſpire
In one illuſtrious concord of deſign.
Then every jarring ſtring, which, ſingly touch'd,
Grated harſh diſſonance on Reaſon's ear,
Will ſpeak the graces of th' Almighty hand,
And in a ſweet-ton'd Diapaſon cloſe.

The Sun of Juſtice may withdraw his beams
Awhile from earthly ken, and ſit conceal'd
In dark receſs, pavilion'd round with clouds:
Yet let not Guilt preſumptuous rear her creſt,
Nor Virtue droop deſpondent: ſoon theſe clouds,
Seeming eclipſe, will brighten into day,
And in majeſtic ſplendor He will riſe
With healing, and with terror on his wings.

Things in progreſſive motion cheat our eye,
Unmark'd the deſtin'd goal, to which they tend.
Moſes' all-powerful rod, amazing ſight!
A ſerpent crawls, and darts its forky tongue;
But in his hand reſum'd, to Iſrael's ſons
Diſpenſes bleſſings, bids th' impriſon'd ſtream

Guſh

Guſh from the ſtricken rock, th' obedient ſea
Drive back its refluent waves, and ſtand a wall
Condens'd, to yield a paſſage to his hoſt.
Thus what we view abhorrent as deform,
And inconſiſtent with that faultleſs rule,
By which a ſapient God each act ſhould ſquare,
In th' iſſue will its frightful aſpect loſe,
And leave th' all-righteous Sovereign unimpeach'd.

What eye but melts with pity, when it ſees
Joſeph's defenceleſs piety and youth
To leagu'd fraternal hate a prey expos'd?
Shall Iſrael's darling, nay what's more, ſhall God's
With complicated ills be doom'd to ſtrive?
Shall a pit yawn for him, yet none for thoſe
Who plot againſt his life? The bargain's ſtruck;
Unnatural bargain, where a Brother's ſold!
The ſeven-mouth'd Nile receives him: here the ſky
Fallacious ſmiles, to make the gathering cloud
Burſt heavier on his head: the ſlighted charms
Of an enamour'd Miſtreſs glow with ire
Fierce and impetuous as her former luſt:
That ſtubborn heart muſt bleed, which would not melt.
Are chains the meed of Innocence? Does God
Exalt his enemies to thrones, depreſs
His friends to dungeons? Impious plaints, away!

And

And to that Hell, from whence ye riſe, repair!
O'erblown the ſtorm, which only rag'd to ſpeed
Heaven's choſen veſſel to the deſtin'd port,
The Hebrew bright emerges. Quick the ſcene
Is ſhifted from a dungeon to a throne.
Next to the proud Egyptian King he moves
In his high orb reſplendent: lives to ſtrain
Old Iſrael in his fond encircling arms,
To ſee the typic ſheaves in marſhall'd ranks,
His brethren, erſt with other paſſions warm'd,
Submiſſive bow their vaſſal heads before
His ſheaf, that rears aloft it's lordly ſtem.

Silenc'd be every tongue, that dar'd to breathe
The rank exuberance of a ſenſual heart
In ſceptic murmurs: Reaſon, ſtand abaſh'd,
And, whom thou canſt not comprehend, adore!
If Virtue ſuffers, 'tis to prove her faith,
To make abaſement glorioufly conſpire,
Like Joſeph's, to her riſe: each ſtroke ſhe feels,
But adds new luſtre to her maſſive crown.
If Vice, unthank'd his feeder, gluts his maw
With ſtudied dainties, and with riot ſwells,
'Tis but a victim fatten'd for the ſword
Of Juſtice, edg'd to drink his guilty blood.
A guileful Haman brooding o'er the ſate

Of

Of blameleſs Mordecai, when raptures high
Stretch every vein, and elevate the ſoul,
When glows the waſſel moſt, and ſparkling joy
Laughs in each offer'd cup, O dire reverſe!
Shall from the royal banquet to the grave
Be dragg'd unpitied, on that tree expire,
Which for wrong'd innocence his hands had rais'd.

The ſcheme of Providence, tho' knots perplex'd
O'er the unfolding texture ſeem to caſt
Unpleaſing ſhades, at large diſclos'd appears
With lucid order, and coherence crown'd.
So in the folded tapeſtry, where parts
With gradual openings meet the pauſing eye,
Here ſprouts a leafy branch, a human foot
There marks the woven ground: all ſeems a wild,
Miſhapen chaos of disjointed forms:
Yet, when in full expanſe the web entire
Shews the mixt groupe in orderly array,
The figur'd hiſtory well-pleas'd we trace,
Each ſeveral part applaud, but moſt the whole.

Shall counſels, plann'd by Wiſdom infinite,
And by Omnipotence conducted, fail?
Sooner the Heavens, the fabric of his hands,
Shrunk their extenſive cope like ſhrivell'd parchment,

Melted to viewleſs air ſhall diſappear,
Yea all things into primitive nothing fall,
Than God's eternal and all-wiſe decrees
One jot ſhall be aboliſh'd. Flight of days,
The world obſcuring with their ſhadowy wings,
Shall o'er his grand deſigns a luſtre throw;
Shall clear that wondrous, ſoul-abſorbing text,
Which poring Seraphs puzzles and confounds.

Righteous are all thy ways, O Power Supreme,
Whether thy patience ſtruggling with thy wrath
Arreſts th' uplifted thunderbolt, that longs
To lance deſtruction on the head accurs'd:
Or whether Piety, to purge her droſs
By ſharp aſſaying fires, thou ſeeſt permiſſive
Cruſh'd by Oppreſſion's iron arm, or torn
By racking maladies, inteſtine war.
Orb * within orb involv'd, Thy myſtic Wheels,
On which this politic machine is whirl'd
Inceſſant, with no giddy devious flight
Precipitate their courſe: with eyes they glow
Diſtinct, and in a meaſur'd orbit move.

To right thy injur'd friends, and blaſt thy foes,
Thou counterwork'ſt Man's purpoſe, and from ill
Educeſt

* See Ezekiel, chap. i.

Educeſt good: as erſt thy potent voice,
Omnific, from the womb of night abhorr'd
Call'd forth that light, which glads th' inveſted world.
A Pharaoh's Daughter, by thy impulſe led,
Shall in a Hebrew babe unweeting rear
Iſrael's Redeemer, and her Father's ſcourge.
When Jacob's Seed, beſide Euphrates' flood,
With groans reſponſive to his murmurs, ſwell
The current with their tears, and Sion's pride,
Illuſtrious Sion wail, in aſhes loſt;
The ravenous Eagle * from the Eaſt ſhall urge
His rapid flight, and in his talons bear
Jehovah's thunder: Babylon's tower'd creſt
Shall ſink beneath his ſwoop, while he full-gorg'd
O'er the Aſſyrian prey ſhall clap his plumes,
Victorious Miniſter of wrath divine.

Thy throne, O Lord, eſtabliſh'd on the baſe
Of Juſtice, how tremendous, how benign!
Here ſoft-ey'd Cherubim with wings diſpred
The mercy-ſeat infold, and beam on Man,
Repenting man, compaſſion and meek love:
There flamy Seraphs from their pinions ſhake
Horror and dire diſmay; Thy awful ſword,

* Cyrus, ſee Iſaiah, chap. xlvi.

Fierce as a comet, blazes in their graſp
High-wav'd, to flaſh the harden'd rebel dead.

Who can abide thy terrors, Judge ſevere,
When by repeated provocations warm'd
Thy anger burns, and Mercy ſtrives in vain
To interpoſe her ſhield betwixt thy bolt!
Thy trampled laws, bright tranſcript of Thyſelf,
And the leſe Majeſty of Heaven's high King,
Who pardon offer'd; pardon but contemn'd!
Bare thy red arm, and edge the vengeful brand.

Who in his milder governance diſclaim'd
The living God, ſhall feel him in his dread
Vindictive Attribute, and trembling own
That Power, whoſe nod obedient Nature waits,
With all her armaments of ſnow and wind,
Of battering hail, or wide-devouring fire,
To execute his vengeance: who can forge
The meaneſt creatures into ſwords, to foil
The boaſts of Kings, and wither all their ſtrength.
What! tho' his wrathful vials in the clouds
Suſpended ſtand awhile, nor burſt, as once
O'er a devoted Sodom, or a World,
Whoſe ſtains a deluge ſcarcely waſh'd away;
Yet is His arm not ſhorten'd:——Thou'rt the ſame,

JE-

JEHOVAH, thro' eternity unchang'd,
Thy eyes too pure, too beamy to behold
Iniquity's foul miſt: each thought profane,
Each vile affection muſt be far remov'd,
Ere we approach thy Sanctuary and live.

Tremble, ye Heavens, and Earth, but chief O Man,
Apoſtate Man, before a God incens'd!
Juſtice exacts the debt, but Nature fails,
Mere Human Nature; bankrupt and undone!
God muſt be righted, or Mankind be loſt;
For ever loſt, unpitied, unrepriev'd.
Dreadful alternative! heart-chilling thought,
That leads to Deſperation's ſlippery brink!
Who ſhall the price immenſe, the ranſom pay,
Commenſurate to Guilt, and Worth divine?
Who but the King of Kings, the Lord Himſelf,
The Coeternal, Coeſſential Son!
He, to appeaſe infinity of wrath,
Muſt quit the boſom of paternal bliſs,
And in a fleſhly tabernacle ſhroud
His plenitude of light. Lord! what is Man,
Corruption's heir, and brother to the worm,
That Thou ſo kindly labour'ſt in his weal?
Oh! the exceſſive depth, th' amazing height
Of Heavenly Wiſdom! Juſtice how ſevere!

Mercy how tender! from the clouds of ire
Omnipotent diſtilling balmy dew!

Shall then th' all-perfect and unſpotted Lamb
For our tranſgreſſions bleed, to death reſign
His broken frame, to heal us with his wounds?
Shall the Son groan in bitterneſs of ſoul,
Implore his angry Father to remove
The baleful cup, empoiſon'd with the ſins
Of a whole World, and yet ſhall Man tranſgreſs,
Man by His death aſſerted into life?
O! let us turn repentant to our Sire,
Shake off our ſordid luſts, thoſe thorns which gor'd
Our Saviour's temples, and thoſe ſpikes obſcene
That nail'd his ſinleſs body to the croſs.
Let God's ſeverity our hearts appall,
Ev'n whilſt his kindneſs claſps us in its arms.
Elſe will that vocal Blood, which pleads above,
Cry loud for vengeance, and its cries aſcend
High as the dread judicial Court of Heaven.

That awful Court who ſhall eſcape? The Dead
And Living there ſhall wait their final doom.
Methinks I ſee from th' empyrean ſkies,
Preceded by his bright Angelic Hoſt,
The Judge deſcend: how chang'd from Him who late

The

The thorny crown, and reedy ſceptre bore!
Glory arrays him; from his countenance beams
Splendor ineffable: ſtars cluſtering weave
A rich tiara for His head, who gave
Their beauteous lamps to ſhine. Look, Iſrael, there
Affrighted, and with dire conviction own
Thy King triumphant in his cloudy car!
See the Croſs glitter thro' th' enſanguin'd air,
Proud enſign of his conqueſt, and thy ſhame!

Hark! thro' Heaven's wide reverberating vault
The clanging Trumpet ſounds th' awakening peal.
Obedient tombs expand their marble jaws,
And every ſad repoſitory hears
The quickening voice, and renders back its truſt
To light and life; each particle diſpers'd
Crowds to a heap, and builds th' identic Man.
Chang'd are the living, and alive the dead.
Lo! cited myriads fill th' extended plain,
And trembling to the Grand Tribunal preſs.

The Book is open'd, and the ſeal remov'd;
The adamantine Book; where every thought,
Tho' dawning on the heart, then ſunk again
In the corrupted maſs, each act obſcure,
In characters indelible remain.

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How vain thy boaſt, vile Caitiff, to have 'ſcap'd
An earthly Forum, now thy crimſon ſtains
Glare on a congregated World, thy Judge
Omniſcience, and Omnipotence thy Scourge!
Thy maſk, Hypocriſy, how uſeleſs here,
When by a beam, ſhot from the Fount of Light,
The varniſh'd ſaint ſtarts up a ghaſtly fiend!

But Ye of manners blameleſs, faith approv'd,
Who a long toilſome warfare have endur'd,
By fleſhly wiles aſſail'd, yet unſubdu'd;
Ye who have fair Religion's cauſe maintain'd,
Tho' Princes frown'd, and Flames encircling rag'd,
With front erect approach the throne auguſt.
See how your Saviour bends his gracious head,
Smiling unutterable love! The choir
Of Saints congenial beckon you to bliſs,
And all the glorify'd Aſſeſſors burn
To add your ſteady phalanx to their roll.

Soon are their wiſhes, and your labours crown'd:
For now, your virtue's teſt, your trial o'er,
Where every baſhful grace, that bloom'd unſeen,
Too delicate to bear the ruffling breath
Of worldly praiſe, is brought to light before
Its beſt applauders, Angels and their Lord,

The

The Judge with accent mild cries: "Come, Ye Bleſs'd,
"Share the unfading pleaſures of my realm,
"Coheirs of bliſs, my Sire's adopted ſons."
Strait at that ſound the Pious, like a flock
Of harmleſs doves, are rapt with ardent wing
To meet their dear Redeemer in the clouds.

The bellowing convex ecchoes to the Trump,
And lo! the yelling Wicked crowd the bar.
Settled Deſpair, and pale Dejection dim
Each louring aſpect: Beauty hides her face,
And fain would hide her guilt: curs'd Mammon's ſlave
Laments his treaſures were not there ſecur'd,
Where neither moth corrupts, nor ruſt devours:
Grim-viſag'd Murder with reluctance lifts
Th' accuſing hand, which Oceans ne'er could blanch;
And, like a hunted panther, ſtarts to ſee
His horrid deeds emblazon'd in his ſpots.
Conſcience, God's dread official here below,
Too oft her friendly whiſpers drown'd in noiſe,
Now rings her loud alarum in their hearts,
Their fears awakens, and foreſtalls their doom.

Methinks I hear a ſelf-convicted Wretch
To his aſſociates vent his anguiſh'd ſoul:
"Yonder He ſits, whoſe mercies we have ſpurn'd,

"Whoſe

" Whoſe laws we have profan'd, whoſe ſides we oft
" Have pierc'd with Blaſphemy's envenom'd ſpear:
" How ſhall we now confront his awful eye,
" That melts all Nature with a darted glance?
" Or whither from His dreaded preſence flee?
" O that ſome rock would fall, ſome mountain yawn
" To bury us for ever in its womb!
" Vain hope, alas! theſe mountains and theſe rocks
" Soon will be gone; the Heavens and Earth diſſolv'd;
" And nothing for His fiery wrath remain
" To prey on but ourſelves, immortal only
" To ſuffer an eternity of pain."

The Proceſs ſtern commences: ſilence deep,
And dreadful expectation ſits on all.
Each hidden fraud, each word, and thought impure,
Each overt violence, or ſlander dark,
From out th' omniſcient regiſters produc'd,
Blaze in the view of Angels, and a World.
The heart now bar'd before its Maker's eye,
Evolv'd its mazes, and its filth expos'd,
How loath'd a ſpectacle the Villain ſtands!
The Virtuous look with horror down to ſee
Now firſt in genuine colours Vice appear,
And ſhudder at deformity ſo foul.
Conſcience inceſſant plies her ſcorpion-whip,

And

And makes th' abominable miſcreants add
Self-accuſation to their charge, and own
God's Juſtice in the rigour of his Wrath.

And now the Judge with viſage all inflam'd,
At which the molten mountains ſhrink like wax,
With voice that ſhakes the pillar'd firmament,
The dire award pronounces: "Go, Ye Curs'd,
"To fire, as everlaſting as your ſouls,
"For Satan, and his impious Hoſt, prepar'd."
Strait from the inmoſt center of the earth
Flames burſt in ſpiring eddies to the ſkies:
Trembles the ground convuls'd, ſeas boiling roar,
And daſh yon crackling canopy with foam.
Creation ſinks beneath th' enormous blaze.
Myriads now burning, with th' Archangel's Trump,
The growling thunder of th' expiring Heavens,
And with a falling World's tremendous groan
Mingle their hideous yell; and vainly wiſh
They, like thoſe Elements, could be no more.

His Equal Ways illuſtriouſly reveal'd
In Vice's torments, and in Virtue's bliſs,
Th' Almighty riſes from his throne, and wings
To heavenly Zion his triumphal car.
Th' Angelic Hierarchy with loud acclaim

Accompany

Accompany their King; with warbled Hymns
The ranſom'd Saints their bleſt Redeemer greet.
Unnumber'd voices in ſweet concord cry:
" Hoſanna to the Lamb that ſits above,
" To the World's honour'd Judge! how juſt his ways!
" How Everlaſting Glory crowns them all!"

ON THE

GOODNESS

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

BY

CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

M DCC LV.

ON THE

GOODNESS OF THE SUPREME BEING.

ORPHEUS, for ſo the Gentiles * call'd thy name,
Iſrael's ſweet Pſalmiſt, who alone could'ſt wake
Th' inanimate to motion ; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods, with muſical perſwaſion drew ;
Thou who to hail and ſnow gav'ſt voice and ſound,
And mad'ſt the mute melodious !—greater yet
Was thy divineſt ſkill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art and nature ; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil Angel :—in this breaſt
Some portion of thy genuine ſpirit breathe,
And lift me from myſelf, each thought impure
Baniſh ; each low idea raiſe, refine,
Enlarge,

* See this conjecture ſtrongly ſupported by Delany, in his Life of David.

Enlarge, and ſanctify;—ſo ſhall the Muſe
Above the ſtars aſpire, and aim to praiſe
Her God on earth, as he is prais'd in heaven.

Immenſe Creator! whoſe all-powerful hand
Fram'd univerſal Being, and whoſe eye
Saw like thyſelf, that all things form'd were good;
Where ſhall the timorous Bard thy praiſe begin,
Where end the pureſt ſacrifice of ſong,
And juſt thankſgiving?—The thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my ſoul with gratitude and Thee.
Hail to the chearful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the ſtreaky Eaſt, and blithſome rouſe
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from reſt!
Hail to the freſhneſs of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe
Loſt were the garnet's luſtre, loſt the lily,
The tulip and auricula's ſpotted pride;
Loſt were the peacock's plumage, to the ſight
So pleaſing in its pomp and gloſſy glow.
O thrice-illuſtrious! were it not for Thee
Thoſe panſies, that reclining from the bank,
View thro' th' immaculate, pellucid ſtream

Their

Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boaſt, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eaſtern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irkſome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladſome beams
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praiſe of Him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to tranſport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thruſh,
The woodlark, and the redbreaſt jointly call;
He hears and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds his ſweet muſicians,—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide:
And tho' their throats coarſe rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for muſic, thanks and praiſe
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man,—
But not to all,—for hark the organs blow
Their ſwelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace th' harmonious choir, celeſtial feaſt
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;
The thrilling trebles and the manly baſe
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the ſacred ſubject ſuit their ſong.

While in each breaſt ſweet Melancholy reigns
Angelically penſive, till the joy
Improves and purifies; the ſolemn ſcene
The Sun thro' ſtoried panes ſurveys with awe,
And baſhfully with-holds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
With love and gladneſs weepingly they ſhed
Ecſtatic ſmiles; the incenſe, that her hands
Uprear, is ſweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's bloſſom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell; to Him ſhe ſings,
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preſerves, whatever dwells
In air, in ſtedfaſt earth, or fickle ſea.
O He is good, He is immenſely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man;
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Diſpenſing all his bleſſings for the beſt
In order and in beauty:—riſe, attend,
Atteſt, and praiſe, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, ſubmiſſive bow
To Him, who made the mite! Tho' Aſia's pride!
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good

In

In his leſs ſtriking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault, and ſeeks th' aſſiſting glaſs.
Approach and bring from Araby the Bleſt,
The fragrant caſſia, frankincenſe, and myrrh,
And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot
Lay all the tributary incenſe down.
Stoop, ſable Africa, with reverence ſtoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
T' adorn his temples, haſten with thy ſpear
Reverted, and thy truſty bow unſtrung,
While unpurſu'd thy lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide
Remurmur to the glorious, ſurly ſound.
And thou, fair Indian, whoſe immenſe domain
To counterpoiſe the Hemiſphere extends,
Haſte from the Weſt, and with thy fruits and flowers,
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteouſneſs ſo fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praiſe: come with thy brilliant crown
And veſt of furr; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas * pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, ſeat of Grace

* Ananas, the Indian name for pine-apples.

And Chriſtian excellence, his Goodneſs own,
Forth from ten thouſand temples pour his praiſe;
Clad in the armour of the living God
Approach, unſheath the Spirit's flaming ſword;
Faith's ſhield, Salvation's glory,—compaſs'd helm
With fortitude aſſume, and o'er your heart
Fair Truth's invulnerable breaſt-plate ſpread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the ſong of Charity begin
In ſtrains ſeraphic, and melodious prayer.
" O all-ſufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of Goodneſs and of Glory, hear!
" Thou, who to lowlieſt minds doſt condeſcend,
" Aſſuming paſſions to enforce thy laws,
" Adopting jealouſy to prove thy love:
" Thou, who reſign'd humility uphold,
" Ev'n as the floriſt props the drooping roſe,
" But quell tyrannic pride with peerleſs power,
" Ev'n as the tempeſt rives the ſtubborn oak:
" O all-ſufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of Goodneſs and of Glory, hear!
" Bleſs all mankind, and bring them in the end
" To heaven, to immortality, and THEE!"

ON THE

WISDOM

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

BY

GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

M DCC LVI.

ON THE

WISDOM OF THE SUPREME BEING.

ONCE more the Muſe, with pious ardor rapt,
Spurns the dank Earth, and trembling ſoars aloft
To hymn her God, JEHOVAH Only-Wiſe.

O for a beam from th' uncreated Fount
Of Light to pierce the gloom, that hov'ring damps
The briſk etherial Particle, which longs
Unmanacled and free to trace the ſteps
Of Wiſdom, and at diſtance to adore!
O Thou, who from the ſtamm'ring lips of babes
Mak'ſt heav'nly Truths diſtill to ſhame the pride,
The letter'd pride of reas'ning erring Man;
Who, when the full Maturity of Time,
From endleſs ages preordain'd, arriv'd,
Did'ſt from the dregs of Ignorance elect
Promulgers of thy Knowledge, O vouchſafe
Thy gracious aid to theſe my labour'd ſtrains,

Which fain would ſwell the choral ſymphony
Of Angels and Archangels evermore
Glowing with love intenſe, and warbling ſweet
Their ſongs of joy with praiſes intermixt!
O let Thy Impulſe guide Me, whilſt I range
Nature's wide field of Wonders, where impreſt
On ev'ry atom ſhines creative Skill,
And ev'ry humble ſhrub proclaims a God!
Without Thy Influence ſpiritleſs would flow
Theſe Numbers, as a tinkling cymbal's ſound;
And much, I ween, would Folly's babbling tongue
Profane that Wiſdom, ſhe preſum'd to ſing.

Shall boaſtful Reaſon, the minuteſt ray
Beam'd from the ſelf-exiſtent Sire of Lights,
Diſdain ſubjection, and refuſe to bring
Her incenſe to the throne of God? Inſtead
Of Admiration, which His Works exact,
Works where tranſcendent Art diſplays her pow'rs,
Shall ſhe, with impious triumph flush'd, retort
Her wanton cenſure, infidel reproof?
Say, Sceptic, can thine eye pervade the whole,
See Syſtem on dependent Syſtem verge,
And Cauſes with Effects connected all
In one unbroken chain? Did Science ever
Lend Thee a Seraph's flamy wing to mount

Above

Above th' empyreal Sphere? There did'ſt thou view
The golden Balance which the Mountains weigh'd,
Ere their aſpiring foreheads piere'd the clouds?

Proud philoſophic fool! thy airy flight
Suſpend awhile, and drop into Thyſelf:
Attentive ſcan the texture of thy Frame
How fearfully contriv'd! the viſual orbs
Remark, how aptly ſtation'd for their taſk;
Rais'd to th' imperial Head's high citadel
A wide extended proſpect to command.
See the arch'd outworks of impending Lids
With hairs, as paliſadoes, fenc'd around
To ward annoyance from without. The Noſe
Its intervening wall projects, the Cheeks
Swell with a gentle eminence, to ſhield
The Body's gay irradiating Beam.
Who taught the rays, refracted from the bright
Chryſtalline Convex, in a central point
To join their confluent ſtreams, and paint each form
Of Dedal Nature in the fund opake,
Ill copied by Apelles' happieſt ſkill?
Who but th' Omniſcient Architect! who bade
The univerſal Eye, th' illuſtrious Sun,
From Chaos' darkſome womb his ſplendors dart
T' enlighten and refreſh the new-born World.

The channel'd Ear with many a winding maze
How artfully perplext, to catch the ſound,
And from her repercuſſive caves augment!

When the crude ſhapeleſs Maſs impriſon'd lay
In its maternal cell, what plaſtic pow'r
Appropriate figure to each part aſſign'd,
And gave th' envelop'd Animal t' expand?
Whoſe Nod controll'd the work abſtruſe, infus'd
All-quick'ning vigour, and each motion ſway'd?
Who in the dark the vital flame illum'd,
And from th' impulſive engine caus'd to flow
Th' ejaculated ſtreams through many a pipe
Arterial with meandring lapſe, then bring
Refluent their purple tribute to their Fount?
Who ſpun the ſinews' branchy thread, and twin'd
The azure veins in ſpiral knots to waft
Life's tepid waves all o'er; or Who with bones
Compacted, and with nerves the Fabric ſtrung?
Their ſpecious form, their fitneſs, which reſults
From figure and arrangement, all declare
Th' Artificer divine. — 'Twas Thou, O Lord,
Who in the deep receſs did'ſt mould the clay
Obſequious to thy will; the proceſs dark
Thou ſaw'ſt, and Nought eſcap'd thy piercing Eye.
Ere yet I was, in thy eternal Rolls

Each

Each bone was written, and each fibrous chord,
All-perfect Models of my future Frame.

And yet ſhall Man, who bears a World inclos'd
Of Wonders in Himſelf, though on his mind
Conviction flaſhes like a flood of Day,
In voluntary gloom benighted ſit?
With intellectual faculties endow'd,
Stamp'd on thy ſoul Thy Maker's ſignature,
In this magnific ſky-roof'd Temple plac'd
High-Prieſt of Nature, to return to Heav'n
Due Incenſe, and articulate the praiſe
Of thy mute vaſſals, dar'ſt Thou, Wretch ingrate,
The Gift accept, the Giver leave unthank'd?
See feeble Inſtinct with unvaried aim
Guide thy brute ſubjects to their Being's end,
Reproach to Reaſon's over-weening pride!
Their taſk enjoin'd they chearfully perform,
And laud the beſt they can their bounteous God.
With deep-ton'd praiſes roars the Wilderneſs,
The Groves with Melody reſound; All Nature
Upbraids the thankleſs ſilence of her Lord,
Rebel to Him, whoſe delegate he reigns.

How ſightleſs ſoars Philoſophy, whene'er
She quits the beaten track that Nature points,

And

And Reaſon, yet with prejudice unting'd;
When impious ſhe aſſumes creative pow'r,
And builds a World without an Architect!
In vain does Epicurus, borne aloft
Beyond the flaming barriers of our ſphere
Into th' illimitable Void, command
His marſhal'd atoms, and direct their flight.
Whatever courſe he gives them, ſtraight, oblique,
They never could, though ages they had ſped
Their ſwift career, have met in Space immenſe,
And each concurring with his like coher'd.

Illuſive Dreams, and ravings of a Brain
Unpurg'd with Ellebore! to think that ſmall
Unguided particles, at random floating
Through ſhoreleſs ſeas of Emptineſs diffus'd,
Could haply claſh, and ſlide into an orb!
Say, Grecian Dotard, did thy idol Chance,
Of Worlds expert Artificer, e'er bid
A ſudden palace deck the wond'ring waſte;
Did ſtones and timber, trooping to her call,
Leap to a finiſh'd pile, and ſtand ſelf-rang'd?

When firſt thy atoms with a ceaſeleſs ſhow'r
Ruſh'd from th' Expanſe tumultuous, ſay what Mounds,
Rais'd in the thin vacuity t' arreſt

Their

Their progreſs, check'd them in midway, and made
Them ſettle to a Maſs? Could they unknowing
Determine where to fix, and there in ſpite
Of Gravity's accelerating force,
Lull'd in the Air's ſoft ambient boſom reſt?
What counteracted Nature's gen'ral laws,
And gave th' inflected bias? Did they call
A Council ere they ſally'd from the goal,
And for each troop a rendezvous appoint?
Here Reaſon fails You, and your wiſe reply
Amounts to nothing more than ſo it chanc'd
That this our Planet with th' unnumber'd Orbs,
Which perfect the ſtupendous artful Whole,
After repeated conflicts, and a war
Of thwarting particles, their ſtrife compos'd,
Did ruffled into Harmony ſubſide.

That philoſophic tow'r, from whence You boaſt
To look all Nature through, and pity Man
Bewilder'd in the mazy vale below,
Shook with each ſlight interrogation nods;
And, when the ſtorm of Argument aſſaults,
The treach'rous baſis ſinks, and down it falls.

Duration's bounds Stagira's bolder Sage
O'erleaps, and leſs'ning to the view a World

Amidſt

Amidſt Eternity's vaſt trackleſs wilds
Explores. But what ſucceſs, what glorious meed
Rewards th' adventure? Merits He for this
The Realms of Science with deſpotic ſway
To govern, and his tyranny uſurp'd
Deep in our vaſſal intellects to found?
Let this high-vaulting Genius from his flight
Tranſcendent ſtoop, and to enquiring Senſe
A ſober anſwer give, why, if for ever
Things in the ſame unvaried tenor flow'd,
If Battles from eternity were fought,
And Polities in endleſs ſeries plann'd,
No direful tumults ſwell'd th' Aonian Trump
Before the war of Thebes, or ſiege of Troy:
Why from no higher ſpring hiſtoric Truth
Rolls down through ages her memorial ſtores:
Why Arts ſlow-rip'ning in the womb of Time
So late attain'd their growth: why from the Eaſt
But yeſterday her orient beam diſplay'd
Emerging Science, and with Heav'n's bright Lamp
In radiant progreſs journey'd to the Weſt.
Did one eternal torpor chill the brain
Of infinite ſucceſſions? Unalert
Was Nature, nor yet ſtrong enough to form
An Ariſtotle's all-pervading Mind?

In

In vain your routed clan of Vot'ries fly
To Deluges. For where emboſom'd ſleeps
Sufficient maſs of Moiſture to diſſolve
The Globe, and from its faded place to blot
Each faithful Monument? If this exceeds
Nature's weak pow'rs, they'll ceaſe to rouſe at will
The Waters from their bed, leſt unawares
They conjure up an Agent they diſclaim.
If Nature can atchieve the feat, Ye Wits
Illumin'd, ſay, why in a round immenſe
Of unbeginning Years it always chanc'd
That indiſcriminating Floods ſhould ſpare
A choſen Few, to ſtock the deſert World:
Why, when the Deep its riven jaws diſclos'd,
And Deſolation o'er the proſtrate Ball
Wide-waſting ſwept along, not All Mankind
Once in the oft repeated Wrecks was loſt,
And Your Eternal Race expung'd for ever.

If Particles obnoxious to decay
The univerſal Frame compoſe, amidſt
The ceaſeleſs ravage of unmeaſur'd Years
Earth on her Axis had no longer mov'd
Vertiginous, long ſince a mould'ring heap
Of Duſt: the Sun, ſo prodigal of light,
His golden urn exhauſted whence the Stars

Imbibe

Imbibe their gleam, had ſpent his lateſt ray,
And ſcatter'd in looſe atoms roam'd the Void.

Thus with Siſyphian toil miſguided Wit
The ſtone reluctant up the ſteep high Cliff
Urges: with violent recoil the Maſs
Ruſhes precipitous, and mocks their pains.
Though Mountain pil'd on Mountain threat'ning ſtands,
Confuſion follows, and their Babel drops.
Philoſophy's but Folly in diſguiſe,
A glitt'ring Ignorance, a fev'riſh Dream,
Unleſs from Earth, the Footſtool of her God,
She leads like Jacob's Ladder to His Throne.

To trace the Wiſdom of th' all-knowing Mind
In the World's ample Volume to our view
In ſhining characters diſplay'd, to glow,
Like Seraphs, as we turn th' amazing page,
And magnify the glorious Author's name,
This, This is to be Wiſe beyond the School
Of Epicurus, or Lyceum fam'd.

What human tongue can worthily record
The treaſures of Eternal Intellect,
The Fair archetypal, whence beams deriv'd
Each Good delectable, each beauteous Form,

That

That Nature's ſpacious Theatre adorns?
How ſhall ſublim'd Imagination dart
Into th' unlimited circumfluous deep
Of Chaos drear and dark, there ſee Heav'n's King
Borne on Cherubic Wings enounce the Word
Omnific? Wild Uproar hears, and is ſtill,
And Circumſcription checks Infinity!

How all-accompliſh'd Sapience blaz'd abroad
Conſpicuous in each grand proportion'd Work,
When the Divine Geometrician ſtretch'd
Th' immeaſurable level through the Void,
And to the canton Syſtem bounds ordain'd!
What Hand could ſcoop the Sea's capacious bed,
But His, who graſp'd the Waters in his palm?
Who could expand the Curtains of the Sky,
And tinge with Bluſh of Day their gorgeous Skirts,
But the ineffable I AM, who reigns
In ſplendor unapproachable enſhrin'd?
What placid ſmiles of ſweet complacency
In the Creator's radiant aſpect ſhone,
When He ſurvey'd his Workmanſhip, and ſaw
Utility and Grace diffus'd throughout!
With admiration rapt of Heav'nly Skill
The Sons of Phoſphor hail'd the dawning World
With ſhouts triumphant; every harp was tun'd

Angelic to His praiſe, who Order call'd
From tumult, and from Nothing All educ'd.

Where'er We turn our eyes, above, below,
The Deity confronts Us, and reveal'd
Flames in each Buſh, and ſparkles in each Star.
Where could the Platform of this complex Frame,
But in th' Eternal Mind's abyſs, exiſt?
What but a Wiſe Omnipotence the Plan
Illuſtrious could ſo ſplendidly complete?

The Sun, when with a vig'rous Bridegroom's heat
He ſallies from the chambers of the Eaſt,
His Maker in his ſilent courſe proclaims.
Look up, vain Sceptic, and derive a ray
Thence to thy darken'd Soul; yon glorious Orb
Perpend, the Perſian's Mithras, who aſcrib'd
Th' emaning Good, by Providence devis'd
Omniſcient, to th' unconſcious Inſtrument,
Abſorpt his Senſes in the dazzling Beam.
Thou more ſagacious hence infer a God,
Who launch'd in Air the Planet, and preſcrib'd
An Orbit to His Ends benign moſt fit.
See! at due diſtance from Our Globe diſpos'd
With warmth attemper'd to her Womb he chears
Th' all-fruitful Mother, and each Birth matures.

Had

Had he, where ſluggiſh Saturn rolls, been plac'd,
What deſolation had deform'd this ſcene
Now ſo profuſe of ev'ry boon! Undeck'd
With mantling Graſs her lap, deſpoil'd her meads
Of laughing harveſts, Earth had ſtood untrod
By Man or Beaſt, an icy Wilderneſs.
If nearer he had wheel'd his flamy car,
His torrid rays had cleft the ſolid Rocks,
Exhal'd the Lakes, and drain'd the briny Deep.
The molten ſurface had to aſhes turn'd,
Or whirl'd in eddying ſands obſcur'd the Sky.

See! how declining from the way direct
He winds obliquely through th' Ecliptic road
His courſe unwearied. Hence the Seaſons riſe,
And glad with ſweet viciſſitude the Year,
Could Chance atchieve theſe Wonders, and impreſs
Such conſtant movements that, ſince Time began
His meaſur'd race, not once the Sire of Day
Should ſtart forgetful from the track, and bring
Chill Winter into Summer's flow'ry reign?
Or where ſuch Counſel, ſuch Deſign are ſeen,
Muſt We not call an All-directing Mind
To ſolve th' amazing Knot? Th' Opificer
All-pow'rful and All-wiſe alone could frame
For Uſes multiform an Orb, without

Whoſe vital beams All Nature would expire,
And Darkneſs be the Burier of the Dead.
He the projected Motion gave: His Arm,
Unſhorten'd ſtill, reſtricts the rapid whirl
Of Planets to their Centre, and with Chains
Of Gravity and firm Coheſion binds
Each ſtruggling atom, which would elſe unhing'd
Fly off, and ruin ſcatter through the Void.

Who ſees a Sphere, where mimic Wit diſplays
The ſite, the number, and the ſize of All
Yon rolling Worlds, and how in figur'd dance
They glide harmonious, at firſt glance aſſents
That Reaſon ſway'd the cunning Artiſt's hand.
Yet when he ſees the wond'rous Archetype,
The Heav'ns themſelves, with ſwift rotation urg'd,
Invariably each grateful Change revolve
Conducive to the Welfare of the Whole,
Doubts he that this by Reaſon is perform'd,
By Reaſon All-ſurpaſſing and Divine?

Though Man were ſilent, th' azure Firmament,
The Moon, and all the glitt'ring Hoſt of Stars,
Fix'd and erratic, would with one accord
Blazon Almighty Wiſdom, and declare
The Marvels of His Finger, who, for ends

Subſervient

Subſervient to His Glory and Our Good,
Bade their gay Splendors gild the brow of Night.

If to this lower Planet we advert,
Seat of our Birth and Nurture, proofs abound
Of infinite Contrivance, matchleſs Skill.
Whether the ſite or figure we regard,
Or diſtribution of the various parts
Perfective of the Syſtem, Strokes appear
Too exquiſite for bungling Chance to hit
With erring implements. A Mind alone,
Where Models of Perfection treaſur'd lay
From All Eternity, could call the fair
Exemplar into being when it will'd.

A form orbicular how fit to weigh
The golden gift of Light and Heat to all
The ſcatter'd diſtricts with impartial ſcale!
Hence too the Waters, thoſe meandring veins
O'er the Earth's body interſpers'd, with juſt
Partition flow ſalubrious. To the Winds,
Balmy refiners of the winnow'd Air,
This moſt commodious Figure yields a paſs
Free, unobſtructed. Had another ſhape
Been giv'n, impeding Angles had oppos'd

The breezy Currents, and Mankind had droop'd
Sickly and faint from th' intercepted Gale.

What made the humid Particles recede
From the dry land, and wear a furrow'd bed
Capacious of their ſtreams? Could aught but Art
The blended Maſs ſo ſkilfully disjoin?
Thou, Thou alone, with whom enthron'd on high
Sits coeſſential Wiſdom, bad'ſt ſubſide
The Vallies, and the Mountains from amidſt
Th' o'erwhelming moiſture heave their brow ſublime.
The liquid troops, obedient to Thy Voice,
Fled to th' appointed ſtation. Thou a bound
Haſt ſet they cannot paſs; nor ever ſpread
Their flowing Mantle o'er th' inveſted Earth:
Thou to the Sea ſay'ſt, Hitherto advance,
And here thy proud licentious waves be ſtay'd.
In various ducts, as Thou ordain'ſt, diſperſt
The Globe-encircling Waters draw their train,
And health and vigour as they glide impart.

Yet here raſh Man Thy Counſels dares implead,
And blames the vaſt diffuſion of the Deep
As uſeleſs and deform. He thinks that thrift
In dealing out the Treaſures of th' Abyſs,
And a more lib'ral dole of needful Land,

Had

Had ſpoke a wiſe Diſpenſer of his ſtores.
Vainly he cries, " Half th' Ocean might be ſpar'd,
" Superfluous Waſte! and added to domains
" Too ſtrait for Man, who, by continual wars
" T' inlarge his frontier, ſeems to breathe but ill,
" As in a Priſon's narrow limits pent."

Bluſh, futile Caviller, who Nature's Lord
Arraign'ſt, unread in Nature's myſtic lore.
For know that Vapours on their duſky wings
In due proportion to the Surface riſe
Sublim'd. Had then thy frugal ſcheme prevail'd,
And the ſhrunk Ocean flow'd with leſſen'd wave,
Inſtead of plenteous ſtreams which now refreſh
Earth's ſaturated womb, but few had roll'd
Their ſcanty fluid o'er the thirſty glebe:
Eve had not ſhed profuſe her trickling balm,
Nor Clouds dropt fatneſs on the labour'd field.

Thus in the nat'ral as the moral World
The ſtricteſt ſcrutiny but ſerves t' unveil
New Riches in the deep exhauſtleſs Mine
Of heav'nly Wiſdom: What is beſt, the ſtamp
Of Deity, occurs in ev'ry work.
His Providence the floating vaſt Machine
Steers with unerring hand. Hence 'midſt the flight

Of Ages ne'er one jarring atom broke
The nice adjuſtment of conſpiring parts,
Or clogg'd the motion of the ſmalleſt wheel.

Sceptic, no more the dazzling beams withſtand,
Bright emanations of a ſapient God,
But, taught by Nature, Nature's Lord adore:
From known Effects of Order and Deſign
Riſe to the ſelf-exiſtent Cauſe Supreme:
The Depths of Wiſdom, far as human Ken
Can penetrate, explore; and here attain
A foretaſte of that Knowledge, which perhaps,
With Angels poring o'er the Text abſtruſe,
And in ecſtatic admiration loſt,
Will in Eternity's unceaſing round
The intuition of thy Soul abſorb.

THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY

R. GLYNN, M. D.

M DCC LVII.

THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THY Juſtice, heav'nly King! and that great Day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raiſe her penſive head; and Vice, that erſt
Rang'd unreprov'd and free, ſhall ſink appall'd;
I ſing advent'rous.——But what eye can pierce
The vaſt immeaſurable realms of Space,
O'er which Meſſiah drives His flaming car
To that bright region, where enthron'd He ſits
Firſt-born of Heav'n to judge aſſembled worlds,
Cloath'd in cœleſtial radiance! Can the Muſe,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright Empyreal, where around
Myriads of Angels God's perpetual choir
Hymn Hallelujahs; and in concert loud
Chaunt ſongs of triumph to their Maker's praiſe?——
Yet will I ſtrive to ſing, albeit unus'd

To tread Poetic Soil. What though the wiles
Of Fancy me enchanted ne'er could lure
To rove o'er Fairy lands; to ſwim the ſtreams
That through her vallies weave their mazy way;
Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raiſe
My feeble voice, to tell what Harmony
(Sweet as the muſic of the rolling Spheres)
Attunes the moral world: That Virtue ſtill
May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread
Vengeance, though late; that reas'ning Pride may own
Juſt though unſearchable the ways of Heaven.

Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who ſay'ſt the ſoul,
That divine particle which God's own breath
Inſpir'd into the mortal maſs, ſhall reſt
Annihilate, 'till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'ſt,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In Laws, in Rites, in Manners diſagree,
With one conſent expect another world,
Where Wickedneſs ſhall weep? Why Paynim Bards
Fabled Elyſian plains, Tartarean Lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Hali's ſons
Have feign'd a Paradiſe of Mirth and Love,
Banquets, and blooming Nymphs? Or rather tell,
Why, on the brink of Orellana's ſtream,

Where

Where never Science rear'd her ſacred Torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt Hill? Why in each breaſt
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends;
Or joy on ſecret good? Why Conſcience acts
With tenfold force, when Sickneſs, Age, or Pain
Stands tott'ring on the precipice of Death?
Or why ſuch Horror gnaws the guilty ſoul
Of dying Sinners; while the Good Man ſleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a ſmile expires?

Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The ſcale of Bliſs and Miſery is ſuſtain'd!
Beneath the ſhade of cold obſcurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm ſupports her head,
No friendly voice ſpeaks comfort to her ſoul,
Nor ſoft-ey'd Pity drops a melting tear;
But, in their ſtead, Contempt and rude Diſdain
Inſult the baniſh'd Wanderer: on ſhe goes
Neglected and forlorn: Diſeaſe, and Cold,
And Famine, worſt of Ills, her ſteps attend:
Yet patient, and to Heav'n's juſt will reſign'd,
She ne'er is ſeen to weep, or heard to ſigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon ſweet-ſmelling Bow'r,
Where fluſh'd with all the inſolence of wealth
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th' Arabian Gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's Hills
For him pour Nectar from the purple vine.
Nor think for theſe he pays the tribute due
To Heav'n: of Heav'n he never names the name;
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his Jeſt obſcene. Yet buxom Health
Sits on his roſy cheek; yet Honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd Sleep
Sheds a ſoft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

See'ſt thou this, righteous Father! See'ſt thou this,
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall Good and Ill
Be carried undiſtinguiſh'd to the Land
Where all things are forgot? —— Ah! no; the Day
Will come, when Virtue from the cloud ſhall burſt
That long obſcur'd her Beams; when Sin ſhall fly
Back to her native Hell; there ſink eclips'd
In penal Darkneſs; where nor Star ſhall riſe,
Nor ever Sunſhine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great Day the ſolemn Trump ſhall ſound,
(That Trump which once in Heaven on Man's revolt
Convok'd th' aſtoniſh'd Seraphs) at whoſe voice

Th' un-

Th' unpeopled Graves ſhall pour forth all their Dead,
Then ſhall th' aſſembled nations of the Earth
From ev'ry Quarter at the Judgment-Seat
Unite; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
Chineſe and Ruſſian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wide Terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or where the Sun
Pours on Golconda's Spires his early light
Drink Ganges' ſacred ſtream. At once ſhall riſe
Whom diſtant ages to each others ſight
Had long denied: Before the Throne ſhall kneel
Some great Progenitor, while at his ſide
Stands his Deſcendant through a thouſand Lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and Patriarchs, Slaves and ſceptred Kings,
With equal eye the God of All ſhall ſee;
And judge with equal love. What though the Great
With coſtly pomp and aromatic ſweets
Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the Dome
A thouſand tapers ſhed their gloomy light,
While ſolemn organs to his parting ſoul
Chaunted ſlow oriſons? Say, by what mark
Doſt thou diſcern him from that lowly Swain
Whoſe mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound turf

Long

Long lay neglected?——All at once ſhall riſe;
But not to equal glory: for, alas!
With howlings dire and execrations loud
Some wail their fatal birth.——Firſt among theſe
Behold the mighty murth'rers of mankind;
They who in ſport whole kingdoms ſlew; or they
Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power
Waded through ſeas of blood! How will they curſe
The madneſs of ambition; How lament
Their dear-bought Laurels; when the widow'd wife
And childleſs mother at the Judgment-Seat
Plead trumpet-tongu'd againſt them!——Here are they
Who ſunk an aged Father to the Grave;
Or with unkindneſs hard and cold diſdain
Slighted a Brother's ſuff'rings.——Here are they
Whom Fraud and ſkilful Treachery long ſecur'd;
Who from the infant Virgin tore her dow'r,
And eat the Orphan's bread:——who ſpent their ſtores
In ſelfiſh Luxury; or o'er their gold
Proſtrate and pale ador'd the uſeleſs heap.——
Here too who ſtain'd the chaſte connubial Bed;——
Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl;——or broke the ties
Of hoſpitable Friendſhip:——And the Wretch
Whoſe liſtleſs ſoul ſick with the cares of life
Unſummon'd to the preſence of his God
Ruſh'd in with inſult rude. How would they joy

Once

Once more to viſit earth; and, though oppreſs'd
With all that Pain or Famine can inflict,
Pant up the Hill of Life? Vain wiſh! the Judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual puniſhment. Seek not to know
What puniſhment! for that th' Almighty Will
Has hid from mortal eyes: And ſhall vain Man
With curious ſearch refin'd preſume to pry
Into thy ſecrets, Father! No: let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,
And walk in all thy paths: ſo ſhall his meed
Be great in Heav'n, ſo haply ſhall he 'ſcape
Th' immortal Worm and never-ceaſing Fire.

But who are they, who bound in ten-fold chains
Stand horribly aghaſt? This is that Crew
Who ſtrove to pull Jehovah from His throne,
And in the place of Heav'n's eternal King
Set up the Phantom Chance. For them in vain
Alternate ſeaſons chear'd the rolling year;
In vain the Sun o'er Herb, Tree, Fruit, and Flow'r
Shed genial influence, mild; and the pale Moon
Repair'd her waning orb.—Next theſe is plac'd
The vile Blaſphemer, He, whoſe impious Wit
Profan'd the ſacred Myſteries of Faith,
And 'gainſt th' impenetrable walls of Heav'n

Planted his feeble battery. By theſe ſtands
The arch-Apoſtate: He with many a wile
Exhorts them ſtill to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black Deſpair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to chear their ſinking ſouls:
In agonies of grief they curſe the hour
When firſt they left Religion's onward way.

Theſe on the left are rang'd: But on the right
A choſen Band appears, who fought beneath
The Banner of Jehovah, and defy'd
Satan's united Legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
Diffus'd the Goſpel's Light; ſome, long immur'd,
(Sad ſervitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy They
Whom Heaven elected to that glorious ſtrife!——
Here are they plac'd, whoſe kind munificence
Made heav'n-born Science raiſe her drooping head;
And on the labours of a future Race
Entail'd their juſt reward. Thou amongſt Theſe,
Good SEATON! whoſe well-judg'd benevolence
Foſt'ring fair Genius bade the Poet's hand
Bring annual off'rings to his Maker's ſhrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.——

Here

Here is that fav'rite Band, whom mercy mild
God's beſt lov'd Attribute adorn'd; whoſe gate
Stood ever open to the Stranger's call;
Who fed the Hungry; to the Thirſty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup; whoſe care benign
From the rude blaſt ſecur'd the Pilgrim's ſide;
Who heard the Widow's tender tale; and ſhook
The galling ſhackle from the Priſoner's feet;
Who each endearing tye, each office knew
Of meek-ey'd heav'n-deſcended Charity.—
O Charity, thou Nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than thoſe whom ancient Poets bound
In Amity's indiſſoluble chain,
The Graces! How ſhall I eſſay to paint
Thy charms, celeſtial Maid; and in rude verſe
Blazon thoſe deeds thyſelf did'ſt ne'er reveal?
For Thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
Nor Rage tranſport, nor high o'erweening Pride
Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er didſt thou ſmile
To ſee the Sinner as a verdant Tree
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the ſtream;
While like ſome blaſted Trunk the Righteous fall,
Proſtrate, forlorn. When Prophecies ſhall fail,
When Tongues ſhall ceaſe, when Knowledge is no more,
And this Great Day is come; Thou by the Throne
Shalt ſit triumphant. Thither, lovely Maid,

Bear me, O bear me on thy ſoaring wing,
And through the Adamantine Gates of Heav'n
Conduct my Steps, ſafe from the fiery Gulph
And dark Abyſs where Sin and Satan reign!

But can the Muſe, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that reſtleſs Element of Fire
Shall wage with Seas and Earth inteſtine war,
And deluge all Creation? Whether (ſo
Some think) the Comet, as through fields of air
Lawleſs he wanders, ſhall ruſh headlong on,
Thwarting th' Ecliptic where th' unconſcious Earth
Rolls in her wonted courſe; whether the Sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her long reluctant; or the Caves,
Thoſe dread Vulcanos where engend'ring lye
Sulphureous Minerals, from their dark Abyſs
Pour ſtreams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erſt on Sodom, Heav'n's avenging Hand
Rains fierce combuſtion.—Where are now the works
Of Art, the Toil of Ages?—Where are now
Th' Imperial Cities, Sepulchres and Domes,
Trophies and Pillars?—Where is Egypt's boaſt,
Thoſe lofty Pyramids which high in air
Rear'd their aſpiring Heads, to diſtant times
Of Memphian Pride a laſting monument?—

Tell

Tell me where Athens rais'd her Towers?—Where Thebes
Open'd her Hundred Portals?—Tell me where
Stood ſea-girt Albion?—Where Imperial Rome
Propt by Seven Hills ſat like a ſceptred Queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—
Shew me the Rampart, which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley ſtretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty Monarch, to repel
The roving Tartar, when with inſult rude
'Gainſt Pekin's tow'rs he bent th' unerring Bow.

But what is mimic Art? Even Nature's works,
Seas, Meadows, Paſtures, the meand'ring Streams,
And everlaſting Hills ſhall be no more.
No more ſhall Teneriff cloud-piercing height
O'er-hang th' Atlantic Surge.—Nor that fam'd Cliff,
Through which the Perſian ſteer'd with many a ſail,
Throw to the Lemnian Iſle its evening ſhade
O'er half the wide Ægæan.—Where are now
The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the Ocean ſtream
Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Ararat,
That Hill on which the faithful Patriarch's Ark
Which ſeven long months had voyag'd o'er its top
Firſt reſted, when the Earth with all her Sons,
As now by ſtreaming cataracts of fire,

Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
Are vaniſh'd and diſſolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain diſtinction: Heaven itſelf,
That azure vault with all thoſe radiant orbs,
Sinks in the univerſal ruin loſt.——
No more ſhall Planets round their central Sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the Moon
Hang out her Silver Lamp; and thoſe Fix'd Stars
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuſcan with his optic glaſs
Call'd from their wond'rous height, to read their names
And magnitude, ſome winged miniſter
Shall quench; and (ſureſt ſign that all on earth
Is loſt) ſhall rend from Heaven the myſtic Bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous Day,
Whoſe Coming who ſhall tell? For as a Thief
Unheard, unſeen, it ſteals with ſilent pace
Through Night's dark gloom.—Perhaps as here I ſit,
And rudely carol theſe incondite Lays,
Soon ſhall the Hand be check'd, and dumb the Mouth
That liſps the fault'ring ſtrain.—O! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-ſpent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!

" Power

" Power ſupreme !
" O everlaſting King ! to Thee I kneel,
" To Thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
" Melt all ye Elements ! And Thou, high Heav'n,
" Shrink like a ſhrivel'd Scroll ! But think, O Lord,
" Think on the beſt, the nobleſt of thy works ;
" Think on thine own bright Image ! Think on Him,
" Who dy'd to ſave us from thy righteous wrath ;
" And 'midſt the wreck of Worlds remember Man !"

THE

PROVIDENCE

OF THE

SUPREME BEING.

BY

GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

M DCC LVIII.

THE

PROVIDENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

SOVEREIGN of Nature, Omnipreſent King,
Eſſential Goodneſs! Thou, whoſe plaſtic Word
Call'd from the womb of Darkneſs into day
This beauteous Syſtem, which, if Thou withdraw'ſt
Thy ſtaying hand, would inſtantly relapſe
Into primeval Nothing! Who ſhall dare
To circumſcribe thy Centre, that extends
Far as Creation's ampleſt range; or ſet
Bounds to thy Providence, that claſps at once
In its parental all-incircling arm
The tow'ring Seraph, and the grov'ling Worm?
Each link, that weaves the univerſal chain
Of Order, and connects th' amazing plan,
Is faſten'd to the footſtool of thy throne.
All Cauſes, in thy Intellect compriz'd,
Obvious as light that fills th' uncrowded eye,
Rank'd in their ſeries ſtand, and wait thy nod

To

To iſſue into action, and atchieve
Eternal counſels. Wiſdom infinite
Sits at the helm preſiding, and directs
Each ſev'ral movement to the purpos'd end.
Thou giv'ſt the vegetable tribe to draw
Its kindly nutriment. Th' inliv'ning ſap,
Obedient to thy Laws, through fitted tubes
Aſcends fermenting, and at length matur'd
Breaks forth in gems, and germinates in leaves.
By Thee each Family of flow'rs is cloth'd
In one unvarying dreſs, and breathes the ſame
Tranſmitted eſſences; and, though the loom
No virgin fingers ply to ſwell her pride,
The lily ſhines more gorgeouſly array'd
Than monarchs, where the Eaſt with hand profuſe
Show'rs on their pomp barbaric pearl and gold.
O'er all thy works, exuberance of love,
Thy care unweary'd watches. Hence conſerv'd
Each kind, each being, and each want ſupply'd.
To Thee the tenant of the paſture lifts
His aſking eye: to Thee with ſuppliant voice
The ſhaggy tyrant of the wilderneſs
Roars his petition, as he roams the waſte
Intent on prey. Thou, common Father, op'ſt
Th' exhauſtleſs treaſures of thy bounty: All
Are fill'd, and ev'ry heart with joy rebounds.

Yet

Yet are there found of Man's imperial race,
So favour'd, and by reaſon high advanc'd,
(That ray infus'd to light him to his God)
Who, rebels to their Maker, ſpurn his rule,
And impious dare in narrow ſpace include
Infinity itſelf. In Heav'n, ſome ſay
Blaſpheming, ſits in majeſty ſupine
Th' Eternal King, and ſlumb'ring on his throne,
From Earth, and all its cares alike remov'd,
A liſtleſs dull beatitude enjoys.
Conceit abſurd! yet ſuited to the ſoil
Of Epicurus' garden, rank with weeds
That kill Religion's root. No buſy God
His blind unguided atoms muſt controul,
But Chance muſt build his World, and govern too.
That ſcheme of Happineſs, he frames for Man,
Muſt, as he doats, to Deity extend;
Whoſe Bliſs would be impair'd, if reſtleſs thought,
And Nature's vaſt moliminous concerns
Should violate the Sabbath of his reſt.
Philoſophizing fool, who ne'er couldſt ſhake
The cumbrous load of matter from thy ſoul,
And pierce thoſe regions, where One ſovereign Mind,
One pure diffuſive Energy at eaſe
By ſole volition acts his purpoſes
Through the wide realms of Being! He to all,

Centre

Centre without circumference, is nigh,
Is intimately preſent: nought eludes
His Knowledge; nought impedes his mighty Pow'r.

If the World floats by ev'ry caſual blaſt
Driv'n to and fro, without a pilot-hand
To regulate its courſe, ſay, why do all
Hearken to Laws appropriate to their kind?
Why never ſtray the devious Orbs, but keep
Their ſtations, and with ſteady pace repeat
Their periodic journies? Whence to Plants
Peculiar ſeeds allotted, and a leaf
That marks their lineage? Or how taught by turns
To flouriſh, and diverſify the year?
Whence is each particle of matter ſway'd
Or to attract its neighbour or repel?
In Brutes to individuals whence aſſign'd
With rule preciſe the ſame organic make,
As beſt the functions of their kind promotes?
Why prompted all to propagate their breed,
To ſhun the noxious, ſeek the wholeſome food?
This ſettled Order through the whole diffus'd,
Theſe Laws invariably purſu'd, proclaim
As with a trumpet's ſound a Pow'r unſeen,
Who ſits not idle on th' empyreal ſphere,
Wrapt up in contemplation of Himſelf

Through

Through endleſs ages, but who all ſurveys
In Space, his boundleſs ſenſory, and fills
Earth with his Goodneſs, with his Glory Heaven.

And yet ſhall Man, as ſhipwreck'd from the womb
On the World's bleak inhoſpitable coaſt,
As by his Maker careleſsly expos'd,
Bewail his orphan lot, and cry that God
Regardleſs of his welfare ſlights his pray'rs?
Shall not a Sparrow fall without his will,
Shall not a Raven croak in vain; yet Man,
Heir of Eternity, Creation's pride,
Be left to wander in the maze of Life
Without a Guide, a Father, and a Friend?
How ſhall he 'ſcape th' embattel'd ills that war
Againſt his ſoul, th' unnumber'd ſhafts that fly
Wing'd with deſtruction, if no hand unſeen
Inveſts him with a ſhield, and guards his ſteps?

But Man (ingenious to contrive his woe,
And rob himſelf of all that makes this vale
Of tears bloom comfort) cries, If God foreſees
Our future actings, then the objects known
Muſt be determin'd, or the knowledge fail:
Thus Liberty's deſtroy'd, and all we do
Or ſuffer, by a fatal thread is ſpun.

Say,

Say, fool, with too much ſubtilty miſled,
Who reaſon'ſt but to err, does Preſcience change
The property of things? Is aught thou ſee'ſt
Caus'd by thy viſion, not thy viſion caus'd
By forms that previouſly exiſt? To God
This mode of ſeeing future deeds extend,
And Freedom with Foreknowledge may ſubſiſt.

Nor think that ev'ry moment Nature's courſe
Muſt take a diff'rent bias to comply
With each occaſion. He, to whom are known
The wants and the deportment of each being,
May ſuch a Plan original have fram'd
As All adjuſted may conſpire to make
One compact Syſtem; where the Saint devout,
And ſin-polluted Infidel may find
Forecaſted, in th' eſtabliſhment of things,
Effects proportion'd to their varying ſtamp
Of moral character. Look round and ſee
Reward and puniſhment in part diſpens'd
To Man by Nature's gen'ral Laws: ſee Health
Fly the luxurious Glutton's rich repaſt,
And with the Hermit at his temp'rate board
Sit a pleas'd gueſt: ſee calm unruffled Joy
With dovelike wing infold the virtuous breaſt,
While arm'd with harpy-talon keen Remorſe

Hovers

Hovers o'er Guilt, and poiſons ev'ry ſweet.
Lo! (to convert our vices into rods)
Paſſions indulg'd beyond a certain bound
Lead to a precipice, and plunge in woe
The heedleſs agent. Avarice o'erſhoots
Its deſtin'd mark, and with abundance curs'd,
In wealth the ills of poverty endures.
Ambition, when the pinnacle is gain'd
With many a toilſome ſtep, the pow'r it ſought
Wants to ſupport itſelf, and ſighs to find
The envy'd height but aggravates the fall.
Unbridled Luſt inſtead of Pleaſure's roſe
The prickly thorn oft graſps, with pangs of mind,
And body now tormented, now condemn'd
To bleed a victim on the bed it ſtains.

Nor deem this Order broke, theſe Laws infring'd,
As oft as Vice in the warm ſunny beam
Of Fortune wanton baſks, and Virtue droops
Forlorn, by Penury's chill wintry blaſt
Aſſail'd. That luxury and pomp perhaps
Is but the ſplendid cover of diſtreſs
Rankling within; while conſcience ever gay,
And placid reſignation to his lot,
Cheer the poor tatter'd Pilgrim, and derive

A flavour to his caſual homely meal,
The rich man's labour'd dainties cannot yield.

Dar'ſt thou decide where Mercy ſhould diſtil
Its ſoft refreſhing dews, where Juſtice pour
The vials of its treaſur'd wrath, who know'ſt
Man in appearance only? Oft beneath
The ſaintly veil the Votary of ſin
May lurk unſeen, and to that Eye alone,
Which penetrates the inmoſt heart, reveal'd.
And He, whom Cenſure ſingles from the herd
To brand with infamy, whom Envy loads
With black'ning colours, to th' Omniſcient Judge
(Whom nought can biaſs, and whom nought deceives)
May otherwiſe appear, and fitly ſpread
His ſwelling ſails before the proſp'rous gale.
Beſides, that opulence, thou vainly gild'ſt
With ſpecious name of good, if ſcann'd aright,
Is Heav'n's ſharp Viſitation to the fool.
See him the giddy round of riot tread,
And madly purchaſe at a price immenſe
Want, ſhame, diſeaſe, and heart-corroding grief:
Or ſee him brooding o'er the ſacred heap
Unenvy'd by the Beggar whom he hates:
And then pronounce him happy if you can.

But

But how this equal ſcale upheld, thou cry'ſt,
When, like the ruſhing deep, Adverſity
Pours all its billows o'er the virtuous head?
Stop thy complaints. God ever in the ſtorm,
As in the calm, preſides. The Man, perhaps,
Thou pity'ſt, draws his comforts from diſtreſs.
That Mind ſo poiz'd, and center'd in the good
Supreme, ſo kindled with Devotion's flame,
Might with Proſperity's inchanting cup
Inebriate have forgot th' all-giving Hand,
Might on Earth's vain and tranſitory joys
Have built its ſole felicity, nor e'er
Wing'd a deſire beyond its ſenſual ſtye,
Grov'ling, impure, and level'd with the Brute.

Thus by th' appointment of that Pow'r who weighs
What with our welfare, not our wiſh, comports,
Our Bliſs may be connected with our Woes.
Hence Graces, wither'd by too warm a beam,
May ſpread and flouriſh in the dreary ſhade:
And Pleaſure, to voluptuous Guilt deny'd,
May bloom ambroſial from Affliction's thorn.

Too ſhort is Reaſon's line to ſound the depths
Of heav'nly wiſdom; raſh her cenſure too,

When ſhe preſumes to cavil at His ways,
Who oft obliquely to th' intended goal
His ſteady but meandring courſe directs,
Makes Oppoſites harmoniouſly combine
His grand eventful counſels to mature,
That Man, by common notices unmov'd,
By Admiration may be taught to fear.
He, who this complex maſs of wonders call'd
From Chaos, and from darkneſs launch'd thoſe lights
That gild the fluid ether, oftimes bids
'Midſt the well-temper'd ſtrife of jarring wills
Order from tumult break, from evil good.
He reins the fury of the waves, and bounds
The rage of Man, and makes the friendly ſtorm
Drive when he liſts the veſſel into port.
Abaſement by his guidance ſhall exalt,
Diſgrace ennoble, and Misfortunes bleſs.

See baſe ungen'rous Envy ſwell the breaſts
Of Iſrael's ſons: ſee Joſeph for a dream,
Typic of future greatneſs, doom'd to feel
The rigours of fraternal hate. And can
Such venom'd hate in kindred boſoms dwell?
How ſhall defenceleſs innocence eſcape
Impendent death, when ſavage Brethren lift

The

The murd'rous ſteel? Prevailing nature melts
Reuben's ſoft heart, arreſts the bloody deed,
And heav'n-directed Iſhmaelites convey
To diſtant climes the purchas'd ſpoil, than all
Their ſpicy wealth more precious. Pharian realms
Receive the ſacred charge, the Patriarch's hope.
Vaniſh the clouds, the welkin brightens round,
Illuſive proſpect! ſoon new woes ſucceed:
A loveſick Miſtreſs ſmiles, and Fortune frowns.
To ſlighted charms and womaniſh revenge
Th' innoxious Youth falls an unpity'd prey,
And in a dungeon's gloom his pious ſoul
Pours to his God in pray'r, nor pours in vain.
For now the myſtic web of Providence
Gradual unfolds, ſhades ſoften into light,
And on th' admiring eye coherence dawns.
The rage of Brethren, and th' opprobrious ſale
Conſpire to realize his dream: the wife
Of Potiphar unconſcious weaves the meed,
And calumny to honour ſmooths the way.
Quick ſhifts the ſcene: the dungeon for a throne
Is chang'd. The Hebrew next to Egypt's king,
In all the pride of regal pomp array'd,
Shines through the land of Nile rever'd, and lives
To cheriſh Iſrael's drooping age, to pant

With filial tranſport on the Patriarch's breaſt
Big with tumultuous joy. His brethren round,
Sheaves of his dream, in marſhal'd order ſtand,
And pay obeiſance to his Sheaf, that rears
Its head aloft, and triumphs in its height.

Great is the Lord JEHOVAH, high above
The loftieſt flight of raptur'd praiſe; his throne
Is built on Equity's broad baſe; his Arm
(Though oft inviſible to mortal ken)
Is ever ſtretch'd to prop the ſinking good,
Or cruſh the wicked. Not a wheel amongſt
Th' infinite orbs, which roll the fates of Man,
And Kingdoms in their rapid whirl, but glows
Diſtinct with eyes, and in a meaſur'd courſe
Harmonious verges to ſome certain goal.

See! the fond Mother takes her ſad adieu,
And ſlow-receding caſts a tearful glance
Where floats the ruſh-wove ark: to calm her grief,
To give her darling to her throbbing breaſt
The Memphian princeſs ſpeeds, and (Heav'n ſo wills)
Nurtures in Wiſdom's lore the Youth ordain'd
Iſrael to free, and humble Pharaoh's pride.

When

When Judah totters on the brink of fate,
And guileful Haman meditates the death
Of blameleſs Mordecai, what hand can ward
The threaten'd blow, and give the wiles to fall
Retorted on the Machinator's head?
His Hand alone, who vindicates the Juſt,
That plucks from Arrogance the boaſted plume,
And plants it on meek Virtue's brow. In vain
With ev'ry blandiſhment the Perſian wooes
Sleep to his wakeful lid. The Volume's ſpread,
Where the Jew's faithful ſervices inroll'd
Ruſh on the monarch's ſight. Go, Haman, now,
And glory in thy ſtratagems, condemn'd
To deck the triumphs of the Man thy hate
Mark'd for deſtruction. To the regal feaſt
Go, ſhort-liv'd gueſt. For know Death goes along
A reveller, and points the hidden ſhaft.
Look from the palace; ſee Fate's engine riſe
Tremendous, and extend its arms for Thee
Its cruel builder, and unpity'd load.

When artful Malice broods o'er dark revenge,
When ſtern Oppreſſion frowns, and Ills ſurround,
Let not the Good deſpair, but reſt ſecure
Beneath ADONAI's ſhadowing wing. His Eye

Beholds, his out-ſtretch'd Arm conducts their ſteps
Through Death's incircling horrors; and when broke
Each feeble anchor, when the tenth wave rolls
Its gather'd ruin, plucks them from the deep.
Nor let them murmur, though their way be oft
Perplext with briers, and with crags o'erhung,
But onwards preſs unfainting to the goal,
Where, to o'erpay their momentary toil,
Applauding Angels hold th' unwith'ring wreath
Of beatific Joy. From ardent lips
Let the ſweet incenſe of melodious praiſe
Aſcend to Him who viſits all his works,
But chief the ſon of Man.
Pow'r infinite,
Thou Giver, and Preſerver of my being,
Who rul'ſt all Cauſes, govern'ſt all Events,
O teach me ever to thy will reſign'd
To bear my lot with patience, and eſteem
That Beſt which Thou ordain'ſt. In weal or woe,
In health or ſickneſs, let me ne'er forget
Thy Mercies: ev'n in thine afflictive rod
May I a Father's tenderneſs adore,
Who chaſtens but to heal, in wrath benign!
Avert thoſe ills that hover o'er my head,
And with thy ſhield incompaſs all my paths.

Of

Of earthly goods that portion Thou aſſign
Which with my preſent and my future bliſs
May beſt accord ; and grant this humble ſtrain
May be a prelude to that nobler ſong,
Which by thy Grace, this dreary vale paſt through,
My Soul, with brighter views of Providence
Illum'd, and kindling from a near acceſs,
Shall chaunt reſponſive to th'Angelic Choir.

DEATH.

DEATH.

BY

B. PORTEUS, D. D.

M DCC LIX.

D E A T H.

FRIEND to the wretch, whom ev'ry friend forſakes,
I woo thee, DEATH! In Fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay Songſter rove, and gently trill
The ſtrain of empty joy.—Life and its joys
I leave to thoſe that prize them.—At this hour,
This ſolemn hour, when Silence rules the world,
And wearied Nature makes a gen'ral pauſe!
Wrapt in Night's ſable robe, through cloyſters drear
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms ſhooting croſs my path
With ſilent glance, I ſeek the ſhadowy vale
Of Death!—Deep in a murky cave's receſs
Lav'd by Oblivion's liſtleſs ſtream, and fenc'd
By ſhelving rocks and intermingled horrors
Of yew' and cypreſs' ſhade from all intruſion
Of buſy noon-tide beam, the Monarch ſits
In unſubſtantial Majeſty enthron'd.

At his right hand, neareſt himſelf in place
And frightfulneſs of form, his parent Sin
With fatal induſtry and cruel care
Buſies herſelf in pointing all his ſtings,
And tipping every ſhaft with venom drawn
From her infernal ſtore: around him rang'd
In terrible array and ſtrange diverſity
Of uncouth ſhapes, ſtand his dread Miniſters:
Foremoſt Old Age, his natural ally
And firmeſt friend: next him diſeaſes thick,
A motley train; Fever with cheek of fire;
Conſumption wan; Palſy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing Gout,
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulſion wild;
Swoln Dropſy; panting Aſthma; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd.—There too the Peſtilence that walks
In darkneſs, and the Sickneſs that deſtroys
At broad noon-day. Theſe and a thouſand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heaven's command Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden ruſh forth to execute his purpoſe,
And ſcatter deſolation o'er the Earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom ſuch various forms
Of Miſery wait, and mark their future prey!
Ah! why, All-righteous Father, didſt thou make

This

This Creature Man? Why wake th' unconſcious duſt
To life and wretchedneſs? O better far
Still had he ſlept in uncreated night,
If this the Lot of Being!—Was it for this
Thy Breath divine kindled within his breaſt
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stampt on his ſoul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion given him abſolute
O'er all thy creatures, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the bleſt ſource of Good
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could ſuch foul Ills
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
The impious thought! God never made a Creature
But what was good. He made a living Man:
The Man of Death was made by Man himſelf.
Forth from his Maker's hands he ſprung to life,
Freſh with immortal bloom; No pain he knew,
No fear of death, no check to his deſires
Save one command. That one command (which ſtood
'Twixt him and ruin, the teſt of his obedience,)
Urg'd on by wanton curioſity
He broke.—There in one moment was undone
The faireſt of God's works. The ſame raſh hand
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let looſe Sin
And Death and all the family of Pain

To

To prey upon Mankind. Young Nature ſaw
The monſtrous crew, and ſhook through all her frame.
Then fled her new-born luſtre, then began
Heaven's chearful face to low'r, then vapours choak'd
The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing Sun. The Earth convuls'd
With painful throes threw forth a briſtly crop
Of thorns and briars; and Inſect, Bird, and Beaſt,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at Man, and fearleſs croud around him,
Now fled before his face, ſhunning in haſte
Th' infection of his miſery. He alone,
Who juſtly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
Turn'd not away his face; he full of pity
Forſook not in this uttermoſt diſtreſs
His beſt-lov'd work. That comfort ſtill remain'd,
(That beſt, that greateſt comfort in affliction)
The countenance of God, and through the gloom
Shot forth ſome kindly gleams, to chear and warm
Th' offender's ſinking ſoul. Hope ſent from Heaven
Uprais'd his drooping head, and ſhew'd afar
A happier ſcene of things; the Promis'd Seed
Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled creſt,
Death of his ſting diſarm'd, and the dank grave
Made pervious to the realms of endleſs day,
No more the limit but the gate of life.

Chear'd

Chear'd with the view, Man went to till the ground
From whence he roſe; ſentenc'd indeed to toil
As to a puniſhment, yet (ev'n in wrath
So merciful is Heaven) this toil became
The ſolace of his woes, the ſweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and ſureſt guard
Againſt Diſeaſe and Death.—Death though denounc'd
Was yet a diſtant Ill, by feeble arm
Of Age, his ſole ſupport, led ſlowly on.
Not then, as ſince, the ſhort-liv'd ſons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countleſs multitudes;
Scarce in the courſe of twice five hundred years
One ſolitary ghoſt went ſhivering down
To his unpeopled ſhore. In ſober ſtate,
Through the ſequeſter'd vale of rural life,
The venerable Patriarch guileleſs held
The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd
His ſimple fare, and Temperance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He ſunk to ſudden reſt; gentle and pure
As breath of evening Zephyr and as ſweet
Were all his ſlumbers; with the Sun he roſe,
Alert and vigorous as He, to run
His deſtin'd courſe. Thus nerv'd with Giant Strength
He ſtem'd the tide of Time, and ſtood the ſhock
Of ages rolling harmleſs o'er his head.

At life's meridian point arriv'd, he ſtood,
And looking round ſaw all the vallies fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus ſcatter'd o'er the Earth,
Along the gentle ſlope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was Man,
So calm was life, ſo impotent was Death.
O had he but preſerv'd theſe few remains,
Theſe ſhatter'd fragments of loſt happineſs,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the ſad wreck
Of innocence primæval; ſtill had he liv'd
Great ev'n in ruin; though fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beſet
With Death in every ſhape! But He, impatient
To be compleatly wretched, haſtes to fill up
The meaſure of his woes. 'Twas Man himſelf
Brought Death into the world, and Man himſelf
Gave keenneſs to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied deſtruction on mankind.

Firſt Envy, Eldeſt-Born of Hell, embru'd
Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
To make a Death which Nature never made,

And

And God abhorr'd, with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition ſaw, and ſoon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By ſubtle fraud to ſnatch a ſingle life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To ſate the luſt of power; more horrid ſtill,
The foulest ſtain and ſcandal of our nature
Became its boaſt.—One Murder made a Villain,
Millions a Hero.—Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers ſanctified the crime.
Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men!
And Men that they are Brethren? Why delight
In human ſacrifice? Why burſt the ties
Of Nature, that ſhould knit their ſouls together
In one ſoft bond of amity and love;
Yet ſtill they breathe deſtruction, ſtill go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream
Of univerſal Empire growing up
From univerſal ruin.—Blaſt the deſign,
Great God of Hoſts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's ſhrine!

Yet ſay, ſhould Tyrants learn at laſt to feel,
And the loud din of battle ceaſe to roar;
Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repoſe,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and ſtrength, and youth
Defy his power? Has he no arts in ſtore,
No other ſhafts ſave thoſe of war?—Alas!
Ev'n in the ſmile of Peace, that ſmile which ſheds
A heavenly ſunſhine o'er the ſoul, there baſks
That ſerpent Luxury: War its thouſands ſlays,
Peace its ten thouſands: In th' embattled plain
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there ſo abſolute,
So mercileſs, as in yon frantic ſcenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where, in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawleſs Love,
He ſnares the ſimple youth, who nought ſuſpecting
Means to be bleſt—But finds himſelf undone.

Down the ſmooth ſtream of life the Stripling darts
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal ſky,
Hope ſwells his ſails, and Fancy ſteers his courſe;
Safe glides his little bark along the ſhore
Where Virtue takes her ſtand; but if too far

He

He launches forth beyond Diſcretion's mark,
Sudden the tempeſt ſcowls, the ſurges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O ſad but ſure miſchance! O happier far
To lie like gallant HOWE 'midſt Indian wilds
A breathleſs corſe, cut off by ſavage hands
In earlieſt prime, a generous ſacrifice
To Freedom's holy cauſe; than ſo to fall
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemperance, and Diſeaſe.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather periſh ſtill,
Ye Sons of Pleaſure, by th' Almighty ſtricken,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift againſt yourſelves the murderous ſteel,
To wreſt from God's own hand the ſword of Juſtice,
And be your own avengers—Hold, raſh Man,
Though with anticipating ſpeed thou'ſt rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days,
Though life ſeem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face deſpair,
Yet gay this ſcene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And ere thou plunge into the vaſt abyſs,
Pauſe on the verge awhile, look down and ſee

Thy future manſion ?——Why that ſtart of horror ?
From thy ſlack hand why drops th' uplifted ſteel ?
Didſt thou not think ſuch vengeance muſt await
The wretch, that with his crimes all freſh about him,
Ruſhes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's preſence, throwing back
With inſolent diſdain his choiceſt gift ?

Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too ſhort to waſh away
By penitential tears and deep contrition
The ſcarlet of thy crimes. So ſhalt thou find
Reſt to thy ſoul, ſo unappall'd ſhalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His lingering ſtroke. Be it thy ſole concern
With innocence to live, with patience wait
Th' appointed hour ; too ſoon that hour will come,
Though Nature run her courſe ; But Nature's God,
If need require, by thouſand various ways,
Without thy aid, can ſhorten that ſhort ſpan,
And quench the lamp of life.——O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedneſs extreme
To Heaven aſcending from ſome guilty land
Now ripe for vengeance ; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath ;
Forth from his boſom plucks his lingering Arm,

And

And on the miſcreants pours deſtruction down!
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole diſpleaſure? In no common form
Death then appears, but ſtarting into Size
Enormous, meaſures with gigantic ſtride
Th' aſtoniſh'd Earth, and from his looks throws round
Unutterable horror and diſmay.
All Nature lends her aid. Each Element
Arms in his cauſe. Ope fly the doors of Heaven,
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown creation, or in floods of fire
Deſcends a livid cataract, and conſumes
An impious race.——Sometimes, when all ſeems peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a youth
Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept
On ſome ſad deſart ſhore:——At dead of night
In ſullen ſilence ſtalks forth Peſtilence:
Contagion cloſe behind taints all her ſteps
With poiſonous dew; no ſmiting Hand is ſeen,
No ſound is heard; but ſoon her ſecret path
Is mark'd with deſolation; heaps on heaps
Promiſcuous drop: No friend, no refuge near;

All, all is falſe and treacherous around,
All that they touch, or taſte, or breathe, is Death.

But ah! what means that ruinous roar? Why fail
Theſe tottering feet? —— Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
Hurls to the ground with one convulſive heave
Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,
The work of ages. Cruſh'd beneath the weight
Of general devaſtation, millions find
One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her ſons: the houſe, that ſhould protect,
Entombs its maſter, and the faithleſs plain,
If there he flies for help, with ſudden yawn
Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious Heaven!
O ſnatch me from deſtruction! If this Globe,
This ſolid Globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and ſure, if this my ſteps betray;
If my own mother Earth from whence I ſprung
Riſe up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither ſhall I fly?
Where look for ſuccour? Where, but up to thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O ſave thy ſuppliant
From horrors ſuch as theſe!—At thy good time

Let

Let Death approach; I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for Man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his ſtroke,
And at that hour when all aghaſt I ſtand
(A trembling Candidate for thy compaſſion)
On this World's brink, and look into the next;
When my ſoul ſtarting from the dark unknown
Caſts back a wiſhful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair ſcene, from all her cuſtom'd joys
And all the lovely relatives of life,
Then ſhed thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentleſt of thy looks. Let no dark Crimes
In all their hideous forms then ſtarting up
Plant themſelves round my couch in grim array,
And ſtab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Senſe of paſt guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghaſtly crew! and in their ſtead,
Let chearful Memory from her pureſt cells
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair
Cheriſh'd in earlieſt youth, now paying back
With tenfold uſury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conſcious innocence.——But chiefly, Thou,
Whom ſoft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heaven

To bleed for Man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! ſtill harder Leſſon! how to die,
Diſdain not Thou to ſmooth the reſtleſs bed
Of Sickneſs and of Pain.——Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt Soul anticipating Heaven
Burſts from the thraldom of incumbering clay,
And on the wing of Extaſy upborn
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

HEAVEN:

A

VISION.

BY

J. SCOTT, M. A.

Ἐγω γαρ ει μην μη ωμην ηξειν πρωτον μεν παρα Θεους σοφους τε και αγαθους, επειτα και παρ' ανθρωπους τελελευτηκοτας, αμεινους των ενθαδε, ηδικουν αν, ουκ αγανακτων τω Θανατω. PLATO.

M DCC LX.

THE VISION.

BY

J. SCOTT, M. D.

HEAVEN.

I.

FULL many a tedious hour, with care oppreſt,
Stretcht on my weary bed, I wakeful lay,
Sad troublous thoughts, like hornets, ſtung my breaſt,
And bruſht the dews of balmy ſleep away.
Ah! what avails, I cry'd with painful toil,
By Virtue's ſtedfaſt ſtar the bark to guide,
Far from * ACRASIA's wily-wandring Iſle,
Where eaſe and pleaſure the frail heart divide,
If life's ſhort voyage undiſtinguiſh'd tends
To darkneſs, and the land where all forgotten ends?

II.

Shall Worth lie hid in Sorrow's baleful ſhade?
And no reward ſhall ſuff'ring Goodneſs find,
While VICE triumphant lifts her pamper'd head,
† Nor hears the ſteps of Vengeance cloſe behind?—

* *Spenſer's* FAIRY QUEEN, Book II.

† *Antecedentem ſceleſtum deſeruit Pœna.* HOR.

Then take me, Pow'r of Beauty, to thy arms,
And lull, ah lull to peace my troubled ſoul!
Diſcloſe, O God of Wine, thy purple charms,
I'll drown reflection in the mantling bowl!
'Gainſt wind, and tide, let Stoic dullneſs ſail,
Be mine the calmeſt ſea, and Pleaſure's briſkeſt gale.

III.

Penſive I mus'd, 'till roſe the bluſhing Morn,
And ſpread her ſaffron mantle o'er the ſkies;
When pitying MORPHEUS ſhook his opiate horn,
And ſlumbrous humours drown'd my weary'd eyes;
Yet FANCY ſtill awake, to ſooth my pain,
Sweet ſcenes of joy in livelieſt hue pourtray'd;
She call'd forth all her bright ideal train,
And pleaſing truths in myſtic dreams convey'd:
Oh fail me not, thou fair enchanting Pow'r,
At Sorrow's grim approach, and Care's diſtreſsful hour!

IV.

Borne thro' the yielding air, methought I flew
To ſome more bliſsful clime, ſequeſter'd far
From this frail world, that juſt appear'd to view,
Like the faint glimm'ring of a diſtant ſtar.

Deep

Deep in the ſea's encircling wave 'twas plac'd,
As gems in ſilver; hoary Ocean ſmil'd
Chear'd with the pleaſing ſight; and * from his breaſt
Sent his ſweet children, breezes freſh and mild:
No clouds, nor darkneſs, veil'd the chearful ſcene,
Nor wintry blaſts deform'd the ground's eternal green.

V.

Lo to the Weſt a large and ſpacious plain,
Where meet in concert, wood, and hill, and dale;
Brighter than all that muſe-led Poets feign
Of IDA's grove, and TEMPE's hallow'd vale:
Tho' PENEUS there revolves his † amber ſtream,
And ſuppliant DAPHNE ſpreads her branching arms;
Still trembling leſt the Sun's prolific beam,
Too fiercely wanton, blaſt her virgin charms:
Would'ſt thou eſcape? Go, coy relentleſs maid,
Go chuſe ſome worſe retreat, ſome leſs luxurious ſhade?

VI.

There blooming groves, gay ſmiling with delight,
From her fair womb ſpontaneous Nature brings;
Where percht on every bough, all richly dight
With painted plumes, ſome ‡ harmleſs Siren ſings:

* Ενθα μακαρων ναιουσιν ωκεανιδες αυραι ζεφυρυσι. PIND.
† Αλικλειτον υδωρ. CALLIM.—*Amnis purior electro.* VIRG.
‡ *Nemoris Siren, innoxia Siren.* STRADA's NIGHTIN.

Pleas'd with the wild notes Zephyr flits unſeen;
And on his muſky wings the ſound conveys;
While trickling ſoft, each vary'd pauſe between,
The murm'ring riv'lets roll their ſilver baſe;
Winds, waters, birds in ſeemly ſort agree,
And am'rous ECHO blends the liquid melody.

VII.

Nor there alone was charm'd one ſcanty ſenſe:
The loaded trees ambroſial fruitage bear;
The * weeping ſhrubs their ſpicy gums diſpenſe,
Whoſe fragrance freſh-imbalms the buxom air;
Thouſands of flow'rs their ſilken webs unfold,
Amarants, immortal amarants ariſe,
Theſe beaming bright with † vegetable gold,
And theſe with azure, theſe with Tyrian dyes;
There laughing ſweetly red the roſes glow,
While from their breathing ſouls celeſtial odours flow.

VIII.

But hark, a voice ſoft-warbling ſtrikes my ear! —
" Behold, O man, fair VIRTUE's ample meed;
" Behold theſe radiant plains, this ſtar-girt ſphere,
" By righteous JOVE her portion are decreed!

* *Flet tamen, et tepidæ manant ex Arbore Guttæ.* OVID. MET.

† Ανθεμα δε χρυσω φλεγει. PIND.

" Mould

" Mould not, ah mould not then in idle cell,
" But ſtrive theſe rapt'rous Manſions to attain;
" Here all the wiſe, the brave, the virtuous dwell,
" Eternal ages * free from care, and pain:
" Here in ELYSIAN ſeats, their calm abodes,
" Live in communion bleſt, † with heroes, and with gods!"

IX.

Eaſtward to this methought a diff'rent ſcene,
Of equal beauty, charm'd my raptur'd ſight:
Wide ſpacious lawns with ſwelling hills between,
And groves of bliſs, and gardens of delight.
There lotes, and palms their copious branches twine,
And over-arching form delicious bow'rs;
There guſh nectareous rills of dulcet wine,
And honey'd ſtreams revolve their milky ſtores;
Freſh-bleeding myrrh, and caſſia ſhed perfume,
Ananas ſwell with ſweets, and wild pomegranates bloom.

X.

Faſt by a fount, whoſe ‡ *ſpicy waters* glide
In am'rous mazes, on the velvet ground
With bluſhing flow'rs all goodly beautify'd,
A ſmiling troop of Virgins dance around;

* Αδαπρυν νεμονται αιωνα. PIND.

† Παρα μεν τιμιοις Θεων. Ibid.

‡ Called by the *Arabic* Writers *Zenzebîl*, and promiſed by *Mahomet* to all the Faithful.

Fairer than DELIA's ſilver-buſkin'd train,
When erſt, LADONA, by thy lilied banks,
Or cool * EUROTA's laurel-fringed plain,
To breathing lutes they tript in ſeemly ranks;
And fairer, CYPRIS, than thy wanton quire,
That melt the ſoul to love, and kindle fierce deſire.

XI.

Their eyes, † like pearls within the ſhells conceal'd,
Beauteous and black; their lips with rubies vye;
On their fair cheeks, with white and red anneal'd,
What thouſand dimpling Smiles in ambuſh lie!
See, ſee they point to yon embow'ring ſhade,
Where cool gales fan their odorif'rous wings,
And FLORA's freſheſt, ſofteſt couch is ſpread;
The whiles ſome one this lovely ditty ſings!
Thro' all my veins what thrilling tranſport flew
To hear the nectar'd words, dropping like honey'd dew!

XII.

" Haſte, gentle youth, for lo, the way is plain!
" Haſte, gentle youth, and hear the PROPHET's call!
" Theſe are the joys that true Believers gain,
" Immortal joys, that never know to pall.

* ——— *In Eurotæ Ripis*
Exercet Diana Choros ——— VIRG.

† See *Sale's Koran*, Chapter the 56th.

" Come

" Come then, ah come, thy weary limbs recline
" On ſilken beds of roſes ſweetly ſtrow'd,
" Where to thy touch compliant bows the vine,
" All faint and lab'ring with the luſcious load;
" Where Nymphs of Paradiſe their charms reveal,
" And with their am'rous ſpoils thy greedy eyes regale!"

XIII.

She ceas'd—— And molten with exceſs of joy,
Voluptuous Hope was buſy in my breaſt:
When lo, ſwift-darting from th' extremeſt ſky,
With Seraph-plumes, an Angel ſtood confeſt!
A pure immortal Crown adorn'd her head,
Of gold inwove with jewels; in her hand
The Book of Life, and Mercy was diſplay'd,
With ruddy drops of dying Martyrs ſtain'd;
Her eagle-eyes were quick, and paſſing bright,
Yet beam'd ſerene, and mild, with Heav'n's celeſtial light.

XIV.

"And O fond fooliſh man," ſhe cry'd, " forbear
" Idly to glote on forms ſo light, and vain!
" What are theſe jocund ſcenes, but empty air,
" The fleeting coinage of a phrenzy'd brain?—

" Yet ev'n in Theſe, as * darkly thro' a glaſs,
" Some faint, ſome glimm'ring view the eye may gain
" Of thoſe unmingled joys, that far ſurpaſs
" Whate'er of bliſs the wit of man can feign;
" Thoſe pure Delights, that flow in ſtreams divine,
" Where thy imperial Tow'rs, O heav'nly SALEM, ſhine!

XV.

" For know, my Son, that they whoſe worth is try'd,
" As gold by fire, by great and virtuous deeds,
" Soon as the carnal fetters are unty'd,
" That chain the ſoul, and ſtript theſe mortal weeds;
" Haply ſhall ſoar, in Robes of Glory clad,
" To heav'nly Manſions, bright Abodes, prepar'd
" † Ere the foundations of the deep were laid,
" Or the firm pillars of the earth were rear'd;
" Ere GOD his golden compaſſes employ'd,
" And markt this beauteous World on Chaos dark, and
" void.

XVI.

" There ſhall they live, O happy, happy ſpirits!
" There ſhall they live remov'd from all the cares,
" And thouſand ills, that feeble fleſh inherits:
" No greedy Want, nor wayward Luſt, that tears

* 1 Corinth. chap. xiii. 12. † Prov. viii. 6. 24. 25. 27, &c.

" With

" With vip'rous rage the breaſt from whence it ſprung,
" Their deep-emboſom'd peace ſhall e'er torment;
" But hymning ſweet, the Angel Troops among,
" Their undiſturbed lays of pure content,
" The ſmiling hours immortal ſhall employ,
" In trance of holy eaſe, or extacy of joy.

XVII.

" Then ſhall their eyes, from cloudy films ſecure,
" With lightning-glance unmeaſur'd ſpace behold;
" And all the thouſand Stars, that pave the floor
" Of Heav'n, with orient pearl, or living gold;
" Then floating thro' the boundleſs Deep of air,
" An azure ſea, like gems of richeſt hue,
" Myriads of Worlds thick-ſcatter'd ſhall appear,
" With all their bright Inhabitants to view;
" Their active minds ſhall traverſe, quick as thought,
" Creation's ample fields, the range 'twixt GOD and
" nought.

XVIII.

" And oh what ſtreams of muſic ſweet, and clear,
" Shall drown in deep delight their raptur'd ſouls!—
" Ay me, in vain to Man's unpurged ear
" Their heav'nly Notes each tuneful planet rolls!

" Ay me, in vain with ſoftly-thrilling voice,
" * Thro' ev'ry land they hymn their Maker's Praiſe,
" While Choirs of young-ey'd Cherubims rejoice,
" And to their golden Harps mellifluous Lays
" Attuning, *Holy, holy, holy,* ſing,
" *O Lord, Almighty God, the Saints' eternal King!*

XIX.

" But not in vain the tuneful planets raiſe
" To pure etherial ſouls their voice divine;
" Nor yet in vain their great Creator's praiſe
" Do gladſome choirs of young-ey'd Cherubs join:
" No bleſſed Sp'rit but hears the ſacred ſong,
" And wakes his lyre melodious part to bear
" In the ſweet ſymphony; while all the throng
" Of angels, and arch-angels, nay, the ear
" Of God delighted liſtens to the ſtrains.—
" In Heav'n, and heav'n-born minds ſuch rapt'rous
" concord reigns!

XX.

" But where, ah where can glowing tints be found
" To paint the charms of † SION's ſacred place,
" ‡ Where CHRIST the Lamb in radiance ſits enthron'd,
" The || lively Image of his Father's Grace?

* Pſal. xix. 3, 4. † Heb. xii. 22. ‡ Pſal. ii. 6. || Heb. i. 3.

" O

" O Flow'r of love! O * glorious Morning ſtar!
" O † Sun of Righteouſneſs, whoſe healing wings
" Brought life, and peace, and mercy from afar!
" From Thee the light, thou beaming Fountain,
" ſprings,
" That guides poor mortals in their weary way,
" Thro' black Affliction's night, to Pleaſure's endleſs day!

XXI.

" JESUS!—and didſt thou leave thy Bow'rs of joy?
" And didſt thou leave thy Father's dear embrace,
" Content with agonizing pangs to die
" For man's forlorn, rebellious, ſinful race?
" What bliſs to hear the high myſterious ſtory,
" By all the Prophets, all th' Apoſtles ſung,
" And noble army' of Martyrs, crown'd with glory;
" Where bleſt, the ſix-wing'd Seraphins among,
" They drink immortal, from thy rapt'rous ſight,
" Conceiveleſs draughts of Love's ineffable delight!

XXII.

" Hail, ſaints of light! who once the patient train
" Of ſilent Sorrow, thro' the thorny road
" Of mis'ry toil'd, and unappall'd by pain
" With Pilgrim-feet the long, long journey trod!

* Rev. xxii. 16. † Mal. iv. 2.

" O taught by them, thou man of earth, ſuſtain
" With firm unweary'd arm the dang'rous fight!
" The * Prize of thy High-calling dare to gain,
" † Victorious Palms, and robes of ſpotleſs white;
" So in ‡ the Book of Life thy name ſhall ſhine,
" And Heav'n's eternal joys, and tranſports all be thine."

XXIII.

Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when that || Cherubic car,
Inſtinct with ſoul, and thoſe ſelf-moving wheels,
That whirl'd the holy Sage, from CHEBAR far,
Appear'd:—my breaſt the ruſhing impulſe feels!
I ſee, I ſee thy glitt'ring turrets riſe,
Celeſtial SALEM, all of § lucid gold,
Inlaid with gems of thouſand, thouſand dyes!
And lo, the everlaſting gates unfold
Their ¶ doors of pearl, and o'er my aching ſight
Full tides of glory flow, and ſtreams of living light!

XXIV.

Of Light ſurpaſſing far thy glimm'ring ray,
(More bright, more clear, more glorious, more divine)
Tho' dreſt by thee, ** O golden Eye of Day,
In gaudy robes the ſparkling diamonds ſhine;

* Phil. iii. 14. † Rev. vii. 9. ‡ Rev. iii. 5. || Ezek. i.
§ Rev. xxi. 18, 19. ¶ Rev. xxi. 21.
** Ω χρυσειας αμεραις βλεφαρον. SOPH.

Tho

Tho' yon fair Moon to thee her luſtre owes,
Gilding with borrow'd light the mountain's brow;
And IRIS ſteals from thee each tint, that glows
In the gay forehead of the ſhow'ry Bow:
Faint is thy feeble blaze, O beauteous Sun!
Such peerleſs beams appear from Truth's eternal throne.

XXV.

See thro' the ſtreets, * like liquid jaſper clear,
The Fount of life in mazy error flows!
Thro' the bright † Cryſtal ſands of gold appear,
And heaps of pearly grain; while blooming grows,
On either bank of dainty flow'rs profuſe,
The Tree of Life ſuperior o'er the reſt,
Whoſe teeming branches nectar'd fruits produce;
‡ Twelve various fruits of ſweetly-vary'd taſte,
From ev'ry leaf || ſalubrious dews exhale,
And pure elixirs breathe in ev'ry balmy gale.

XXVI.

Lo there, diffus'd along the ſacred brink,
Angelic choirs replete with love and joy,
Conceive their God, and from his preſence drink
Beatitude paſt utt'rance!—There they lie
On flow'ring beds of balſam, caſſia, nard,
And myrrh, a wilderneſs of rich perfumes;
Embalm'd they lie, like that Arabian bird,
'Midſt od'rous ſhrubs, and incenſe-breathing gums,

* Rev. xxi. 11. † Ibid. ‡ Rev. xxii. 2. || Ibid.

Whoſe life ſprings recent from the ſun-born fire,
While clouds of ſpicy ſmoke in bluiſh wreaths aſpire.

XXVII.

But ſpare, O ſpare me, Heav'n!—my fainting ſoul
Sickens with bliſs too great for mortal ſenſe!
Come, o'er my limbs thy quick'ning waters roll,
Life-giving ſtream, and all thy balm diſpenſe!
And thou, fair Tree, the ſource of all our woes,
(That bloom'd ſo fatal erſt in EDEN's glade,
Tranſplanted ſince to Heav'n) thy friendly boughs
Extend, and wrap me in thy browneſt ſhade!
O veil me from the LAMB's too glorious ſight,
From Majeſty's full blaze, inſufferably bright!

XXVIII.

Trembling I wak'd with ſweet exceſs of joy,
And on the wings of Sleep, more ſwift than wind,
Away the fickle, fond deluſions fly;
Yet leave their Fairy-ſteps the trace behind:
Hear then, ye ſainted Myriads, from your ſpheres,
And gently beam your kindlieſt influence down;
Lift, lift my thoughts above life's groveling cares,
To Joys ſublime, and Virtue's glorious Crown!
O guide my Virgin-Soul the high Abode
To reach, the HEAV'N OF HEAV'NS, where reigns
th' eternal GOD!

PURITY

PURITY OF HEART.

BY

J. SCOTT, M. A.

Ενδον βλεπε, ενδον η πηγη του αγαθου. ANTONINUS.

Sic vivendum eſt, tanquam in conſpectu vivamus; ſic cogitandum, tanquam aliquis in Pectus intimum inſpicere poſſit, et poteſt. SENECA.

MDCCLXI.

PURITY OF HEART.

IN that rude climate where the Alps ariſe,
And mountains heap'd on mountains threat the ſkies,
From one prolific hill their wat'ry ſtores
The Rhone, the Rhine, the Po, the Danube pours:
Thro' diff'rent lands their diff'rent courſe they bend;
Now prone in rapid cataracts deſcend,
Boil, foam, and roar, the trees impetuous tear,
And grate hoarſe thunder on the diſtant ear;
Now ſtealing gently thro' their oozy bed,
O'er ſmiling plains their beauteous plenty ſpread,
With nect'rous dews the purple vineyards feed,
Bid olives riſe, and harveſts crown the mead,
Fair Commerce all her canvaſs wings unfold,
And fly to diſtant ſuns, and ſhores of gold:

Thus from the Heart, that ſeat of joy, and woe,
In various ſtreams our various Paſſions flow:
Now, loud as Ætna's ſmouldring torrents roar,
They burſt impetuous; tides of reeking gore

Whelm

Whelm in promiſcuous ruin heaps of ſlain,
And dreary deſolation ſweeps the plain!
Now gentler grown, with current ſmooth and mild,
They chear the barren, ſooth the thirſty wild,
By Reaſon guided, checkt, impell'd, produce
In Life's fair plan all Ornament and Uſe.

This fruitful ſource, thus rightly underſtood,
Of greateſt evil, or of greateſt good,
Whence all their hues our tinctur'd Paſſions draw,
O watch, preſerve it pure, with ſacred awe!
Can ſtreams be clear from fountains dark and foul?
Or Actions good, corrupt, and baſe the Soul?
No, LUCIUS, no—fair Virtue trembling flies,
Or ſhould ſhe ſtay, her boaſted beauty dies;
Devotion turns to farce, and ſenſe and ſpirit
Are—what?—the venal Stateſman's grand demerit.

When dear to Virtue, to his country dear,
Accompliſht POLLIO charm'd the public ear,
Firm as a rock 'midſt wav'ring ſenates ſtood,
And boldly ſtem'd corruption's venal flood,
What crouds admir'd his wit and manly ſenſe!
What crouds ador'd his patriot eloquence!
'Tis paſt, 'tis gone—and lo the wiſe, the brave,
The virtuous POLLIO is a titled ſlave.

Bluſh,

Bluſh, Freedom, bluſh! thy fav'rite Son is ſold,
And love for Thee ſubmits to love for gold;
Dead to all fame, and to his parts unjuſt,
He makes God's gift a pander to his luſt.

Not ſo CAMILLUS, BRITAIN's dear delight,
Firm to his truſt, inflexible from right;
Born to ſupport his drooping country's cauſe,
Maintain her freedom, and ſecure her laws,
To guide the frail machine with ceaſeleſs care,
Each crazy ſpring, and tott'ring wheel repair.
Bleſt Stateſman, that can Attic wit combine
With Roman ſtrength, and Eloquence divine;
Can Attic wit, and Roman ſtrength employ,
To blaſt the foes of heav'n-born Liberty!
In vain Ambition ſpreads her tinſel charms;
And Pleaſure woos him with extended arms,
Drawn by no Party's devious glare aſtray,
Thoſe wand'ring fires, that glitter to betray,
Up Virtue's ſteep aſcent the Patriot toils,
And meets his due reward in BRITAIN's ſmiles.

Say what 'twixt POLLIO's and CAMILLUS' part
The diff'rence makes? I'll tell you, friend—the Heart:
Be This the Patriot's pride, with this uncrown'd
Wit is a jeſt, and Eloquence a ſound:

This too the Saint's delight — unwarm'd within
Pray'r is mere babbling, ſanctity is ſin.

Conſtant at Church AVARO prays ſo loud,
His noiſy zeal confounds the gaping croud;
With hands uprais'd, and heav'n-projected eyes,
Full thrice a day he ſmites his breaſt and ſighs:
Diſſembling wretch, with heart ſo prone to evil,
A mere machine, a ſtopwatch to the Devil!—
Will Nature's awful GOD ſo juſt, and wiſe,
Whoſe inſtant glance thro' all creation flies,
Pervades each Movement of our inmoſt ſouls,
Where thought impelling thought continual rolls,
Pleas'd with ſuch off'rings view with partial Eye
Thy ſpecious form, and well-feign'd ſanctity?
No—he beholds thee, Wretch, tho' wrapt in pray'r,
A Wolf diſguis'd, a painted Sepulchre;
Regards no more thy cant, and godly whine,
Than yon dumb ſtatue, on the marble ſhrine,
Whoſe hands are ſeen in holy rapture clos'd,
And ſtedfaſt Eyes to heav'n alone diſpos'd,
Pray'r's ſenſeleſs image, where no ſoul within
Speaks thro' the form, and animates the mien.
When all the breaſt is pure, each warm deſire
Sublim'd by holy Love's etherial fire,

On

On winged words our breathing Thoughts may riſe,
And ſoar to heav'n a grateful ſacrifice:
Not ſo, my Friend, when carnal Paſſions reign,
And groſſer acts of ſin the Heart diſtain;
Our ſouls all clotted by contagion grow,
And brood, and grovel in the duſt below:
Like ling'ring Ghoſts, that loath, as fables ſay,
To leave the body, haunt their kindred clay.

But ah how few a firm, and faithful band,
Th' aſſaults of warring Paſſions can withſtand!
With whirlwind-force they now the Heart aſſail,
Now with ſurprize, and crafty feints prevail,
Betray the fort, thro' Friendſhip's fair diſguiſe,
Till half-conſenting vanquiſh'd Virtue dies.
For ev'ry Vice to Virtue is ally'd,
And thin partitions their weak bounds divide:
To the pale Miſer, bent with ſordid pain,
And brooding, harpye like, o'er ill-got gain,
His fav'rite Vice the garb of Virtue wears,
And dreſt by paſſion honeſt Thrift appears:
'Tis Nature's law, voluptuous CLODIO cries,
Steaming from ſtews, and brothel revelries;
'Tis Nature's law, decrepid HIRCUS ſwears,
Love-ſick, and lewd, at more than ſeventy Years:

What, PUBLIUS, made thy gentle ſoul deſpiſe
The ſtricteſt bonds, and deareſt charities?
Rous'd thy young blood to more than civic ſtrife,
And arm'd thy hand againſt thy Sov'reign's Life?
The Dæmon Diſcord roſe in CATO's form,
And blew the trump to freedom's falſe alarm;
He caught the ſound, and, mad with patriot pride,
In faction's curſed cauſe the rebel dy'd.

Thus the fond heart, by ſome dear paſſion ſway'd,
Frail and corrupt is ſoon to ſin betray'd;
Vice by degrees a firm poſſeſſion gains,
And o'er the willing Soul deſpotic reigns:
Dreadful no more the meagre hag appears,
Purſu'd by doubts, and harrow'd up with fears.
Trickt out in laviſh ornaments ſhe ſmiles
A dang'rous Circe fraught with charmful wiles.
When ſome lone Traveller, from Ontario's ſhore,
Hears Niagara's ruſhing Cat'racts roar,
Appall'd he ſtands, with chilling horrour pale,
Or flies impetuous to ſome diſtant Vale,
Where prone beneath the Myrtle's od'rous ſhade
Peaceful and calm may reſt his aching head;
Not ſo the native hind by cuſtom brave,
Careleſs he hears the foaming Surges rave,

Views

Views the wild Scene with firm and ſteady brow,
And cleaves in ſport the madding Waves below;
Thus when at firſt from Virtue's path we ſtray,
How ſhrinks the feeble heart with ſad diſmay!
More bold at length, by pow'rful habit led,
Callous and ſear'd the dreary Wilds we tread,
Behold the gaping Gulph of ſin with ſcorn,
And plunging deep to endleſs death are born.
O ſad eſtate, defilement baſe and foul,
When Vice lethargic ſpreads o'er all the Soul;
When Conſcience, that impartial judge aſſign'd
By Heav'n to check, approve, condemn the mind,
Like BUFO ſleeps, and leaves poor Virtue's cauſe
To a brib'd Jury, and to tyrant laws,
To luſts corrupt and vile, that wrong to right
Prefer, and, blind with rage, call darkneſs light.

How bleſt are they, my Friend, whoſe Hearts are free
From Vice, and Paſſion's groſs Impurity!
Whoſe mental Eyes ideal truths behold;
And purg'd from films and tinctures of earth's mold,
Pervade with lightning-force that bleſt abode,
Where veil'd in brightneſs reigns th' eternal GOD.
So * LOWTHER lives—No taint of modiſh ſin
Defiles the Image of his God within;

* Sir WILLIAM LOWTHER, of Swillington, in Yorkſhire, Bart.

Far from the ſpotleſs temple of his mind
Each baſe affection flies, and leaves behind
Religion, and a love for all mankind:
Of manners gentle and of truth ſevere,
Tho' plain not ruſtic, courtly yet ſincere;
Benevolent like heav'n, when all around
It drops down fatneſs on the weary ground:
No coſtly dainties on his board are ſpread,
'Tis luxury to him the poor to feed;
Superior far to all the pomp of dreſs,
He cloaths the ſhiv'ring Beggar's nakedneſs!
A friend to every want, and every Woe,
Nor ſcarce to Vice when in diſtreſs a foe;
So LOWTHER lives—Oh may he long remain
The pleaſing ſubject of my moral Strain!
And when at length he quits the well trod ſtage,
Retire the joy, and glory of his age;
As ſome fam'd Actor from the Scene withdraws,
While crouds tumultuous thunder out applauſe,
Or Grecian Victor, when the race was done,
The Crown of glory claim'd, by Virtue won.

Oh could I live like him, and thus depart,
What ſober home-felt joy would ſwell my heart!
No love of fame ſhould then diſturb my breaſt,
Nor this, nor that Man's cenſures break my reſt:

Malice

Malice in vain a cloud of duſt ſhould raiſe,
And Envy nip the tender buds of praiſe:
Pleas'd would I view the placid Scene within,
(Thro' a clear Medium, undiſturb'd by ſin)
Where all the Virtues to perfection riſe,
And bear their bluſhing glories to the ſkies;
Bleſt in Oblivion leave the World behind,
And till with care the garden of my mind.

AN

HYMN

TO

REPENTANCE.

BY

J. SCOTT, M. A.

Ειδε ευχαις λυσιν των αμαρτηματων ευρισκομεν, και τυς θευς θεραπευομεν, και μεταβαλλομεν, δια της προς το θειον επιστροφης την ημετεραν κακιαν ιωμενοι, παλιν της των θεων αγαθοτητος απολαυομεν. FRAGM. PYTH.

M DCC LXII.

AN

AN

HYMN TO REPENTANCE.

BASE World, begone!—Thy falſe deluſive Joys
No more ſhall lead my feet aſtray—
Hence to the young, the vain, the gay,
And proudly deck them with thy tinſel toys!
Nor flatt'ring Hope, nor ſlaviſh Fear,
* Thoſe Nails that to this mortal Frame
Fix the fond Soul, my Breaſt ſhall tear;
No thirſt for Pleaſure, Wealth, or Fame,
Tempt me to quaff thy charmed Cup, whoſe taſte
Unmolds the Form divine, and turns the Man to beaſt.

Baſe World, begone!—Caſt on a friendly Shore
No more I dread thy deſart deep,
Where ſwift the ruſhing Tempeſts ſweep,
And mad Winds rave, and boiling Billows roar:

* Ο γαρ ηδονης και αλγηδονος ηλος, ος προς το σωμα την ψυχην προσηλοι. PLUT.

Behold

Behold no more, with wild Affright,
The Rocks cloſe-lurking for their prey,
The black Clouds burſting on my Sight,
While round the livid Lightnings play;
O ſave us, ſave us!—Hark the doleful Cry,
All mortal Strength is vain, they faint, they ſink, they die!

Betimes eſcap'd, while yet breathe Summer-gales,
While yet on Ocean's tranquil breaſt
The little Halcyon builds her neſt,
I ſhorten all my Oars, and furl my Sails;
O Wretch profane, ſure triple Braſs
Girds thy proud heart, O Wretch profane,
To let the doubtful Autumn paſs,
Yet tempt the Dangers of the Main;
Careleſs of Home the bliſsful Port deſpiſe,
Tho' ſcowl the low'ring Heav'ns, & Storms of Winter riſe!

For me, I hang the votive Tablet high,
And to this lone ſequeſter'd Vale,
With Care, and weary Watches pale,
Retire, and muſe upon Eternity.—
Come, Goddeſs of the tearful Eye,
With ſolemn Step, demure, and ſlow,
Thy full heart heaving many a Sigh,
And Clouds of Sadneſs on thy brow;

Oh

Oh come with Aſhes ſprent, in Sackcloth dreſt,
And wring thy piteous hands, and beat thy plaintive
breaſt.

Such was thy form, O heav'n-deſcended Maid,
When at her deareſt Saviour's feet,
Bedew'd with tears, and Odours ſweet,
Poor Magdalene repentant wept, and pray'd:
She wept, and ſwiftly to the Sky
The Steam like hallow'd Incenſe roſe;
When lo her Sins of Scarlet dye
Grew white as Wool, or Mountain-ſnows:
The Morning Stars with Joy triumphant rang,
And all the Sons of God their loud Hoſannas ſang!

Come then, my Magdalene, thy Aid impart,
O'er all my Soul thy balm diffuſe,
And ſoften with the fleecy dews
Of penitential Tears my ſtubborn heart;
Teach me to ſearch with honeſt ſkill
The Wounds that rankle in my breaſt,
To curb my Luſts, correct my Will,
And chuſe, and cleave to what is beſt;
Teach me to urge, with never-ceaſing care,
The force of holy Vows, and Violence of Pray'r.

Oh

Oh come, my Magdalene, but leave behind,
Leave far behind thy frightful Train;
Grim Penance, with an iron chain
Wont his gall'd Legs at ſtated hours to bind:
A barefoot Monk the fiend appears,
With Scourge in hand, and beads, and book,
His Cheeks are furrow-worn with tears,
Sunk are his Eyes, and lean his Look:
O wretched Fools, beguiling and beguil'd,
Can God be pleas'd to ſee his Image thus defil'd? —

Drive too away that wild diſtracted ſprite
Enthuſiaſm, and that foul fiend
Remorſe, that loves his Heart to rend,
And ſting himſelf to Death with ſcorpion ſpite:
But chief that Tyrant of the Soul,
That curſed Man of Hell, Deſpair;
See, ſee his livid Eye-balls roll!
What canker'd Teeth, what griſly Hair!
Anguiſh, and trembling Fear his Conſcience quail,
And all Hell's damned Ghoſts the ſhrieking Wretch aſſail!

O fly with ſuch terrific Forms as theſe,
And ſeek the weary wakeful Bed,
Where the pale Murderer is laid
A ghaſtly Prey to Horror and Diſeaſe:

Or

Or where th' Oppreſſor voids his breath,
Deaf to the Widow's bleeding Cries;
Or from a boſom black as Death,
The Plunderer of his Country ſighs;
Where Libertines expire, and Atheiſts lie
Harrow'd with doubts and fears, and curſe their God, and die!

See worn with Pain LORENZO, once ſo gay!—
The Pow'rs of Nature are at ſtrife,
And the dim waſted Lamp of Life
Juſt feebly lifts an intermittent ray.
Oh mad, oh worſe than mad to leave
To the ſhort Mercies of an hour
Eternal Joys!—What would he give,
What thouſand Worlds, if in his pow'r,
For time miſpent, to watch, to faſt, to pray,
And waſh with contrite tears his ſhameful Sins away?—

Poor Wretch, in vain!—Before his frantic Eyes
Th' inexorable Tyrant ſtands,
And arm'd with Scorpions in their Hands,
The fury-Terrours of his conſcience riſe!
What agonizing Pangs he feels!
What Tortures!—What convulſive Throes!
O fall, ye Mountains, fall, ye Hills,
Preſerve and hide him from his Woes!

Have

Have Mercy, Heav'n!—Thy Succours, JESU, bring,
Retriumph o'er the Grave, and draw Death's poignant
ſting.

Save me, what Shrieks!—And is there no faint Ray,
No glimm'ring from that light ſerene,
That gilds Death's melancholy ſcene,
And guides the Soul on her eternal Way?
Hark the laſt Pang! He faints!—He dies!
His Spirit burſts forth, and ſhiv'ring pale
To ſome black horrible Manſion flies,
There to deſpond, and howl, and wail,
Till Nature's wreck, till from the ſhrivel'd Skies
The laſt dread Trump ſhall call, "Ye Dead, awake,
"ariſe!"

O come betimes, ſweet Penitential Pow'r,
And from ſuch Soul-diſtracting care,
Such chilling Horrours of Deſpair,
Preſerve me, ſhield me, at Death's trying Hour!
From Guilt of black enormous Dye
My breaſt is free; I ne'er betray'd
A Virgin's eaſy Faith; no murd'rous Lie
In ſecret Whiſpers have convey'd,
Nor with the Muſe's everliving ſtore
Embalm'd the carrion corpſe of Wealth, or Pride, or Pow'r.

From

From Truth's ſtraight Path, and Virtue's thorny Way,
Have wandring Meteors falſe, and vain,
The Glare of Honour or of Gain,
Thro' Dirt, and Danger drawn my ſteps aſtray?
Have I rejected Reaſon's Aid,
And giv'n to headlong Luſts the Rein?
Or prone beneath the myrtle Shade
Of Indolence and Pleaſure lain?
Have I the tribute of a Tear deny'd,
When Want unheard hath wept, and injur'd Orphans cry'd?

Good Heav'n forbid!——Yet ſtill within my Soul
Some leprous Spots of Guilt remain:
Oh could I cleanſe each groſſer Stain
In Jordan's Tide, or Siloa's healing Pool!
Fond Thought!——More ſalutary Pow'rs
In Sorrow's ſwelling ſtream reſide,
Than Siloa's Pool at ſtated Hours
Could boaſt, or Jordan's cleanſing Tide:
This from the Soul ſharp Humours can repel,
Cure ev'ry feſtring Wound, and Death's dread Torments quell.

Here many a beauteous Pearl of coſtly Price,
And many a Gem of purer ray
Than all Golconda's Mines diſplay,
Lie hid in Darkneſs far from vulgar Eyes:

For Theſe the cloiſter'd Virgin pines,
Torn from each pleaſing tender care;
For Theſe her placid Breaſt reſigns
To midnight Grief, and midnight Pray'r;
Poor, hapleſs Maid!—May Heav'n her Vows regard,
And all her wakeful Pains with endleſs bliſs reward!

Go fly, ye ſilken ſons of Pleaſure, fly,
And barter for fantaſtic Joys,
Spurn'd by the Great, the Good, the Wiſe,
What Aſia's Monarchs have not Worth to buy!
Chace ev'ry cloudy Thought away,
Whoſe ſerious Gloom o'ercaſts the Soul;
To Rapture give Life's little day,
And bid full Tides of Pleaſure roll;
Go where the looſe-rob'd Forms of wild Deſire
Expand their Wanton Charms, and preſs the buxom Choir!

'Tis Madneſs all!—Be mine unknown to Sin,
And Paſſions baſe, ſome lone Retreat,
Some hoary Hermit's moſs-grown Seat,
Far from the guilty World's tumultuous Din.
Whether in HAGLEY's ſacred Shades,
Where Inſpiration breathes around,
And by the much-lov'd Theſpian Maids
Their LUCY's plaintive Bard is crown'd;

Or

Or HACKFALL's Bow'rs, and woodland Walks invite,
Where Nature's various Charms, all rude of Art, delight.

O Lawns!—O Hills!—And O thou pleaſant Vale,
Where URE's meandring Waters roll!
What penſive Pleaſures ſoothe my Soul,
What tender melancholy Thoughts prevail
At thy Approach?—While am'rous Jove
On Flora's boſom deigns to play,
Still let me haunt thy bliſsful Grove,
Where all the rural Graces ſtray;
There bid the folly-fetter'd World adieu,
And Wiſdom's ſilent Steps with holy Zeal purſue.

There Contemplation dwells, that hoary Sire,
And points the way that leadeth right
To thoſe moſt glorious Manſions, bright
With burning Stars, and everliving fire:
There, on her ſilver Anchor ſtaid,
Sweet Hope to Heav'n directs her Eyes;
While Faith, that eagle-ſighted Maid,
Her far foreſeeing Tube applies,
Whoſe mighty pow'r reveals the bleſt Abode,
In beatific Trance, where Saints enjoy their God.

THE

REDEMPTION.

BY

JOHN HEY, M. A.

M DCC LXIII.

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CONTENTS.

IN order to form a well-grounded judgment concerning any myſterious doctrine which is ſaid to have been reveal'd by God, the firſt natural ſtep ſeems to be, to examine whether the Body of Laws and Doctrines of which it is a part, is really of divine original, or only of human invention; if the concurrence of external and internal teſtimony makes it more probable that it is the former than the latter, the next ſtep is to examine with all poſſible caution and candour, what is clearly ſaid in the books ſo reveal'd concerning ſuch doctrine. This being done, the only neceſſary enquiry which now remains is, whether any objections can be offer'd of ſuch ſtrength as to invalidate the former teſtimony: if not, the whole is to be receiv'd for truth. This then is the general plan of the following exerciſe; and in purſuance of it, the Author, after hinting at the modeſty, plainneſs, moderation and openneſs to conviction with which ſubjects of this nature ought to be contemplated and diſcuſs'd, (line 20—29) by way of introduction, firſt points out the external evidence of Revelation (30), *then the internal* (43), *with the improbability of its coming only from intelligent creatures ſuperior to Man* (85).—*The prejudice from its appearing ſtrange is next ſhewn to be a groundleſs one* (97); *and the conſiſtency of the whole ſtory both with itſelf and the known circumſtances of Mankind, a preſumption in its favour* (105).

The reſt of the Contents are as follow. The Hiſtory of the Fall (115), — *its conſequences; natural evil* (120), *moral* (200), — *the reaſonable fears conſequent upon the latter* (213), — *the gradual preparation of the world for the coming of the Meſſiah* (224), — *his life, ſufferings,*

exaltation, with the benefits of them to men (235), — *the aſſiſtance of the Holy Spirit* (310).

Reflexions naturally following from the peruſal of this hiſtory of Mankind — gratitude and obedience due to God (326—347) — *Indifference whether men look for Happineſs in conſequence of the Redemption or not, preſumptuous* (343). *and dangerous* (353): *new relations cannot be reveal'd without impoſing new obligations* (361) — *Repentance and care ſubſequent to an offence inſufficient to take away its guilt or puniſhment* (372); *two inſtances* (377). *Our* ignorance *concerning the method* how *the ſufferings of Chriſt redeem us from our ſins, no objection to the divine original of the Goſpel Hiſtory* (386); *on the contrary ſuch ignorance rather to be expected.* 1. *Becauſe our knowing* how *they effected that end does not ſeem likely to anſwer any purpoſe to beings in a ſtate of trial, or to open any new practical duties* (390). 2. *Becauſe there are other general Laws of Providence, beſides thoſe by which our Redemption is effected, which we are ignorant of; and which at the ſame time it is more likely we ſhould underſtand than thoſe* (399). 3. *Becauſe our Redemption is a* Syſtem, *and therefore, as we ſee it only in part, we can ſee none of it completely* (417); *two inſtances* (429). —— *In Syſtems we can judge of the connexion between* means *and* end *only by experience — an inſtance* (446). *The univerſal prevalence of ſacrifices over the world a preſumption in favour of the propriety and efficacy of the Chriſtian ſacrifice* (464). *The way to leſſen the ignorance complain'd of is to ſtudy the ſcriptures; the probability of this ignorance continuing till we come to know more of the miſery which we eſcape by the Death of Chriſt, and of the happineſs which we are to obtain* (475). —— *1ſt Objection, concerning the* prevention *of the Fall, of no Force to prove the Hiſtory of the Redemption an human contrivance* (488). —— *2d Objection,*

jection, concerning the length of time taken up in effecting the Redemption, and the number of inſtruments employ'd, equally weak (535): *as alſo the* 3*d and laſt Objection, concerning the injuſtice of the innocent ſuffering for the guilty* (556).

Concluſion. At the day of judgment all irregularities will be corrected, and moreover will appear to be ſo, to every one concern'd (598).

THE

REDEMPTION.

WHOM ſhall the bard that dares of themes to ſing
Such as th' Angelic Choir in wonder mute
Vainly * revolve, whom ſhall the bard invoke?
He trembles while he dares. Eternal Spirit!
Whom ſhall he call but thee? Thou think'ſt not ſcorn
To make thyſelf a lowly habitant
In the mean cottage of the human breaſt,
When Purity has been thy Harbinger:
Come then, and lead the Virtues in thy train;
Allot to each her office; ceaſeleſs guard
Still let them hold around this earth-born heart,
And watch with cloſeſt glance its languid pulſe,
And purge the burſting humors as they flow,
Leſt Vice or Ignorance ſhould prompt a lay
To ſtain with foul diſgrace the ways of Heav'n.

* 1 Pet. i. 12.

But

But above all do thou, Humility,
Come from thy choſen place remote; thine eye
Downcaſt advance, quicken thy loit'ring ſtep;
And myſtic dew of Caution ſprinkle round:
The empty word myſterious eraſe;
The curious pride that ruſhes with bold ſtep
Into the awful counſels of Heav'n's King,
Check;—nor allow the gairiſh paint of Art.
O may the ſtrains glide even, uniform,
Far diff'rent courſe from Fancy's light caſcade;
Unruffled by the ſtorms of Cruelty
Gender'd in Perſecution's gloomy cave:
Free may they flow, tranſparent, uncongeal'd
By th' icy breeze of Infidelity.

Heard ye that voice? Sure 'twas the voice of Heav'n:
In mild, majeſtic ſtrains it pierc'd my ear,
While Nature trembled at th' exalted ſound
Ev'n from her inmoſt frame; what ailed thee
That thou didſt tremble? That ev'n thou, proud Sea,
Retiredſt back with flight precipitate,
Heap'd into monſtrous mountains Chaos-like?
Why from the thirſty breaſt of flinty rock
Guſh'd the refreſhing Stream? Why, fell Diſeaſe,
Thy dreary habitations didſt thou quit?
And thou, O Grave, ope thy voracious Jaw,

Yielding

Yielding thy firm-ſeiz'd prey (unwonted gift)
At the dread ſound?—'Twas ſure the voice of Heav'n.

And now on adamantine tablet ſee
Engrav'd in characters indelible
Th' important embaſſy; ye Learned, read,
And tell us——did the vaſt, ſtupendous chain,
Deliver'd by the great Creator erſt
Into the hands of Nature, and ſince held
By her with graſp unſhaken, burſt its hold
Obedient to ſome noxious Spirit of air,
(If true, how paſſing ſtrange!) only to caſt
Still thicker darkneſs round our filmy eyes?
Or is the meſſage of a kindlier ſort?
Diſplays it ſcenes ſuch as from human eye
Malice would hide for ever?——Say, ye Learn'd,
Its Laws how fram'd? Steal they with wily art
Fair-promiſing into th' unwary breaſt,
And there diffuſe their pois'nous juices round,
Firſt pleaſing, then deſtroying? Or proclaim they
Firſt trial, then reward? Tend they to bleſs
The brutal appetite, or purer mind?
Whom do they claim their Author? Him who made
And will'd us happy? Speak, O ye that gaze
Intent upon the dazzling adamant!
——Behold they ſmile propitious! and lo, now

With

With nod benign they prompt our timid ſteps
To join their labours, and with ſtudious eye,
Trace out the treaſures of the ſacred page.

Here may I ſtand infix'd! in rapt'rous awe
Collecting the bright rays of truth that beam
From ev'ry point reſiſtleſs: narrow orb!
O that thou didſt avail thyſelf t' expand,
And catch the blaze of each illuſtrious beam!
That thy refracting powers could quench this glare,
And give to ev'ry image that thou form'ſt,
Grace of diſtinctneſs! But it may not be.
—Yet much is clear: yes, num'rous are the rays
That dart inſtruction on this weakly ſight,
And mark the truths to Man of chief import,
And light him on to *human* happineſs.
—Here may I ſtand infix'd! until this mind
Is ſatiate with pure wiſdom from above;
And till this heart imbibes the gen'rous warmth
That brooks no limit of benevolence.

'Tis Heav'nly all! no ſpirit of *human* mould,
Groſs and impure, could dare ſuch lofty flights
Ev'n on Imagination's waxen wings.
Come then ſuch tidings from the ſpirits of *air?*
Vain thought! the *good* obey their Maker's will;

Far

Far diff'rent taſk from ſpreading to the eye
Of wand'ring mortals, meteors of deceit;
And never did *malignant* Dæmon joy
To ſhew all worlds the fount of human bliſs,
And wave the enſigns of his own defeat.
Ah no! 'tis Heav'nly all!

Here read we then the ſtory of our race;
Strange—wond'rous tale!—yet is it therefore falſe? 97.
Surmiſe of narrow mind! ev'n truth is ſtrange
If now it firſt appear to human view,
Or if 'tis but illumin'd partially,
Here bright and there obſcure; did now this hand
Firſt move, the Sun firſt riſe, that plant firſt grow,
Wou'd not all view them with aſtoniſhment?
—But is the ſignet of Heav'n's gracious King
Impreſs'd on error? Truth and Falſehood's dregs 105
Can they Incorporate in one friendly maſs?
Ah no! ſcarce ere can Falſehood with itſelf
Form a conſiſtence; and 'twixt that and truth
There is a ſtrong repulſive faculty,
That ſpurns th' attempt of mixture ſo impure,
—Here read we then the Story of our Race:
But read with cautious fear; leſt Falſehood fly
Cloath'd in Conjecture's captivating guiſe,
Win us unwary to her foul embrace.

Form'd

Form'd from the duſt the Parent of mankind
Poſſeſs'd each faculty by Heav'n decreed
For uſe or ornament of *Man:* no want
He knew; no imperfection he perceiv'd;
Save what all things endued with conſcious ſenſe
Muſt ever feel; dependence on their Lord,
The firſt eternal Being: wholeſome food
Was his repaſt; not chos'n, as by his Sons,
After experiment where Danger lurks
And frequent Death; but vegetating free
Within that ſpace where his unarmed foot
Trod with ſecurity the harmleſs turf,
And gather'd as the voice of Heav'n enjoin'd.
Far, ſure, muſt be Diſeaſe from this bleſt ſcene,
And Wearineſs and wan Infirmity:
Yet was the human body moulded erſt
Of Matter, ſtill diviſible; whoſe parts,
Knowing nor ſenſe nor ſelf-connecting pow'r,
Time ſoon had moulder'd into native duſt,
Had not the word of the Creator bid
That Tree ariſe, whoſe ſalutary fruit
Convey'd Refreſhment with perfection big,
Preſerving pow'rs obnoxious to decay,
In the full vigour of immortal youth.
—Diff'rence of good and ill for man to know
Was needleſs ſure, while with the fearleſs eye

Of

Of an obedient ſon, he might look up
To the Almighty Father of his race,
And claim his guidance; to that Heav'nly Friend
He might appeal, whoſe all-perceiving ken
Diſtance deceiv'd not, number ne'er confus'd,
Who ſaw all qualities of all things: Whence
To Man ſo favour'd, cou'd there e'er ariſe
Temptation to do evil? Whence a cauſe
Why one ſenſation he ſhou'd e'er conceal,
Why caution or protection he ſhou'd uſe?
No; 'twas in naked purity he rov'd,
Needing nor Art's concealment nor defence.
Led by the ſilken cords of Heav'nly Love,
He trod the paths of Safety; yet not bound
In iron chain of dire Neceſſity;
For conſcious Liberty ſtill ſmil'd within,
And rais'd the heart-felt glow of ſelf-applauſe
At each obedient act: 'twas Liberty,
Not as of late time, harraſſing the ſoul
With everlaſting doubt; impelling oft
In various paths; paths terminating all
In thickeſt clouds of drear obſcurity;
But to one only doubt 'twas all confin'd;
Whether the rank of mortals new-create
To God their guide ſhou'd conſtantly appeal,
Or Man himſelf ſhou'd be the guide of Man.

O fatal

O fatal Curioſity and Pride,
(Fatal tho' rais'd by ſuch bewitching arts
That Candour pities, while ſtern Juſtice blames,)
Ye made the hazardous, th' important Choice!
Yet had the ear of Man imbib'd this threat
In unſuſpected force: (for knows the heart
Suſpicion, unexperienc'd in deceit?)
"The fruit of Life ſhall ne'er bedew thy lips
"If ſuch thy choice"—'twas Mercy, gracious Heav'n,
Pronounc'd this ſentence 'gainſt Man's firſt revolt:
Mild was the Law that will'd but to recall
A voluntary gift; no other ill
Enſuing, ſave what from the choice itſelf
Flow'd of neceſſity.—Yet, O juſt God!
In what o'erwhelming torrents does it flow!
The beams of Heav'nly light ſtrike not his eye;
He wanders loſt in Danger's thickeſt maze,
His only guide a faint and glimmering lamp:
At ev'ry turn ſee Miſchief ſudden ſtart,
While oft her Remedy in deepeſt ſhade
Shuns ev'n th' exploring eye of Diligence.
How frequent are his falls! th' unnotic'd ſtep
Scarce ever ſafe; th' experience ev'n of Age
Of weak avail, to tread the maze unhurt.
Now ſee this Lord of earth protect his head
From elements created for his good;

And

And now the impulſe of his nature check,
Till Time informs him, whether, on the whole,
It tends to Mis'ry or to Happineſs.
Behold him, or envelop'd in Diſtruſt,
Or running into ever-preſent ill,
Productive ſoon of endleſs diffidence.

But the grand ſource of Mis'ry ſtill remains
Unnotic'd: When the all-creative Pow'r
Into exiſtence call'd the race of Man,
Relations beautiful were form'd 'twixt him
And certain modes of action; proper, meet
To make him happy, and to be the teſt
Of his obedience; conſonant to theſe
He ſtill had acted under God his guide;
But ſince Ambition ſnatch'd the dang'rous rein,
Eager to drive o'er arduous paths unknown,
What Sun has ſeen theſe Laws inviolate?
What Man can ſtrike the pure unconſcious breaſt?

And yet, preſumptuous reas'ner, wilt thou ſay
No ill ſhall follow? Wherefore then theſe Laws?
Or can that ill be adequately paid
To men yet ſubject to perpetual falls?
Incredible! Hence ſee a length of woe
To which no bounds appear; ſtretch ere ſo far

The aking eye of Fancy, ſtill there frowns
The threat'ning ſtorm of miſery beyond;
Its gloom ſtill heighten'd by the awful truth,
Th' indiſputable truth, that *God is juſt.*
—But read again the Story of our race.—

Scarce had this revolution of our fate
Left us in horror of the thickeſt night,
When Mercy 'gan to dart a twilight beam,
And gave to Man a faint and diſtant hope,
That the bright Sun of righteouſneſs would riſe,
And diſſipate this gloom of black Deſpair.
---And now the rays of conſolation glance
With growing luſtre through th' illumin'd air;
Till ev'ry eye, caught by the orient beams,
Expectant turns towards the reſplendent Eaſt,
To view the glorious brightneſs of his riſing.

The Son of God is born; in form of Man
He paſſes through the changes of our life,
And ſpotleſs, bears th' infirmities of guilt;
Republiſhes that ancient law of Heav'n
Which Man was firſt ordained to obey;
And though diſguis'd, impair'd, disfigur'd, clog'd,
Diſplays it in its genuine purity,
And all its native comelineſs of form.

His

His ſteps are prompted by Benevolence,
His glare of greatneſs ſoften'd by the ſhade
Of mild deportment; from his modeſt lips
Expires th' incenſe bland of Heav'nly Truth.
—But, O great Lord of all! what piercing ſcenes
Now ſnatch my eye impetuous o'er the page!
Mis'ry at ev'ry glance! O quicker far
Than cold Expreſſion's pace it darts along:
O Treachery! Ingratitude! blind Scorn!
What havock do ye make!—Bleſt innocence!
How doſt thou groan beneath thoſe dreadful pangs
Which Guilt that only caus'd, ſhould only feel!
—But ſoft! ev'n Mis'ry, ſo eventful, wills
To be recorded, nay, and ponder'd o'er
With thought deliberate. Shall Aſtoniſhment,
Or Gratitude or Pity ſway the breaſt,
While we again peruſe the tragic tale?

The Son of God, a voluntary Victim,
Spotleſs himſelf, to buy devoted Man,
To reinſtate him in his loſt domain,
To give for preſent, future pow'r o'er Death,
To ope the friendly portal of Repentance,
And guide the tott'ring ſtep of Piety
Through her long pilgrimage, to certain bliſs,
—Dies!—In confuſion ſhrink each tow'ring thought,

Each luſtful appetite, each wild deſire!
Affliction, thou may'ſt raiſe thy drooping head,
Thou, Mis'ry, ſmile! unmoving is your moan
While Man's Redeemer hangs upon the Croſs.

But let not grief, though from the tender heart
It burſt reſiſtleſs, ſtop th' important taſk;
Peruſe we ſtill the ſtory of our race.
—Such are the virtues of this Victim ſlain:
Yet virtues not promiſcuouſly beſtow'd;
On thoſe alone deriv'd in full extent
Whoſe ſteady truſt can ſpurn the preſent good,
And wait the meed of dim Futurity;
Whoſe humble mind, careleſs of ſelf-deſert,
On him can fix its perſevering hopes:
Hopes, not vain Fancy's fabric, light as air,
Burſting, like bubbles, on a near approach;
But founded on firm Reaſon's ſolid rock:
For lo, the ſon of Man from the cold grave
Triumphant riſes; haſt thou now a doubt
Whether this great, ſtupendous ſacrifice
Avails to draw the pois'nous ſting of Death?
He riſes; not to drag a tedious life
'Midſt mortal frailties, but ere long to ſpring
From this groſs earth, and claim a purer air:
At the right hand of Majeſty on high

To

To ſit, with never-fading glory crown'd;
His name, throughout Creation's ample range,
Far above ev'ry other name extoll'd,
Of Being that exiſts on Earth's domain,
Or through the fathomleſs abyſs of Heav'n.
Touch'd with a feeling of infirmities,
Such as deprav'd Humanity laments,
With ceaſeleſs interceſſion there he pleads;
Perfects our wretched ſacrifice of pray'r
And frail obedience; 'fore the throne of God
Off'ring them up with the accepted claim
Of his prevailing Merits: gives our tears
The wond'rous efficacy to blot out
The ſtains of Guilt, indelible before;
And waits the round of Time to judge the World,
And introduce the honeſt Penitent
Into the ceaſeleſs glory of his Lord.

" But ſure in Eden's grove God was the guide
" Of wand'ring Man; and ſhall th' anointed Son
" Only in part reſtore the charter loſt
" By diſobedient choice of our firſt Sire?"

To ſtrike thee dumb, read here—the Spirit of God
From Heav'n deſcending, dwells in dome of clay;
In mode far paſſing human thought, he guides,

Impells, inſtructs: intenſe purſuit of Good
And cautious flight of Evil he ſuggeſts,
But in ſuch gentle murmurs, that to know
His Heav'nly voice, we muſt have done his will:
Such dictates only *Liberty* obeys;
Th' *undoubted* voice of Heav'n a guide unapt
For beings now experienc'd in ill,
And doom'd to walk the wild, perplexing paths
Of conſtant Trial and Uncertainty.

Such is the wond'rous ſtory of our Race: 326
—Proſtrate thyſelf, O Man! With lowly heart
And wonder-cloſed lips—pauſe—think—revolve!
Think what thou art, and that the great Supreme
Has deign'd to viſit thine infirmities.
Think of that tie which binds thy Nature's laws;
What ſacred magic muſt pervade each link,
When all the pow'rs of Heav'n and Earth are mov'd
At its diſunion! O with horror think
Of each rebellious action or intent:
For now thou know'ſt how evil unforeſeen,
May flow in changeleſs tenor, ev'n from Laws
Promulg'd by Wiſdom and Benevolence.
— But thanks be to the Father of mankind,
Who op'd this avenue to real bliſs,
Remov'd each gloomy ſhade of nat'ral fear,

And

And on a ſolid baſe eſtabliſh'd Hope,
Pointing the way to Immortality!
Is there the Man, who heſitates to join
This ſong of gratitude? Exiſts there one,
Blindly preſumptuous, who dares to claim
From Juſtice his *deſerved* happineſs?
Is there, that with a ſenſeleſs diſregard
Caſts the cold eye of Indolence along
This ſacred Tablet? careleſs if he draw
The living water from this purer ſource,
Or from the troubled wells of his Foreſathers?
If thou, my friend, art ſuch, O hear the voice
That ſhouts to wake thee from thy fatal dream:
Think with what cries the partner of thy Soul
Would rend the air, if on the narrow brink
Of yon tremendous rock, he ſaw thee dance
With heedleſs mirth: O think thou hear'ſt them now!
Would it reſtore thy ſhatter'd limbs to plead
Thy diſregard of danger?—But from whence
This careleſs eaſe? Does the great Lord of Heav'n
Reveal the nice Relations of thy State,
Regardleſs of the Duties which enſue?
Are thy Redeemer and thy Heav'nly Guide
Made known, to be neglected or deſpis'd?
Sooner ſhall Sophiſtry pervert my mind
To think that harden'd wretch of Heav'n approv'd,

Who leaves his Parent, aged and infirm,
To crawl through life in unſupported woe;
Or yields the helpleſs Orphan, or the Poor
To the Oppreſſor's unrelenting fangs.
—Thou ſay'ſt that ſorrow will draw down the eye
Of Mercy from above: that future care
Will ſoon extenuate the paſt offence:
But from what region do the magic pow'rs
Of Fancy conjure up this airy Hope?
Go to the Senſual; do his bittereſt tears
Avail to bring back Plenty to his board?
Or can they from his waſting limbs remove
The peſtilential gnawing of Diſeaſe?
Go to the dread tribunal of the Law,
And hear the Murd'rer plead the num'rous Suns
That ſaw no repetition of his crime:
Say, does he thus ward off the blow?
Juſtice is deaf to the unmeaning plea.

But ſtill methinks the frown of Diſcontent
Sits low'ring on thy brow: thou would'ſt be taught,
"What Virtue is in voluntary Death
"To reconcile offenders to their Judge."
But ſay, ſhould ſilence give thy needleſs doubts
To ſpend themſelves in air; dar'ſt thou conclude
The voice we heard was not the voice of Heav'n?

What

What province in the guidance of the world
Doſt thou uphold, that all the ſecret ſprings
Of Government muſt be diſplay'd to thee?
Preſumptuous reptile! it is thine to know
What it is thine to practiſe: all the reſt,
To thee obſcure, to God is clear as Day.
—Remember too—" the Univerſal Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral Laws:"
Remember that of theſe, tho' ſome thou ſee'ſt,
Myriads are hid from thine all-curious eye;
While Nature's prodigies before thee move,
Convincing thee of ignorance profound.
Tell me the Law whereby the Earthquake's rage
Inſtant o'erwhelms in ruin unforeſeen
The boaſted monuments of human pride:
Why the Volcano pours his liquid fire;
Why Peſtilence and Famine ſtalk the earth,
And ravage uncontroll'd: th' unnumber'd laws
Unfold to which thou giv'ſt one empty name
Of Chance. Shall theſe, vain man! elude thy ſearch,
Enacted for the ordinary courſe
Of Nature's operations; and ſhalt thou
Murmur at the obſcurity of thoſe
Deriv'd from Exigency's latent ſprings?

Once more that Adamantine Tablet view;
The grand Redemption of degen'rate Man

Is not a ſingle, independent act,
But one great Syſtem; that perchance involv'd
In the one only greater, God's high Law
Pervading and ſupporting ev'ry part
Of the ſtupendous Univerſe: to thee
Dark are this Syſtem's limits; nay, the whole
To thee unknown, ſave ſome minuter ſpots
Diſplay'd to ſhew the part thou haſt to act
In the alarming Scene. But know that he
Who of a Syſtem ſees but part, ſees none.
Behold yon ſtately Edifice; where Art
And Nature laviſh all their richeſt ſtores,
To charm thine eye with Majeſty and Grace:
—Let all, ſave that ſmall fragment, now be veil'd:—
Say, do it's beauties ſtrike without impair?
Where is the Symmetry that ſmil'd around,
The Greatneſs that ſo dazzled? Where the Uſe
That warm'd the Judgment into Admiration?
Alas, the veil was drawn, and they are fled.
—Think'ſt thou the Indian, tho' before the Sun
He bend the knee of worſhip, can conceive
Aught of thoſe Glories which ev'n thou conceiv'ſt,
Who ſee'ſt him roll around his ponderous Maſs,
Enliv'ning ev'ry Planet in his train;
And in their rapid courſes while they ſing,
With godlike firmneſs curbing their bold flight,
And poizing them in heav'nly harmony? He

He who on Syſtems oft with ſerious care
Has fix'd Attention's eye, muſt oft have ſeen
The tendency of parts to work their ends,
Diff'ring from his opinion preconceiv'd.
Who of ye all, that murmur at the means
By the Supreme for Man's Redemption choſe,
(Forgetting all that ſage *Experience* taught,)
Shall ſee yon Peaſant hide within the ground,
Far from his anxious view, the precious grain,
His great ſupport and friend, in ſtedfaſt hope
Soon to behold it yield a glad increaſe;
And ſhall not ſtrait put forth the friendly hand
To check the progreſs of his wild deſign?
—Aſk we, in ſhort, where 'tis ye find the chain,
Which here ye want, connecting *means* with *end?*
Shall ye not ſay, "*Experience* is our guide?"
Where then your guide is blind, how weak the hope
To find the latent object of your ſearch!

But tell me, can thy mem'ry range thro' time,
Ev'n from the firſt Creation of our Race,
And ſee the ſcatter'd tribes of varying men
Recurring to the feeble victim's aid
To expiate the guilt of paſt offence;
Both where the light of Revelation ſhone,
And where dim Reaſon ſhed a fainter ray;

Can'ſt

Can'ſt thou ſuch Uniformity behold,
Nor yet preſume there is a Law of God,
Whereby the ſacrifice of his dread Son
Avails to purchaſe immortality?
—If ſtill Impatience or Suſpicion haunt
Thy mind, where Knowledge will not deign to dwell;
Ponder that holy Tablet's precious lore;
Perchance, to recompence thy modeſt ſearch,
New light may beam from the great Fount of light,
And pathways, hitherto untrod, appear.
But ſure we may with confidence unblam'd
Dare to pronounce, that while the low'ring miſts
Of human ignorance ſo deep involve
The mis'ry we eſcape, and bliſs we gain;
No eye ſo clearly ſhall perceive the means
Of gaining or eſcaping, as to judge,
With Reaſon's ſuffrage, *how* they work their end.

" Ign'rance the narrow mind of man may brook:
" But ſhall Inſenſibility's cold hand
" Allay all ferment betwixt Right and Wrong,
" Wiſe and Unwiſe? That were to leave no praiſe
" Due ev'n to God. Perſiſt we then to ſay,
" That to *prevent* more ſuits the Good and Wiſe,
" Than to *permit*, what muſt anon be heal'd."

Be

Be not deceiv'd: we ſeek not *here* to find
A ſelf-exiſtent Being good and wiſe;
Or ſuch thou own'ſt, or groundleſs all debate
Of the unfolding his myſterious will:
This wou'd we know; whether the ſame great Lord,
Who over Nature's powers ſublime preſides,
Did doubtleſs utter this alarming Voice,
And bid this holy Tablet be engrav'd.

Ariſe then, thou that wou'd'ſt *prevent* our Fall,
Ariſe, and let us ſee thee rule the world
After thy darling principle: from thence
Judge we, if to the ſame one point converge
Thy ſchemes, and the decrees of Nature's God.
—Behold yon circle of domeſtic friends,
Each to his nightly couch ſerene retire,
Unconſcious of the fatal Spark which, ſhed
From Indiſcretion's brandiſh'd torch, now pants
And labours to diffuſe it's baleful pow'rs.
Heav'ns! with what horror do the burſting flames
Diſſolve the ſeal of Sleep! Amazement ſtarts,
And wild Confuſion bounds with frantic ſtep
Throughout the tott'ring manſion: How to fly,
The firſt, great care. O deſperate reſource!
Behold that tender Youth ſpring from on high
And truſt himſelf to Air: Alas! too ſure

Some

Some feeble Limb is ſhatter'd by the fall:
But ſee Compaſſion's friendly hand ſtretch'd out
To mitigate the anguiſh of his *Soul*;
And Med'cine's balm ſoothing the *Body's* pain,
Able, ere long, Health's firmneſs to reſtore.

Had thy ſuperior wiſdom govern'd here,
This ſcene had been *prevented*; then what need
To clog the mind with dull Diſcretion's bonds,
Or goad it with Compaſſion's pungent ſpur,
Or give to nat'ral bodies healing pow'rs?
—Thy ſcheme no doubt is wiſe: but yet methinks
Boaſts not a freedom from theſe ſlight defects;
—Man firſt of human nature it deſpoils;
Then bids the Lord of Heav'n reverſe that plan
His Wiſdom form'd before the birth of Time.

" Be then this Ill permitted; and it's cure
" Reſerv'd in Mercy's inexhauſted ſtores;
" But can that remedy proceed from Heav'n
" Which wills us to conceive th' Almighty Pow'r
" Lab'ring thro' years, with cumb'rous inſtruments,
" Imploring too a Mediator's aid,
" Ere he his gracious purpoſe can effect?
" —Better befits his pow'r to ſpeak the word
" And heal."—But ſay, doſt thou expect a change

Sudden

Sudden and ſelf-effected to ariſe
From the great God of Nature? Shew us then
Some upſtart being perfect at it's birth,
Or inſtant periſhing without decay.
Shew us the hand of Providence unarm'd
With inſtrument, or ſenſeleſs, or inform'd:
How did thy mind, thy body, all thy pow'rs
Attain that fulneſs of Maturity?
And whence the Good and Evil of thy ſtate,
But from the creatures of thy Sov'reign Lord?
His Scourge the Tyrant, his Reward the Friend,
His Gift the Fruits of earth, his Meſſengers
The Winds, his Miniſter the flaming Fire.

" Grant then that thus to remedy is wiſe; 556
" Yet does the God of Juſtice diſregard
" If Guilt or Innocence be doom'd to pain?"
Hence with the impious thought! But doſt thou deem
That voice was not the voice of Nature's God,
Becauſe it publiſh'd our deliv'rance wrought
By ſuff'rance meek of voluntary woe?
Alas! full little doſt thou mark the ſcenes
Of Providence, which flit before thine eye.
How oft in them is wretchedneſs of Guilt
Alleviated by ſuff'ring Innocence!
—Mark that impetuous Youth: the fev'riſh fire

Of

Of Paſſion ſeizes all his nobler pow'rs:
The Phantom Pleaſure trips with airy ſwim
Before his dazzled eye: mark the purſuit
How eager, how intenſe?—and now he hopes
To graſp her in his arms—and now ſhe flies—
Ever at diſtance, ſeeming ever near.
At length behold her vaniſh from his view,
When lo, a griſly band of pallid Fiends,
The meager train of Want, ſurround and ſeize
Him languid with purſuit; now ſee him bound
In ſqualid fetters by Profuſion knit,
Stranger to Liberty, and the pure breath
Of wholeſome air. Deſpair mean while aloof,
Hovers expectant of her deſtin'd prey.
—But whence that hoary ſage who enters there,
The meek tears ſtealing down his furrow'd cheeks,
And Virtue's footſteps printed on his brow?
His ſtaff a weak ſupport for Age and Grief!
—Sure 'tis Paternal Love: mark with what care
He gazes on the guilty Youth! how mild
Are his reproaches, and his Soul how bent
To reſcue him from Slavery and Woe,
Regardleſs of the ill himſelf muſt bear!
Can'ſt thou ſee this, nor own thy Nature's Law
Decrees ſuch friendly interchange of pain,
While we are paſſing thro' this vale of tears?

—And

—And from whence is it, that the Son of God
Shall not, if ſuch his gracious will, aſſiſt
In the grand progreſs tow'rds eternal bliſs,
And ſuffer for the guilty race of Men?

But let Contention ceaſe: wait we the Hour, 598
When all things ſhall arrive to that one point
Whereto they have converg'd ere ſince the World
Was firſt awak'd from Chaos into Life.
When all the parts of this unfiniſh'd Scheme
Shall be compacted in one perfect Whole;
And what was deem'd unfit, ſhall ſtrike the eye
With all it's genuine Symmetry and Grace;
Then ſhall the Juſtice and Benevolence
Of our Eternal Lord unclouded ſhine;
Seen by Reflection's broken rays no more;
Themſelves the naked objects of our view:
Then ſhall the great Redeemer of Mankind,
Nay ev'ry meaner Sufferer, receive
The meed, tho' long-reſerv'd, of ten-fold Bliſs:
And Mercy hide in her maternal Breaſt
The ſhame of him, who trembles to look up
To the Tribunal of the Righteous Judge.

THE

CONVERSION

OF

ST. PAUL.

BY

JOHN LETTICE, M. A.

MDCCLXIV.

THE

CONVERSION

OF

St. PAUL.

" YES—gentle Shade (Heav'n on thy bounty ſmile!),
" The lib'ral purpoſe of thy glowing Heart
" Breaths nought ſave Peace, Religion, and the Love
" Of ſacred Verſe. Thou woo'ſt the myſtic Pow'rs
" That frame ſweet Numbers to the golden Lyre,
" To fly thoſe turbid Regions, where, contemn'd
" The chaſter Honours of poetic Lore,
" Loſt all the Dignity of antient Song,
" Long have they chanted to the frantic Voice
" Of civil Diſcord, and fraternal Rage
" Reſponſive. May thy gen'rous urgent Call
" Allure the Wand'rers to CAM's hallow'd Groves,
" Once more to fill theſe much-neglected ſhades
" With ſweeteſt Minſtrelſy of magic Sound."

Such Anſwer from the Voice of Fancy flow'd,
As late, methought, ſome Viſion's airy Charm
Call'd to my View the venerable Shade
Of SEATON, much lamenting that the Muſe
Regardleſs of th' exalted Province, erſt
Aſſerted with ſuch jealous Care, ſhould yield
Her Lyre divine, her high-enchanting Strains
To Spleen, Revenge and unrelenting Hate,
The baleful Offspring of diſaſtrous Times.

Come then, ſweet Chantreſs of celeſtial Airs!
Inſpire thy ſuppliant Vot'ry, whilſt he ſings
The Man of Tarſus, from Gamaliel's Feet
Rais'd to the Converſe of the living God.

How thick that Cloud! that Darkneſs how profound!
Which o'er the mental Sight blind Prejudice
Suſpends, impervious to the brighteſt Rays
Of moral Evidence. Ah zealous Saint!
Had Heav'n to Thee vouchſaf'd no ſtronger Light
To guide thy devious Foot-ſteps through the Gloom
Of Error's Maze, long as the vital Stream
Had warm'd thy dauntleſs Heart, the ſwelling Pride
That Nature gave, th' unconquerable Rage
Of Jewiſh Bigotry, the callous Senſe
Deaf to the Charmer Reaſon's Call, ſo long

Had

Had chain'd to Earth thy captivated Soul.
But—Gracious Pow'rs! what Burſt of blazing Light!
Lo! where th' effulgent Streams of purer Day,
Surpaſſing far the Radiance of the Morn
Firſt riſing o'er the Bow'rs of Paradiſe,
Spring from Heav'n's azure Canopy! And hark!
Some Voice tremendous, like the fearful Roar
Of ruſhing Cataracts, pervades the Air—
" Saul! Saul! what Madneſs lifts thine impious Arm
" To brave th' Omnipotence of Heav'n? Forbear,
" Raſh Mortal! Check thine unavailing Rage,
" Nor longer with eternal Adamant *
" Wage fruitleſs War. What? Can an Inſect's Sting
" Rift the firm Oak? Or ſhall the Lion fall
" A recreant Victim to the timid Lamb?—
" With Rev'rence wait the high Beheſts of Heav'n;
" And know, proud Reptile! 'tis that Sov'reign Pow'r,
" Th' immortal God thy Fury braves, whoſe Voice
" Arreſts thine Ear." Soon as the firſt Alarm,
That lock'd each Senſe in dumb Aſtoniſhment,
Had ceas'd, the proſtrate Seer, with trembling Tongue,
The heav'nly Viſion fearfully addreſs'd—

* Ἀδάμαντα πάιειν——carried with it, among the Antients, the ſame proverbial Import as—πρὸς τὰ κέντρα λακτίζειν.

" O! Source divine of Love and Goodneſs! loſt
" In the wild Tranſports of th' impaſſion'd Soul,
" Terror, Remorſe, Hope, Gratitude and Joy
" By turns triumphant o'er each captive Thought,
" What ſhall I ſpeak, or how be ſilent? Deign,
" Eternal Spirit! to declare thy Will:
" Say, why vouchſaf'd thy Preſence, why diſplay'd
" Thy Glories to a Reptile of the Duſt?"
He ceas'd.—The Voice celeſtial thus reply'd—
" Ariſe! to fair Damaſcus' Walls purſue
" Thy deſtin'd Courſe; there ſhall the deep Decrees
" Of Heav'n, ere long, to thine illumin'd Senſe
" Unclouded ſhine." Obedient roſe the Seer
Of God high-favour'd; but behold! his Eyes
Plung'd in the Torrent of th' empyreal Blaze
To dreary Night conſign'd. Th' obſequious Train,
The Partners of his fell vindictive Zeal,
Speechleſs with Horror, guide his painful Steps
To the fam'd City. Three long tedious Days
An Exile from the chearful Sun, no Food,
No Draught refreſhing to his Wants ſupply'd,
There did he ponder, in his chearleſs Breaſt,
The Mazes of th' Almighty's Will. Three Days
Expir'd, by Heav'n's propitious Guidance led,
Arriv'd the Miniſter of Light. He ſpoke
The magic Word of Faith; and inſtant fell

The

The Veil of Darkneſs from the Zealot's Eye.
Once more the vivid Splendor of the Sun
He ſaw, and thus pour'd forth th' extatic Joy:
" Hail, bleſſed Orb! ætherial Brightneſs, hail!
" Welcome! the genial Luxury of Light;
" Thrice welcome it's Return! But Oh! what words
" Shall hail the Day-ſpring of immortal Truth!
" What Words can paint the Radiance of her Beams
" Firſt darting on the Soul! Purg'd the thick Film
" Of Jewiſh Ignorance from Reaſon's Eye,
" Now ſtand reveal'd the wiſe, the wond'rous Schemes
" Of Providence. I ſee, confeſs, adore
" The Miracle of Mercy, Grace and Love,
" Vouchſaf'd Man's guilty Race, vouchſaf'd e'en Me!

Th' enraptur'd Convert ceas'd. The ſacred Lymph,
Myſterious Prelude of regenerate Life!
Confirm'd th' auſpicious Change. Faith, Fortitude,
Light-winged Hope, and the cherubic Throng,
That with the ductile Spirit of the Soul
Congenial, ſtill attend on Virtue's Paths,
Hov'ring around Heav'n's fav'rite Proſelyte,
Fix on his Breaſt their adamantine Seal.

Each holy Rite perform'd, the zealous Saint
Pour'd from his Tongue ſpontaneous the Stream

Of

Of Eloquence and Inſpiration. Lo!
The gazing Synagogue, in wonder wrapt,
Devour his pregnant Speech. Th' inſtructive Sage
With ſimple Stile, deliberate Addreſs
And nervous Argument, now vindicates
The great Meſſiah. Now with Words that live,
With Thoughts that burn, the laſt tremendous Day,
Expiring Nature and the Doom of Man,
He thunders on the Soul. Sin's ghaſtly Front,
Her Shape deform'd, the Poiſon of her Touch,
Behind Her Vengeance with eternal Fire,
He next deſcribes. Affrighted Conſcience 'wakes;
The Murd'rer ſtarts aghaſt! th' Oppreſſor groans;
Th' Adulterer trembles, and the Harlot weeps.
What Heart ſo pure, ſo innocent of Vice,
But ſhudder'd there?—Now with mellifluous Tongue,
He ſooths the Scorpion-ſting of conſcious Guilt.
Behold! each faded Countenance relum'd
With Hope and Gladneſs, whilſt the choſen Saint
Unfolds the Myſt'ries of redeeming Love,
Of Grace and Mercy infinite, diſplays
The high Rewards of Penitence and Life
Reform'd, the Freedom of the Chriſtian Yoke
Avers, and teſtifies th' eternal League
'Twixt Happineſs and Virtue. Now to crown
The Preacher's Taſk, with ſweet perſuaſive Phraſe,

He

He wins th' enchanted Auditors to Peace,
Long-ſuff'ring, Gentleneſs and ſocial Love,
The godlike Spirit of his Maſter's Laws!

Was this the hot vindictive Phariſee?
O ſtrange Converſion! This th' impetuous Saul,
That late dire Menaces and Slaughter breath'd?
Was this, ſage * Prieſt, the Miniſter of Wrath
Fix'd by the dreaded Sanction of thy Power
To hurl Perdition on the riſing Church?
What? Were thoſe Hands, now lifted up to Heav'n
To bleſs Man's great Redeemer, once imbrued †
In the pure Blood of his devoted Saints,
And conſecrated Martyrs? Wondrous Change!
But what can check that all-controuling Power,
Who turns the Courſe of Nature at his Will;
Whoſe Word was Med'cine to the Sick, whoſe Call
Awoke the Grave's cold Tenants, whoſe firm Step
Trod the ſoft Surface of the Ocean, whilſt
His potent Voice bad the curl'd Waves ſubſide,
And huſh'd the Wind's wild Uproar into Peace?

Behold! th' illuſtrious Convert now invades
The Reign of Gentile Darkneſs. See! appall'd

* The high Prieſt of *Jeruſalem*.

† Ὃς ταύτην τὴν ὁδὸν ἐδίωξα ἄχρι θανάτου, &c. Acts xxii. v. 4.

Black

Black Superſtition, with her baleful Throng
Of ſelf-bred Fears, and unembodied Forms
That haunt Deſpair; the foul unholy Train
Of molten Idols and fantaſtic Gods
Shrink at his Preſence, like the fleeting Shades
Of ſullen Night, when firſt Hyperion's Orb
Scatters it's purple Radiance o'er the Skies.
Nor long the Majeſty of Jove ſupreme
Withſtood the Thunder of the Preacher's Tongue.
Totter'd his Throne, his golden Sceptre fell;
Nor more Olympus trembled at his Nod.
No longer ſmoak'd his odoriferous Shrines
With Frankincenſe and Myrrh, the fragrant Breath
Of Araby; nor bleeding Hecatomb
Diſtain'd his bluſhing Altars. Solemn Praiſe
And Pray'rs devoutly breath'd, the Tears, the Sighs
Of penitential Grief, the broken Heart
Now form'd the Gentile's purer Sacrifice
To the true God.—The philoſophic Lore
Of learned Athens ſunk e'er long, eclips'd
By Truth's reſiſtleſs Blaze. The vain Parade
Of empty Jargon and unmeaning Forms
No longer won the proſtituted Praiſe
Of wond'ring Greece. The Stoic's fond Pretence
Was urg'd no more; the boaſted Apathiſt
Confeſs'd the Strength of Nature, own'd the Power,

The

The Uſe of Paſſion, deign'd to feel himſelf,
And ſympathize the Miſeries of Man.
Nor long the Dictates of thy ſenſual Mind
Allur'd th' unwary Step of Youth to Sin,
Laſcivious * Sophiſt! Thy Diſciple erſt
That quaff'd the luſcious Sweets of Circe's Cup,
Hung on the Siren's faſcinating Tongue,
And thrill'd with Tranſport at the Harlot's Smile,
Now ſighs for Pleaſures which no Eye hath ſeen,
No Ear hath heard, nor mortal Heart conceiv'd.
No more he babbles of thy fooliſh Dreams
Of ſelf-concurring Atoms, and blind Chance
Omnipotent: where'er he turns his Eyes,
Amaz'd he traces, thro' each wondrous Scene,
The Hand of Providence. Each Attribute
That points th' Almighty Parent of the World
To Man's Conceptions, legibly portray'd
On Nature's Page, th' enlighten'd Convert ſees;
And as he views, his elevated Breaſt,
With inextinguiſhable Ardor, burns
For Truth, for Life and Immortality.
Where'er the Preacher roll'd the powerful Tide
Of Inſpiration, from each fabled Haunt
Foul Error fled, whether the Roman School,
Or Attic Portico her Preſence held;

* Epicurus.

Or

Or the dark Inmate of the Pagan Shrine,
She heap'd vain Incenſe to ſome Idol-God.
O! may thoſe living Oracles of Light,
That boaſt the Sanction of thine hallow'd Pen,
Illuſtrious Convert! o'er each gloomy Land,
Where ſtill pale Fear and Superſtition reign,
Spread the rich Treaſures of immortal Truth.
May the lewd Prophet's Brothel-Paradiſe,
Baſe Hope of wretched Ignorance and Luſt,
Allure no more the Pilgrim's weary Step
To Mecca's Walls: no longer FOHI's Name
Uſurp the proſtrate Adoration, due
To God alone: nor more th' unconſcious Sun
Provoke the trembling Indian's fruitleſs Vow.
But may one Mind, one Faith, one Hope, one God
Unite the ſcatter'd Progeny of Man.

THE

CRUCIFIXION.

BY

THOMAS ZOUCH, M. A.

M DCC LXV.

THE

THE

CRUCIFIXION.

ENOUGH has fiction's fairy ſcene deceiv'd
My dreaming hours of youth: with penſive ſtep
Muſing along the cloyſter's ſilent gloom
Thee, Holy Truth, I woo: thy graceful charms
Far lovelier than the damaſk roſe that glows
On beauty's cheek, the poet's moral ſtrain
Excite.—Ye fabled ſongs, adieu! adieu,
Imagination, to the dazzled eye
Shooting thy gorgeous phantoms! hence, ye dreams
Of ſublunary glare, the gem of wealth,
The plume of honour! To her awful ſhrine
Devotion wafts me, where the white-rob'd prieſt
With heart-felt tranſport on the wing of prayer
Extatic riſes, or with waving hand
And all the decent elegance of eaſe
Myſterious truth unfolds, whilſt on his tongue
Attention hangs enraptur'd. At that altar

Peace ſheds her balmy influence, far from Guilt
And all his hideous offspring: Envy wan
With jaundic'd eye: Ambition's bluſtering voice
Brawling for titles: hollow-hearted ſmile
Of cringing Adulation: dog-ey'd Luſt
Rifling the boſom of chaſte innocence.

For ſay, can fancy, fond to weave the tale
Of bliſs ideal, feign more genuine joy
Than thine, PHILANDER, when the Man of God
Gives to thy hand the conſecrated cup,
Bleſſed memorial of a Saviour's love!
Glowing with zeal the humble Penitent
Approacheth: Faith her foſtering radiance points
Full on his contrite heart: Hope cheers his ſteps,
And Charity, the faireſt in the train
Of chriſtian virtues, ſwells his heaving breaſt
With love unbounded. Feaſt of bliſs ſupreme
To eat the bread of life, to drink the cup
Of benediction!—Memory bids the ſcene,
Th' important ſcene, ariſe, when dread diſmay
Alarm'd the nations. Melt, thou heart of braſs:
Death triumph'd o'er its victor. Wild amaze
Seiz'd all the hoſt of heaven, moaning their God
In agony transfixt, his every ſenſe
A window to affliction: ſorrow fill'd

Their

Their tide of tragic woe, and chang'd the note
From fervent rapture to the gloomy ſtrain
Of deepeſt lamentation. O how pure
Th' effulgence of his bounty, that completes
Redemption's mighty work, the ſource of joy!

Hail heavenly Love, that with eternal ſway
Pervades creation's ampleſt bounds! 'Twas Love
That bade exiſtence ſpring to life: the ſun,
Inſpher'd in radiancy, began his courſe,
And vegetation from the earth's warm lap
Call'd forth her genial powers. 'Twas Love that form'd
Redemption's glorious plan. Ye white-wing'd hoſts,
Cherubs and ſeraphs, that enrob'd in light
Drink the pure ſtream of ever-during day,
In hallelujahs chaunt the grateful hymn
Of adoration: from your ſapphire ſeats
Hail the glad tidings, that to Man is giv'n
A Saviour merciful. But chiefly ye,
Daughters and ſons of Adam, raiſe the ſong
Of gratulation meet.—Ye young, ye gay,
Liſten with patient ear the ſtrains of truth;
Ye who in diſſipation waſte your days,
From Pleaſure's giddy train O ſteal an hour,
With ſage reflexion nor diſdain to gaze
The ſolemn ſcene on CALV'RY's guilty mount,

Where frighted nature ſhakes her trembling frame,
And ſhudders at the complicated crime
Of deicide.—The thorn-encircled head
All pale and languid on the bleeding croſs,
The nail-empierced hand, the mangled feet,
The perforated ſide, the heaving ſigh
Of guſhing anguiſh, the deep groan of death,
The day of darkneſs, terror and diſtreſs:
Ah! ſhall not theſe awake one ſerious thought?

Sin, I deteſt thee: murd'rous child of night,
Hence to thy native hell! in Eden's vale
Rov'd our firſt parents, boſom'd in content,
Gay as the ſpring, and innocent as gay.
Thou daſh'd their draught of bliſs, their ſweets of joy
Mingling with gall. Misfortune's haggard crew
Hence o'er the wide creation ruthleſs prowl'd,
And rioted on man. Can aught arreſt
Th' Almighty's anger?—Yes: the victim bleeds,
His own dear Son, from bondage to exalt
A ranſom'd world, to blaſt the damning power
Of Satan, Sin, and Death. How chang'd from him,
Whoſe Majeſty in native luſtre ſhone
Sevenfold, when on th' eternal throne he ſmil'd,
Long ere yon planets in their meaſur'd Orbs
Revolv'd: or walking on the whirl-wind's wing

He

He rais'd his arm, and drove the rebel brood
Down to their black abyſs: beneath his feet
The flames flaſh'd horrible: before him fled
The ghaſtly train of peſtilence and woe.

On Revelation's ſacred page intent
The eye of faith ſurveys the mighty deed
Shadow'd in myſtic type, when Abram urg'd
By heaven's all-wiſe beheſt, with eager zeal
Snatch'd from a mother's weeping care* the child
Of laughter, on Moriah's ſecret top
Binding the ſpotleſs hands of innocence.

How vain the breath, how empty all the boaſt
Of popular applauſe? To day we ſoar
The ſons of fortune, favour'd by the croud,
Their idol and their God. The morrow blights
Our bud of fame. The rabble change their notes
From hoarſeſt acclamation to the hiſs
Of harſh contempt: the many-headed beaſt
Hark how he ſhouts for blood and impious carnage!
See Iſrael's humble King, mild as the lamb
Beneath the murdering knife, amidſt the ſneer
The taunt of mad reproach, led to the croſs,

* יצחק Iſaac a riſu dictus eſt. Gen. xxi. 3. Buxtorf.

To ſhame and bitter death. Him late they rais'd
To fame's bright ſummit, when they ſung his name
With loud hoſannas, or with ſilent ardor
Dwelt on his tongue, liſt'ning the happy lore
Of evangelic joy. Ye ruffian tribe,
Ah! check the ruthleſs Rage, that drowns the voice,
The faithful voice of reaſon, to your God
Prefers ſedition's ſon, whom foul with crimes
Ripe vengeance waits, and awful juſtice calls.

Ye men of Judah, let one languid ſpark
Of ſoft compaſſion melt your iron hearts!
O ſtay the cruel ſtroke, the blood-ſtain'd ſcourge
Forbear: O ſpare, for pity ſpare that wound:
Support his falt'ring ſteps: he faints, he dies:
Your King, your meek Meſſiah faints: he ſinks
Beneath th' oppreſſive load; up the ſteep mount
He toils panting, and harraſs'd with fatigue.

But ſhall oblivion's raven wing o'erſhade
The ever-blooming fame of Salem's daughters?
Then weep, ye fair, and with prophetic tears
Swell the full ſtream of Grief, ſincere as erſt
When Herod's vengeful arm in infant blood
Drench'd his wide-waſting ſword: with rueful ſhriek
The childleſs parent wander'd Rama's ſtreets.

Your

Your gentler breaſts to ſympathetic ſighs
Indulgent nature melts. Remorſeleſs Man
With heart of roughest mold ſheds not one tear,
Nor wails a Saviour's death. To you the Muſe
Shall twine her wreath of praiſe: ye felt his pangs,
Ye moan'd his agonizing grief of Soul.

How calm the Sufferer! not one rageful word
Of wild impatience: no reſentment ſhakes
His harrow'd breaſt. Chearful and mild he meets
The ſavage king of terrors. Lo! to Heaven
On mental wing his zealous prayer aſcends.
But ah! for whom?—For you, ye ſons of pride
That led him to th' accurſed tree of ſhame.
"Father, forgive them."—Hence, far hence the fury
Of wrath and vengeful hatred! Chriſtian Love,
With univerſal Charity inſpire
My breaſt: extinguiſh every latent ſpark
Of low revenge. Give me to breathe the flame
Of tendereſt affection, to ſuſtain
Unruffled and ſerene the mean attacks
Of enmity and ſlander. Thus to tread
A Maſter's heavenly ſteps, like him, to bear
With patient mind inſult and raſh abuſe,
Be this my boaſted glory, this my pride!

Great God of Truth, ſhall equal terrors fall
On innocence and guilt? The noon-tide ray
Mix with the midnight gloom? The Son of Man,
The great High Prieſt, harmleſs and undefil'd,
With impious ruffians numb'red, dies the death
Of unrelenting juſtice? Fierce as Hell
Yon harden'd murd'rer breathes out his angry ſoul
In blaſphemous defiance. Foul reproach
Flows from his venom tongue: avenging death
With tenfold darkneſs brooding, opes to view
Scenes of eternal pangs, where penal wrath
With unextinguiſhable fury burns.
Some chearful beam of Hope, ſome gleam of Heaven
Burſts on the brother of his crimes. He weeps:
Repentance darts into his convict heart
A ray of Peace. The riſing arm of wrath
Drops the impending Thunder; mercy ſmiles
Benign. E'en tho' the blaze of guilt outglare
The ſcarlet's crimſon hue, fair mercy ſheds
Her hoard of joy, and whitens every ſtain.

Come then, Repentance, with thy piercing ken
The dark receſſes of my heart pervade:
Fill me with real ſorrow: nought avails
The ſable ſackcloth, or the vain grimace
Of hypocritic pomp. When ghaſtly death

Hovers

Hovers around my couch, it nought avails
To break the curtain'd ſlumber of the night
Counting the figur'd beads, to wear the hour
With repetition's empty Hymn, to graſp
The gilded Crucifix.—Fantaſtic rites
Of papal ignorance!—All wrapt in grief,
Whilſt youth with manhood's vigor nerves my limbs,
The young blood circling in it's channel'd path,
I bend the ſuppliant knee:—"Father of Heaven,
" Father of mercies, ſnatch from ruin's gulph,
" Snatch me from ſin."—Temptation ſpreads her lure
With meretricious art. Wanton deſire,
Fierce as the waken'd fury of the deep,
Riots: O for a faithful friendly hand
With pious art to guide the light-wing'd ſkiff,
And waft it from the tempeſt's boiſt'rous rage!

See 'midſt the croud, that thronging round the hill
With mad diſcordant roar of barb'rous joy
Gape on the Croſs, a ſelf-convicted wretch
Shivering. Damp horror fills his guilty breaſt
With pungent throes. On his wide-rolling eye
Diſtraction frantic ſits and black deſpair.
Accurſed luſt of gain, that ſteels the heart
'Gainſt pity's ſoft emotions, breaks the tye
Of dear affection, plunges all the ſoul

In

In ſin and woe! What for ſo poor a price,
Th' Aſſaſſin's hireling wages, to betray
A Saviour and a God! and with the kiſs
Of friendſhip too!—Thou ſpecious Man of blood,
Fly from thyſelf, thy bittereſt deadlieſt foe.
Conſcience with never-dying worm corrodes
Thy tortur'd boſom.—'Tis the Lamb of God,
The bleſſed Jeſus, whom thy treach'rous hand
Conſigns to death: Heard'ſt thou that ſigh of grief
That ſhook earth's tottering baſe? Saw'ſt thou thoſe Limbs
Writhed with pain? 'Twas he that taught the word
Of Peace and Love, that ſtopp'd the horrid rage
Of dire diſeaſe, and from their gloomy cell
Call'd out the ſilent dead. Th' expiring ſigh
Again he heaves. Heard'ſt thou that cutting pang,
Iſcariot! Go, whilſt dumb amazement holds
The frozen multitude: cavern thy pelf,
Perfidious traitor. Vengeance, clad in blood,
Burning with rage, unſheathes her waſteful ſword,
Purſues thy ſteps, and hunts thee down to death.

Whilſt ruin burſts the Temple's inmoſt veil,
And 'midſt ſurrounding ſcenes of horror roam
The griſly ſpectres, as at midnight hour;
Far from the pomp and pageantry of pride
Pilate ſequeſter'd ſits the venal judge,

Cor-

Corruption's ſlave, that gloated on the ſpoils
Of innocence oppreſſed. What avails
Or trophy'd blaze of power or gloſs of wealth
To ſooth the fever'd phrenzy of his ſoul?
He burns, as with a raging calenture,
Tortur'd by jarring paſſions.—Why that Look?
Thoſe broken accents? Thou dark, duſky Man,
Say can his ſpotted ſkin the leopard change?
In vain thou ſeek'ſt the pillow of repoſe.
The noon-tide ſun, velop'd in darkneſs dim,
His golden glory ſhrouds; But ah! what night
With darkneſs dim ſhall ſhroud thee from the eye,
The piercing eye of guilt? With impious hand
Profane not thus the limpid ſtream: not all
The ocean's wave can waſh off that foul ſpot
Of murder. Heaven's vindictive juſtice reigns
Unbrib'd by wealth. E'en now thy anxious mind
Anticipates its fate. Deſtruction waits
Thy ſteps: the tyrant of imperial Rome
Drives thee to exile: in the deſart Iſle
Breathe to the taunting air thy doleful plaints.
Engender'd erſt on pride and coward ſhame,
The monſter Suicide his influence dire
Sheds o'er thy melancholy-tinctur'd ſoul
Baleful. Go daſh thee down the rocky ſteep,
Or plunge into thy breaſt the thirſty ſword

That

That pants for blood.—But lo! a different ſcene!
What tho' th' autumnal ſickneſs ſtalks around,
What tho' the rage of noon-day peſtilence
Slays her ten thouſands; yet beneath the ſhade
Of Providence the good Man ſmiles ſecure
And undiſmay'd. As reſolution firm
The lov'd Diſciple ſtands, in manly grief
Silent.—Illuſtrious Saint! endear'd to him
Who knows the hidden ſecret thoughts of Man,
Friendſhip on thee her choiceſt treaſures pour'd.
What heavenly tranſport to mix ſoul with ſoul
In liberal converſe; to imbibe the words
Of bleſſed truth, from wiſdom's mouth to catch
Inſtruction's ſweeteſt leſſons!—See thy King,
Thy Friend from his triumphant infamy
Looks down with condeſcenſion; deigns to crown
Thy holy fortitude. With filial care
His tender pledges guard: When age with ſnow
Shall ſow thy temples, then ſhall viſions bleſs
Thy nights; nor ſhall the envied wreath thy brow
Entwine, ere ruin raze theſe haughty walls;
Ere the proud Roman eagle clap her wing
Hovering o'er Salem's deſolated towers.

What pencil's glowing colours know to paint
A mother's deep diſtreſs? Faſt by the croſs

With

With eyes and hands uplifted, wrap'd in woe
All motionleſs and mute, ſhe views her Son,
Her God beneath the weight of others ſins
Bow his afflicted head. Thus Eve, abſorpt
In ſorrow's trance, her darling offspring ey'd
Welt'ring in blood: expreſſive ſilence ſpoke
Her pangs of agony: the big-ſwoln tear
Burſt down her cheek: around her beauteous form
The golden treſſes flow'd in rude diſorder,
Whilſt Adam at her ſide in vain aſſay'd
Bland conſolation. Secret grief o'erwhelms
MARIA's throbbing breaſt. Now languor wan
Unnerves each ſenſe: tender remembrance ſoon
Wakes in her ſoften'd heart the fond, fond ſcenes,
When ſweet domeſtic peace confirm'd her bliſs,
Shelter'd beneath a huſband's faithful arm
From humbling infamy. Thrice happy pair!
They gently trod the flowery path of Life:
They ate the bread of temperance, round their board
Contentment laugh'd, blithe as a blooming bride.
Lull'd on her lap the infant God-head oft
Repos'd him weary. Tho' no trumpet's ſound,
No hoſt of cherubim his praiſe attun'd,
Maternal rapture on his lovely name
With fondneſs dwelt: ponder'd each pleaſing ſign
Of future ſplendor.—Oh! what an awful change!

The

The rude wind tempeſts the bright dawn of hope,
Mute is the tongue of eloquence that aw'd
A liſt'ning multitude: languid the lips
That ſmil'd complacence round, and every grace
Gently diffus'd. Dim in its ghaſtly orb
The beaming eye of Majeſty is ſunk.

But tho' with adverſe wind the gray ſtorm lours,
Shall ſullen diſcontent awake the voice
Of querulous deſpair? Thou ſecond Eve,
O ſtop the falling tear; the ſigh reſtrain.
And ye, ſelected flock, that ſcatter'd late
Fled from your Shepherd, from deſpondence raiſe
Your drooping hearts: reſume the ſmile of joy.
Burſt are the gates of Death: blunted the ſting
Of Sin: Meſſiah mounts th' exalted car
Of triumph. As Elijah rapt of old
To Heaven, victorious o'er the murky grave,
He riſes to the realms of endleſs day.

Thus when the infant Moon her circling ſphere
Wheels o'er the Sun's broad diſk; her ſhadow falls
On Earth's fair boſom: darkneſs chills the fields,
And dreary night inveſts the face of Heaven.
Reflected from the lake full many a ſtar
Glimmers with feeble languor. India's ſons

Affrighted

Affrighted in wild tumult rend the air.
Before his idol god with barb'rous ſhriek
The Brachman falls: when ſoon the eye of day
Darts his all-cheering radiance, from the gloom
Emerging. Joy invades the wondering croud,
And acclamation ruſhes from the tongue
Of thouſands that around their blazing pile
Riot in antic dance and diſſonant ſong.

Far from this earthly ball th' advent'rous Muſe
Uplifted, dares to ſoar her aëry way
To where in immortality enthron'd
The great Redeemer ſits at God's right hand.
No fond illuſion cheats me; from this ſhell
Of clay, the ſoul to brighter climes aſpires,
Nor ſeeks imagination's waxen wings
To ſpeed her courſe. Almighty, infinite
The filial Godhead reigns: old Ocean flies
Affrighted at his awful nod, whilſt Heaven
Bows trembling. Mercy's gentle attribute
Tempers his juſtice: he protects the poor
In needful hour of dearth, and from the duſt
Raiſes the weeping penitent: his wrath
The blood of goats averts not, or the fat
Of coſtly hecatombs, or altar wreath'd
With clouds of incenſe, tho' in Phrygian mood

The

The laurel-nurtur'd prieſts their Pythic hymn
Attemper to the virgin choir, that chant
Their Doric harmony. Nor deigns he not
With pity's eye the contrite heart to view
And troubled ſpirit: pureſt ſacrifice
By him accepted. O emblazon wide
His Name, ye creatures that in Heaven, in Earth
Or in the wide ſea breathe.

" Dread Judge of all!
" Anointed King! Saviour of fallen Man!
" All praiſe to Thee be given! ere time began
" Thou art, in thy unfathom'd eſſence vail'd
" Immenſe. But ſtill Perfection deign'd to bear
" Th' infirmities of Man: th' Eternal dyed,
" Th' Almighty ſuffer'd woe. All Heaven beheld,
" And hymn'd in admiration's loudeſt notes
" Thee crucify'd. Can aught of mortal ſong
" Equal thy glory whilſt on Earth? What tongue
" The congregated wonders of thy life
" Can ſpeak? To Thee ſhall Wiſdom yield her palm
" Of fame: in vain ſhe boaſts the letter'd art,
" And all the mazy folly of the ſchools,
" Socratic knowledge, or the Stag'rite's pomp
" Of idle ſpeculation. King of kings,
" O let thy bright example rouſe the ſoul
" To meek humility! great Interceſſor,

" Pour

" Pour on thy meaneſt ſupplicant the boon
" Of pardon and remiſſion. Wean his mind
" From earth-bred care. When the grim hand of Death
" Shall ſnatch me weary to the darkſome grave,
" When the laſt trumpet's ſound ſhall ſhake this globe,
" And deſolation urn yon diſorb'd worlds,
" Oh ſmile forgiveneſs. At that awful hour
" Propitious chaſe away the fears that fright
" The fluttering ſoul, nor let thy blood in vain
" Drop from the croſs! the while may reaſon guide
" My every wiſh! may true religion ſtrew
" Life's varied path! 'Tis her's to wipe the tear
" From ſorrow's eye, to light the lamp of Hope,
" From Revelation's copious fount to pour
" The ſtreams of Comfort, Peace, and holy Love."

THE

GIFT OF TONGUES.

BY

CHARLES JENNER, M. A.

M DCC LXVII.

THE

GIFT OF TONGUES

BY

CHARLES TURNER, M. A.

MDCCLXVII.

THE

GIFT OF TONGUES.

GOD's wond'rous pow'r, on That great day reveal'd
When from on high the Sacred Influence fell
Knowledge and light ſurpaſſing human lore
Diffuſing in its courſe, vent'rous I ſing.
O for one tranſient gleam from that pure fount
Of light celeſtial, whoſe all-pow'rful rays
Inſtant diſpell'd the miſts of Ignorance,
Inform'd the mind, and urg'd the willing tongue!
O for one ſpark of that tranſcendant Fire,
Which ſhed its rapid influence through the Soul,
Kindling at once in the aſtoniſh'd mind
The ſacred flame of heav'n-directed Zeal,
In ſtrains pour'd forth of Wiſdom heaven-taught,
Which in conception, to perfection ſprang,
Mocking the tedious ſteps of human Wit!
Too vain that wiſh.—But thou O Spirit pure
Who deign'ſt to guide the wayward heart of man,

When conſcious weakneſs claims thy aid benign,
Thou from whoſe eyes the palpable obſcure
Nought hides, who mark'ſt my inmoſt Soul,
And check'ſt with care paternal ev'ry ill,
Suggeſting kindly pure and holy thoughts,
Frame thou my mind; Diſpoſe my humble heart
To feel thy goodneſs and adore thy might;
Grant me, with faith to read thy wond'rous works,
To hear with joy, to tell with gratitude;
Grant me, at humble diſtance, to revere
Thoſe acts of pow'r, I know not how to ſcan;
Grant me, with ſcorn to view the Sceptic's pride
Who dares to tread the dark, meand'ring maze,
And ſtrive with mortal ken, (how ſhort! how dim!)
To trace the ſteps of dread Omnipotence;
Grant me, with humble yet exulting mind,
In all thy wond'rous works to mark the end,
Nor raſhly ſtrive to comprehend the means;
To view, with rev'rent awe, the mighty Cauſe,
And feel with gratitude the bleſt Effect;
Grant me, in this meek, ſober frame of mind,
To view thy goodneſs, and to ſing thy praiſe;
So ſhall my lays, though rude, attention claim,
Nor uſeleſs ſink in cold oblivion's wave;
Warm from the heart they bear intrinſic worth,
And conſcience ſhall bear witneſs to their truth.

'Twas

'Twas on that day, that memorable day
When erſt the Prophet of the favour'd ſeed
From Iſrael ſprung, high-honour'd Moſes held
With trembling awe, converſe with God himſelf;
'Twas on that day, when round the ſacred mount
The rapid lightnings ſhot their livid glance,
Flaſhing a larger and a larger curve,
Whilſt the dread Thunder, mutt'ring from afar,
With ſullen murmur deep'ning in its courſe,
Burſt ratt'ling all around in diſcord wild,
When, 'midſt the horror of the awful ſcene,
The holy Prophet learn'd thoſe high beheſts
By which to lead his ſacred flock, and ſhew
Types of a purer plan in days to come;
On that ſame day, the ſtill more ſacred flock
Of Chriſt, who only mourn'd his recent loſs,
Stol'n from the clamours of the impious croud
In thought purſu'd his ſteps to Heav'n, and cheer'd
Each other's griefs with thoughts of bliſs to come.

Not hopeleſs did they grieve; for o'er the Soul
His laſt bequeſt had ſhed a gleam of Joy;
"A comforter to come" reſtrain'd their tears,
A ſtedfaſt faith ſuppreſs'd the riſing ſigh,
And Expectation rais'd their downcaſt Eyes.
Nor vain their hope; for now with ſudden burſt

A ruſhing Noiſe through all the ſacred Band
Silence profound and fix'd attention claim'd,
A chilling terror crept through ev'ry heart,
Mute was each tongue, and pale was ev'ry face:
The rough roar ceas'd; when, borne on fiery wings,
The dazzling Emanation from above
In brighteſt viſion round each ſacred head
Diffus'd its vivid beams; myſterious light!
That ruſh'd impetuous through th' awaking mind,
Whilſt new Ideas fill'd the paſſive Soul,
Faſt crouding in with ſweeteſt violence.
'Twas then amaz'd they caught the glorious flame,
Spontaneous flow'd their all-perſuaſive words,
Warm from the heart, and to the heart addreſs'd
Deep ſunk their force in ev'ry captiv'd ear.

O ſee the crowd, preſſing with eager ſteps
To catch the flowing periods as they fall;
See how, with wond'ring rapture, they devour
The pleaſing accents of their native tongue;
See how, with eyes uplifted, they advance,
With out-ſtretch'd hands and ſmiles of ſocial love
To greet the partners of their native Soil;
O catch the varying tranſports in their looks,
In awful wonder ſee each paſſion loſt,
When ev'ry Nation urg'd an equal claim.

Fond

Fond men, forbear; and know, the voice of Truth
By weak reſtraints of Language unconfin'd
Flows, independent, from that radiant ſhrine
From whence the day-ſpring draws her glitt'ring ſtore
To ſhine on all with undiſtinguiſh'd ray,
And ſcatter dazzling light on ev'ry clime.

Immortal Truth! by Inſpiration taught,
Thou ſpurn'ſt the ſervile chains of human art;
In native majeſty array'd, thou ſhed'ſt
Thy radiant beams through all this vale below;
Thy piercing voice reſounds through diſtant climes,
By all diſtinguiſh'd, and by all ador'd.
Thou ſat'ſt enthron'd above yon azure vault,
And mock'ſt the tedious toil of human wit,
What time at Babel's hapleſs tow'r they ſtrove
To reſcue meaning from the load of ſounds,
And give preciſion to the voice confus'd,
Reſtoring Heav'n's moſt pleaſing gift to Man.

Thee neither wind nor wave can circumſcribe,
Wide o'er where Ocean ſpreads his ample bed
Thou flieſt at large, to viſit ev'ry ſhore,
And pour thy ſacred voice in ev'ry heart
In language univerſal. What avail
To thy all-piercing eye, and tongue heav'n-taught,

The

The nice diſtinctions of the critic art,
The fooliſh pride of letter'd pedantry,
Riſing, by ſlow degrees and labour'd care,
From the firſt liſp, which on the infant tongue
Hangs with uncertain cadence, to the height
Of Learning's utmoſt pow'r? With ſcorn thou view'ſt
The erring paths of Science, falſly call'd;
Tracing her ſlow ſteps from her Eaſtern home
Whence firſt, in clouded majeſty, ſhe beam'd
A tranſient glance, and tempted the purſuit,
Thou mark'ſt her progreſs from the rapid Nile,
Where Thebes receiv'd her at her hundred gates,
And ſeeſt her roll her ever-wand'ring way
To milder climes, when Greece with open arms
Receiv'd her credulous; Old Orpheus then
And Linus ſung their fabled lays, and ſpread
A lengthen'd train of philoſophic lies.
Mocking thou view'ſt the pride of human wit,
Whilſt Athens ſelf, fair Science, fav'rite ſeat,
And Rome Imperial, vers'd in ev'ry lore,
Succeſsleſs toil to bring thee forth to view.
Thou ſeeſt unnumber'd Syſtems riſe and fall,
And ev'ry learned age bring new deceits;
Whilſt tow'ring Pride ſtill lifts her ready hand
To cruſh the fond deluſion of the day,
And inſtant rear a ſtronger in it's place.

But O! this blindneſs may not ever be,
And vague Opinion, with uſurping hand,
Bright Wiſdom's ſceptre may not ever wield;
Thou ſpeak'ſt Immortal Truth! beneath each pole
The trembling Earth acknowledges thy voice;
Pride catches quick the mortifying ſound,
Far, far aloof flies ev'ry golden dream,
And all is blindfold Error and diſtreſs.
O! 'twas That potent voice, whoſe magic pow'r
Burſt through the organs of the ſacred Band,
What time O Salem midſt thy hallow'd walls
The mingled crowd from many a diſtant realm
In fix'd attention hung upon their words,
Which, with conviction fraught, flow'd unreſtrain'd,
Though, ſkill'd alone in Virtue's ſacred lore,
They never had employ'd life's precious hours
In learning's paths; without proud Science wiſe.

By weakeſt miniſters th' Almighty thus
Makes known his ſacred will, and ſhews his pow'r:
By Him inſpir'd they ſpeak with urgent tongue
Authoritative, whilſt th' illumin'd breaſt
Heaves with unwonted ſtrength; High as their theme
Their great conceptions riſe in rapt'rous flow,
As quick the ready organs catch the thought,
And, in ſuch ſtrains as Science could not teach,

Bear

Bear it, in all it's radiance, to the Heart;
The liſt'ning throng there feel it's bleſs'd effect,
And deep conviction glows in ev'ry breaſt.

See ev'ry crime which ſtains the human mind
At their ſtrong bidding take it's rapid flight:
Deluſion's dreams no more infect the Soul,
High-boaſting Pride, fierce Wrath, impetuous Luſt,
And Avarice ſwelling with hydropic thirſt,
Fade, like unwholeſome dews before the Sun:
They fade to riſe no more; for ſee a band
Of radiant Virtues ſeize their late abode,
And ſtamp the manſion with the ſeal of Truth.
There heav'nly Knowledge ſhines in glitt'ring pride,
And Patience ſits, with meek ſubmiſſive ſmile
Diſarming ſtern Oppreſſion; Juſtice there
Erects her rigid teſt of right and wrong;
And there, with God's own armour all-begirt,
Stands Fortitude, erect in Chriſtian ſtrength;
There Temp'rance ſtands, with ever-watchful Eye,
To curb the Paſſions with a ſteady rein;
And Candour there her golden rule diſplays
To act by others as thy heart muſt wiſh
They, in like circumſtance, ſhould act by thee;
But chiefly there, in ever-fixed ſeat,
Sits heav'n-born Charity; her eagle Eye

Thrown

Thrown o'er the wide expanſe of Nature's works,
Where, nobly ſcorning ev'ry meaner tye,
She deems all human ills her own, and ſighs
If aught of mis'ry dwell beneath the Sun.
With ſuch bright gueſts the Chriſtian mind is ſtor'd,
Pledges of trueſt Knowledge, Joy, and Peace:
Theſe to make known became the ſacred taſk
By Heav'n impos'd upon the choſen band;
Thrice happy they to ſuch high office call'd,
The bleſſed miniſters of God's high will!
For them the fulneſs of his might is ſhewn,
O'erleaping the ſtrong bounds of Nature's law;
Grim Death for them contracts his haſty ſtride,
And checks his Dart ev'n in the act to ſtrike;
His horrid meſſengers Diſeaſe and Pain
Looſe their remorſeleſs graſp unwillingly,
And leave their prey to eaſe and thankfulneſs;
For them bright Wiſdom opens all her ſtores,
Her golden treaſures ſpreading to their view,
Whilſt Inſpiration's all-enliv'ning light
Hangs hov'ring o'er their heads in glitt'ring blaze;
Warm'd by the ray they pour the ſacred ſtrain
In Eloquence ſeraphic; Truths divine,
For ever regiſter'd in Heav'n's high page,
Flow from their lips, and glow within their breaſts;
Amaz'd they feel the ſacred extacy,

With

With heav'nly rapture, thrill in ev'ry nerve;
Whilſt in their flowing words, with Wiſdom fraught
Celeſtial, ſhines the heav'nly Spirit pure.
This is no fancy'd pow'r, no idle dream,
No flatt'ring ſcheme by heated Fancy form'd,
The genuine Influence fills each raptur'd Soul,
And beams in ev'ry eye conſpicuous.

Far other flame the vain Enthuſiaſt feels
When, Reaſon by deluſive Fancy led
In ſad captivity, the Thoughts confus'd
Ruſh on his mind in dark and doubtful ſenſe,
His mind a chaos of blind zeal, that ſpurns
Th' unerring clue which mild Diſcretion lends,
Perchance the claſhing images ſtrike out
Some languid ray of caſual light; how ſoon
The weak and momentary glance is loſt
Beneath a load of wild obſcurity.
Much does he labour with ſome weighty thought,
Of Faith, of Grace, of Heav'n, perchance of Hell,
But all in vain he draws the thread confus'd
To tedious length, the end eludes his ſearch,
And leaves him wrapt in wild perplexity
Recoiling ſtill on the ſame beaten track.
Thus wayward Fancy with her vagrant blaze
Miſleads the eye of Ignorance; mean while

In vain the ſteady lamp of Reaſon burns,
The ſure and ſober guide to Truth's retreat,
But ah! conſider well ye ſelf-inſpir'd,
Ere Fancy, drooping on the bed of Death,
Leaves ye forlorn to ſeek for Reaſon's aid,
Conſider well, are theſe the genuine marks
Of heav'nly Inſpiration? Was it thus
In wild extatic rants and dubious phraſe,
In doctrines intricate and terms perplex'd
The ſimple meſſengers of Jeſus ſpake?
O ſearch and ſee, were not their doctrines pure,
And in ſuch plain and modeſt phraſe expreſs'd
As beſt befits Inſtruction's wholeſome plan?
Mighty to ſave, they ſought no other pow'r,
No meed, but that which conſcious Virtue feels
When ſhe conducts ſome hapleſs wand'rer back
To paths, without her aid, for ever loſt.
If ſuch your heav'nly aim, your lives unblam'd
Will give, like theirs, an earneſt of your truth;
If, daily train'd to ev'ry virtuous act,
You tread the ſteps the bleſſed Jeſus trod
Through the ſtreight path, the way of holineſs,
Then may ye lead your flocks to his abode;
But O beware! think not the heav'nly gueſt
Can fix his reſidence with aught impure;
Think not the heart which Pride or Int'reſt guides

Can

Can ever be the ſeat of heav'nly grace;
If yet the holy Spirit deigns to dwell
In earthly domes, 'tis not in thoſe defil'd
With Pride, with Fraud, with Rapine, or with Luſt;
Midſt the rough foliage of the thorny brake
The cluſt'ring Grape not bluſhes, and the Fig
Decks not the prickly Thiſtle's barren ſtalk,
Ev'n thus ſhall all be meaſur'd by their fruits;
So ſpake the living Oracle of truth:
O never, never loſe this ſacred guide,
By ev'ry blaſt of doctrine borne away,
But gazing ever on the Goſpel light,
That endleſs ſource of evidence and truth,
Prove ev'ry doctrine by that golden rule,
And "try the Spirits if they be of God."

THE

DESTRUCTION

OF

NINIVEH.

BY

CHARLES JENNER, M. A.

M DCC LXVIII.

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THE

DESTRUCTION

OF

NINIVEH.

GOD's mercy long abus'd, and heav'nly wrath
Succeeding ſlow with firm and dreadful ſtep
And arm uplifted high, be now my Theme.
Horror! be thou my Muſe.—And liſt ye proud,
Ye rich, ye vain, for 'tis to you I ſing,
Liſt from your downy beds of Tyrian dye
Where ſunk in careleſs eaſe and worthleſs ſloth,
In dreams of pleaſures paſt or joys to come
Batt'ning ye lie; Liſt from your marble Halls
Whence, drowning ev'ry wiſe and ſerious thought,
The wanton voice of Luxury reſounds,
Whilſt Mirth, uncheck'd by fair Diſcretion's law,
Pours from the golden goblet's ample round
The luſcious poiſon of miſuſed wine,

And hid beneath the garb of Happineſs
Steals to your eaſy hearts with pleaſing guile,
With ſweet, but certain death. O turn awhile
The eye too long on Pleaſure's ſmiles intent,
On your own breaſts turn once it's wand'ring ſight:
See ye God's image there? O rather ſay,
See ye not there, what erſt the Poets feign'd
The dire effect of Circe's mad'ning draught,
God's holy image all defac'd, and chang'd
To the loath'd form of filthy goats or ſwine,
The vital ſpark from Heav'n extinct, and ſunk
By baſe contagion to the abject ſtate
Of that blind inſtinct which informs the brute;
Whilſt ye, ſo perfect in your miſery,
Feel not the mortifying change, but boaſt
Your manly ſenſe and reaſon unimpair'd.

True, ye are rich and great: The orient ſun
Which gilds your ſtately turrets with his rays
Sees not a clime but whence your riches ſpeed;
No wind that blows but o'er the oozy flood
Wafts your rich barks from ſome far diſtant ſhore:
True, ye have rule o'er all the ſea-girt Iſles
Which people the vaſt boſom of the deep,
Whilſt at your nod their tributary Lords
Wield but your ſceptres and diſpenſe your laws:

In

In ſtrength well tried that mocks the pow'r of war
Aloft in threat'ning pride your city ſtands,
Scoffing the boaſted works of Memphian Kings
When Egypt with the proud Aſſyria ſtrove
In wealth and luxury; Far off 'tis known
By many a tow'ring ſtructure high, which lifts
It's proud head to the ſky, glitt'ring with gold;
Within Eaſe, Pomp, and Luxury contend
Throughout each ſpacious ſtreet for maſtery,
Whilſt midnight revels and gay noontide feaſts
Speak joy and mirth and full ſecurity.
Are ye ſo ſafe? Such once was Niniveh!
As yours her pow'r and wealth, as yours her crimes:
Where lies ſhe now? Go ſend your wiſemen forth,
And let them ſearch where rapid Tigris rolls
If there her place be found; or let them try
If chance the banks by fair Euphrates waſh'd *
Boaſt not the poor remains of ſo much pride;
They faulter long nor fix the truth at length.
She who in thraldom led God's choſen flock
And wav'd her banners o'er the ſubject Eaſt,
She who for ages fix'd her ſtately height
In ſuch proud ſort as brav'd the frowns of Fate,

* Though moſt authors are of opinion that Niniveh was ſituated on the river Tigris, yet no leſs perſons than Cteſias and Diodorus Siculus repreſent it as ſituated on the Euphrates. Vide note †, p. 271.

Shone but a meteor for a moment's gaze
To fall at once nor leave one ſpark behind,
Not one faint glimpſe to ſay 'twas here, 'twas there.
Hear then her doom, and tremble for your own.

Now had th' Almighty Judge of Heav'n and Earth,
Within whoſe hand the proud Aſſyria ſerv'd
But as a ſcourge to puniſh Iſrael's ſin,
With indignation view'd the Victor's pride,
Who fluſh'd with conqueſt and debauch'd by wealth
Spurn'd at high Heav'n, and midſt their gorgeous feaſts
Gave honour to themſelves, nor thought on God,
Save to blaſpheme his name, who impious trod
Beneath irrev'rent feet his high beheſts
Indulging ev'ry ſenſe; th' impetuous youth
Following with eager ſteps and dauntleſs front
Wherever paſſion or lewd rapine call'd,
Whilſt aged Sires, on tott'ring crutches prop'd,
Look'd ſmiling on, and with a guilty ſigh
Envied their ſons the joys they could not ſhare.

He ſaw, and turn'd him loth to his revenge;
Nor ſtruck at once, but with a parent's care
Whoſe arms are ever open to receive
The humbled prodigal who turns, though late,
To ſeek his face, ſent forth his holy word

Of

Of his moſt juſt though moſt ſevere intent
Warning to give. The word to Jonah came;
Who all unus'd to bear ſuch high commands
Save to God's own elect, * with doubtful mind
Paus'd wond'ring. Ill, full ill ſuch pauſe became
Him who ere then had heard that mighty voice,
Who knew that ſound to thoſe who diſobey
Terrific as the thunder's craſh, but mild
As the ſoft wind which fann'd Eve's roſeate bow'r
Ere Sin had footing there, to thoſe who hear
And fly with duteous heart to execute.
Why did he pauſe? Ah why! unleſs to ſhew
To after times that he whoſe fault'ring mind
But one ſhort moment wavers in ſuſpence
When Duty calls, gives the Arch-tempter time
To gain firm footing in his Soul, and urge
Some well-deviſed plea to ſtop his courſe.
Why did he heſitate, why inly ſhew
Reluctance againſt God, or by a thought
Diſtruſt his firmneſs, or ſuſpect his truth!
Swift to betray and ever on the watch,
The ſubtle Tempter that ſhort moment ſeiz'd

* Jonas *ne fut pas ſeulement* appellé comme les autres Prophetes, à reprendre les dix tribus de leur Idolatries, Dieu lui donna *auſſi* la commiſſion d' aller denoncer aux Ninivites la ruine de leur Ville et leur perte totale. L'Hiſtoire de la Bible par Martin, pag. 254.

To raiſe a miſt before the Prophet's ſight,
Which ſhew'd it poſſible to flee from God.

O where was that all-ſacred ſpirit flown
Which erſt had glow'd within his fervent breaſt,
That fire prophetic, fitted and impell'd
To nobleſt purpoſes by God's own hand,
Which unappall'd by guilt, uncheck'd by fear,
Should ſcatter terror through an impious world,
And tell the dreadful tale of wrath to come!
'Twas gone, and in it's place wild frantic fear
And baſe diſtruſt and impious doubt ſprang up
Sinking the Prophet in the Man. He flies,
O miſerable change! the victim now
No longer the dread harbinger alone
Of heav'nly wrath: he flies, nor turns to think
'Till ſcenes of horror ſtrike his conſcious heart,
And quick deſtruction thunders to his ſoul.
Wide o'er the raging billows of the deep
Wild Horror ſtalks with aſpect terrible,
Whilſt plunging deep full many a fathom down
He learns by ſad experience to declare
How heavy 'tis to feel the wrath of Heav'n,
And bear the vengeance of an angry God.
Nor yet untried he tells the happier tale
Of mercy, when with pitying hand outſtretch'd

To

To reſcue from the very graſp of Death,
That Pow'r ſupreme by whom the ſtorm is rais'd,
Provides unhop'd-for ſafety in the deep.
In vain the lightnings ſhoot their ghaſtly gleam,
Wild thunders roar, and Ocean groaning deep
Lifts it's o'erwhelming billows to the ſky,
Unhurt he iſſues from his living tomb,
His glad eye op'ning on the light of heav'n,
And wrapt in wonder, joy and gratitude,
With eager ſtep purſues his deſtin'd way,
Type of that plan ſupreme not yet fulfill'd *,
Which reconcil'd the vengeance due to guilt
With " that dear might" which loos'd the bands of Death.

'Twas morn, and o'er the glitt'ring tow'rs the Sun
Shed wide his kindling beams; illum'd with gold
Aloft the ſpiry turrets ſhone, and wav'd
Their ſilken banners ſtreaming in the wind
With gay diſplay; bedeck'd with martial ſpoils,
From hapleſs Iſrael won, rich trophies roſe,
And frequent grac'd the walls. With conſcious pride
His wide domain the victor Monarch view'd,
Whilſt, ſitting high amid a gaudy herd
Of Sycophants, he gave a looſe to joy,

* There ſhall no ſign be given it but the ſign of the prophet Jonas. S. Matt. xvi. 4.

Rais'd

Rais'd a whole nation's voice in feſtive ſongs,
And taught his ready ſlaves, too prone to learn,
That luxury alone is happineſs.

Slow and unnotic'd through the ſpacious ſtreets
The holy prophet walk'd and mark'd their pride.
He mark'd their pow'r, he mark'd their wealth, and now
A heaving ſigh he ſtole, whilſt all around
The growing multitudes he view'd, who throng'd
Thick as the inſect race which quiv'ring float
With hum inceſſant on the evening breeze.
Sorrowing he mark'd the jocund air which ſhone
In ev'ry face and brighten'd ev'ry eye,
Whilſt all was joy and mirth and careleſs eaſe;
Sad contraſt to the proſpect in his ſoul!
He ſigh'd, and one mild look of pity caſt,
" Juſt Heav'n—but forty days!—thy will be done!"
Then op'ning ſlow the book of Fate, he turn'd
And " O" he cried " Vain, heedleſs race attend,
" Ye who with giant pride a courſe full long
" Of old, unfeeling vice have run, and ye
" Whom Luxury with ſoft ſeducing ſmile
" Allures, and binds in ſilken chains, attend;
" Leave, leave, for ever leave your gay delights,
" Your wonted triumphs and your ceaſeleſs mirth,
" For O ſad change! a long long train of woes,

" Like

" Like a ſwart ſtorm which gathers in the wind,
" Hangs hov'ring o'er your deſtin'd heads, and waits
" But the ſcant hour appointed ere it burſts
" And crumbles you to duſt. Unhappy ſtate!
" Quick quick the moment comes when all thy ſtrength
" Which triumph'd far and wide with greedy pow'r
" Shall ſink to leſs than woman's weakneſs, fall'n
" Beneath the hopeleſs abject ſtate of thoſe
" Who felt the keen edge of thy Tyranny.
" I ſee thy ſtrong tow'rs nod, thy bulwarks rock,
" Thy ſtately fabricks from their center heave,
" Whilſt Deſolation like a whirlwind flies
" In one ſad ruin overwhelming all.
" Go ſeek your King amidſt his pageant ſtate,
" Nor tremble at his look, but bid him fear;
" And boldly tell him one unwelcome truth,
" That now, ev'n now the hand of Heav'n is rear'd,
" Or ere the fortieth Sun ſhall riſe and ſet,
" To blaſt the blooming laurels on his brow,
" And hurl him from his car of triumph down,
" No more to riſe, but with his meaneſt ſlaves
" To lie confounded in one gen'ral doom."

All pow'rful is the voice of Truth: Aghaſt
The trembling people ſtand, nor doubt his words,
Whilſt coward Conſcience whiſpers to their ſoul

How

How leſs than nothing is the aid which wealth
Or pow'r can lend againſt the wrath of Heav'n.
By ſenſe of danger rous'd, they bow the knee
And proſtrate turn to God, remember'd ſcarce
Nor ever ſought in moments happier deem'd:
Themſelves ſufficient to themſelves, they ſcorn'd
To court his ſmile, but dar'd not brave his frown.
Fear taught them firſt to kneel and firſt to pray,
Whilſt memory officious to their view
Held the black regiſter of their miſdeeds.
Deſpair firſt taught their harden'd hearts to melt,
And turn'd the flint-ſtone to a ſpringing-well,
Whence flow'd in copious ſtreams thoſe contrite tears
Which fail not in the eye of Heav'n to purge
The ſoul from guilt, and waſh out ev'ry ſtain.

Nor vain their pray'rs, their tears; for Heav'n who form'd
Knows well the frailty of the ſons of earth,
Nor ſeeks perfection there, but kindly deigns
To raiſe the humbled ſinner from the duſt,
And give to penitence the promis'd meed
Of virtue undefil'd. A nation's tears
Abſolv'd a nation's guilt; and gracious Heav'n
With mild relenting eye and arm reſtrain'd
Receiv'd their proffer'd vows.—But ah! how vain,

How

How weak is Man! how frail his beſt reſolves!
But fraileſt thoſe which owe their haſty birth
To fear; how ſhort, how tranſient is their life.
Hardly obtain'd, they ſhine but like the ſparks
Struck from the flint, which ſcarce outlive the blow.
Ev'n thus, or ere the fortieth Sun had ſat,
The dreaded ſentence ſeem'd an idle dream,
And the full tide of Sin, awhile reſtrain'd,
Ruſh'd madly forward with redoubled force,
Precluding ev'ry hope of future grace.
That Heav'n ſhould find it eaſier to forgive
Than wayward man alas to be forgiv'n!
But O unhappy ſtate! O deſp'rate race!
A ſterner prophet, ISRAEL'S COMFORTER *,
Hath dipp'd his pen in blood to write thy doom.
Too deep the reeking ſword ſhall ſtrike, too near
To trifle with its edge; again 'tis drawn,
And never never ſhall be ſheath'd, 'till wide
It ſpreads deſtruction o'er thy plains, nor leaves
A hand to bury or an eye to weep.

* Naum qui interpretatur Conſolator. Jam enim decem tribus ab Aſſyriis deductæ fuerant in captivitatem ſub Ezechia Rege Juda, ſub quo etiam nunc in conſolationem populi tranſmigrati, adverſum Niniven viſio cernitur. Hieron. in Naum.

Hark

Hark where the conqu'ring Mede with furious voice
Calls loud for help ; Stern Babylon replies * ;
Together roll their rattling chariots on,
Their blended Armies gather as they run,
And brandiſhing their eager faulchions high
Impetuous ruſh like Lions on their prey.
They come, they come, lo where thy weak hoſts fly,
Nor fly in ſafety ; ſee they ſink, they fall,
Fall like ripe fruit, or yellow autumn leaves,
And ſtrew the victor's path. Loſt in amaze
Thy hardy vet'rans ſtand to ſee ſuch feats
As turn their bloodieſt wars to childiſh frays ;
And ever and anon with anguiſh pierc'd
" Stand, ſtand," they faintly cry, but none regards †,
" Turn, daſtard ſlaves," but no one will look back.
Frantic with fear they loſe the pow'r to raiſe
One warding ſhield to break the Victor's ſtroke :
Th' enſanguin'd field alone with carnage ſtrew'd
Awhile impedes their eager way : But now,
Through ſcenes of Horror burſting, at thy walls

* This point, I think, is generally agreed upon, That Niniveh was taken and deſtroyed by the Medes and Babylonians ; theſe two rebelling and uniting together, ſubverted the Aſſyrian empire. Bp. Newton on the Prophecies, vol. III. pag. 261.

† Nahum ii. 8.

A thou-

A thouſand banners wave, and purple ſpears
Unnumber'd preſs; vainly thy ports are barr'd,
Thy ſtrong tow'rs man'd with many a hardy chief,
Vain thy ſtrong holds, vain all thy ancient might,
For lo the rapid flood impetuous ſwells *,
And Deſolation borne upon its waves
In dreadful pomp, invades thy tott'ring wall,
And rides in horrid triumph through the breach.
Remembrance now calls forth the flatt'ring tale
Prophetic, which thy ſage Forefathers told †,
Your wiſe men ſighing ſhake their hoary heads,
Foreboding now th' unlook'd-for time is come
When the proud ſtream ſhall lift her rebel waves
Againſt thoſe ſacred walls which grace her ſhore.

And now thy bulwarks nod, they bow, they fall,
Low, low on earth thy proſtrate glory lies.

* Nahum i. 8.

† This alludes to the following paſſage in Diodorus Siculus. Ἡ δ' αὐλὴ λογιον, &c. Atqui vaticinium a majoribus traditum habebat, a nullo capi Ninum poſſe niſi fluvius urbi prius hoſtis evaderet. Tertio demum anno accidit, ut *Euphrates* continuis imbrium graviſſimorum tempeſtatibus excreſcens, urbis partem inundaret et murum ad ſtadia viginti dejiceret. Tum vero finem habere oraculum, amnemque manifeſte urbi hoſtem eſſe Rex judicans, ſpem ſalutis abjecit. Diodorus Siculus, lib. 2.

Now

Now rooted from their baſe the ſculptur'd dome,
The ſtately column and the ſtoried arch,
In awful ruin lie: Whilſt ruthleſs War,
The keen Scythe ſnatching from the hand of Time
With ſpeedier rage to deal deſtruction round,
Levels the work of ages at a blow;
Nor one proud track of ancient glory leaves,
Save what the rolls of mem'ry may ſupply
Uncertain, or the eye inquiſitive
Trace from the mould'ring heaps of ſcatter'd pride,
As through thy graſs-grown ſtreets with fearful tread
The trav'ler ſtrays, caſting a wary look,
Leſt baſking in the ſculptur'd cornice lurk
The ſlimy adder or the mottled ſnake,
And ſtarting hears the horrid night-bird's ſcream
From off the gilded chapiter reſound
With lonely eccho through the moſs-grown walls.

Thus blaſted in its very noon of pride
Falls the weak State whoſe tott'ring baſe is laid
Unſtable in the ſand of human pow'r.
And mark her fall, ye gen'rous band, who claim
The honour'd name of Patriot, mark it well,
And let it grave this leſſon on your heart,
"They raiſe a Nation's ſtrength alone, who raiſe
"A Nation's virtue;" think how weak, how vain

Proves

Proves ev'ry State which boaſts not her ſupport,
Like the myſterious Gourd, beneath whoſe ſhade
The Prophet ſat, it bloſſoms for a day;
But deep within its canker'd root conceal'd
The worm of Sin with ever rankling tooth
Preys on its vital part: unmark'd, unſeen
The inbred venom works, 'till drooping faſt,
Its bluſhing honours ſinking to the duſt,
It fades forgot, nor leaves to after times
The precious odour of a good report.

THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

BY

WILLIAM HODSON, M. A.

M DCC LXX.

THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

TEMPLE.

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, M. A.

MDCCCXX.

THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

THE pious act of Iſrael's peaceful King,
Whoſe praiſe re-eccho'd by the trump of Fame
Beyond the confines of remoteſt lands,
From Sheba, and from Araby the bleſt,
From Afric's deſerts, and the Eaſtern ſhores
Where rapid Indus rolls his golden waves,
To Solyma allur'd unnumber'd crowds,
To hear the wiſdom falling from his tongue,
And catch the honey'd accents of his mouth,
I ſing.—From that reſplendent throne, where rob'd
In majeſty ineffable thou ſitt'ſt,
Deſcend, celeſtial Muſe! Urania! Thee
I call; deſcend, and breathe into my verſe
Thy ſolemn ſounds, thy ſoul-commanding pow'r,
Until it pour its thund'ring tide along,
In numbers equal to its ſwelling theme.—

Fell Diſcord now, her robes beſmear'd with blood,
Her breath more fatal than the deadly plague,
Whoſe humid wings, ſurcharg'd with foul diſeaſe,
Deſtroy the bluſhes of the roſy ſpring,
And blaſt fair Nature's pride; no more laid waſte
The verdant beauty of Judea's plains.
No more the trumpet's ſhrill-ton'd clangor pierc'd
The wide-extended vault of Heav'n, and call'd
The warrior forth, where louder than the burſt,
When mingled thunders ſhake the lab'ring pole,
The din of battle roar'd. The matron now
And hoary ſire, no more, their cheeks bedew'd
With tears, their hands uplifted to the throne
Of Heav'n, beſought their fathers God to cloſe
Their aged eyes, and give their ſorrows reſt.
For War's deſtroying ſword had ceas'd to ſpread
Its horrors thro' the land, and meek-ey'd Peace,
With Plenty in her train, from her full lap
Shower'd down rich bleſſings on the famiſh'd earth,
'Till hill and valley ſmil'd, and every ſcene
Was chang'd from woe, to extaſy and joy. —

Thrice happy nation! favorites of Heaven!
Selected from the kingdoms of the earth
To be his choſen race, ordain'd to ſpread
His glory thro' remoteſt realms, and teach

The

The gentile world Jehovah's awful name.
Oh had ye known the bleſſings ye enjoy'd!
Ye could not have indulg'd that impious rage,
Which ſcrupled not to leave your God, and bow
The knee to Moloch, horrid king! which dar'd
Defile his holy place, with impious carnage,
And fear'd not to inſult his Majeſty,
Whoſe awful word could crumble into duſt
Your idol gods, and you. At whoſe command
Th' affrighted waves retir'd, and ſtood on heaps
As tho' an adamantine mound had ſtopt
Their rapid courſe, and to the ſun,—(a ſight,
Whate'er the bards of old fabling relate,
Unkown before;)—the chambers of the deep
Diſclos'd. But when his choſen race had paſs'd,
At his dread call with mighty noiſe they ruſh'd,
More furious than the rolling blaſt of night,
Which inſtant from its knotted center tears
The mountain oak, whoſe tow'ring head, unmov'd
For ages brav'd the winds of heaven; or than
The horrid burſt which ſhakes the cavern'd earth,
When Ætna vomits forth her livid fires;
And 'mid the ſwelling torrent overwhelm'd
The haughty tyrant, and his wretched crew,
Who durſt preſume to tread that path, which God
Had made for Iſrael alone. Oh more

Than mortal blindneſs! to reject his kind
Paternal care, whoſe bounteous hand, amid
The barren wilderneſs for forty years,
Had fed your fathers with the bread of heaven:
Who made you ride upon the vanquiſh'd necks
Of mighty kings, and rais'd you up a prince
To bleſs Judea's happy land; a prince
With ev'ry gift adorn'd, and fram'd alike
To dare the horrors of the tented field
While battle roll'd againſt his ſide, or grace
The gentle arts of peace. — But who, great King!
Can worthily expreſs thy praiſe? Thy lyre,
Thy living lyre alone, whoſe dulcet ſounds
In gentleſt murmurs floating on the air,
Could calm the fury of the woe-ſtruck king,
And ſooth the agony which pierc'd his heart;
Or when thou ſwept'ſt the maſter ſtrings and roll'dſt
The deep impetuous tide along, with more
Than mortal ſound, could'ſt raiſe his raptur'd ſoul
To extaſy; or from the tortur'd ſtrings
Harſh diſcord ſhaking, ſink him in the gulph
Of dire deſpair, while horror chill'd his blood,
And from each pore the agonizing ſweat
Diſtill'd; that deep-ton'd lyre alone, can ſing
Thy fervent piety, thy glowing zeal,
Whoſe righteous ſoul, aggriev'd to ſee the ark,

That

That holy ſanctuary which contain'd
The ſacred tranſcript of the will of God,
From place, to place, by hands prophane conducted,
And oft, oh ſacrilege! become the prey
Of impious Philiſtines, reſolv'd to build
An holy temple to the God of Hoſts,
An habitation to contain this pledge
Of heav'nly love, thoſe laws, which from Mount Sinai
Jehovah cloath'd with terrors, while thick clouds,
And darkneſs wrapt him round, pronounc'd in ſounds
Which chill'd the hearts of thoſe who heard, and froze
Their vital blood. Beneath whoſe awful feet
Earth trembled, and the lofty mountain ſhook,
Hoarſe thunder growl'd, and livid lightnings flaſh'd,
While ſounds of horror and diſtreſs, amid
The howling wilderneſs were heard. — Approach,
Ye boaſted ſages of proud Greece! and Rome!
Approach this ſacred ſcene! and bluſh. Attend,
Oh vain Philoſophy! thou wand'ring light!
Which haſt ſo oft miſled our ſteps, attend!
And proſtrate at this heav'nly ſhrine, lament
Thy blindneſs, and forego thy pride; here caſt
Thy trophies down, undeck thyſelf of all
Thy borrow'd plumes, and own the fountain whence
Thy hoary ſons receiv'd the living fire,
Which animates the glowing page they penn'd.

Oh

Oh happy David! whoſe exalted ſoul
Such heav'nly ardour breath'd; thrice happy thou!
To frame the bleſs'd deſign, altho' deny'd
The full completion of thy fervent wiſh.
That holy care the God of peace reſerv'd
For thy lov'd Son, whoſe hands the bloody ſword
Of ruthleſs war had ne'er defil'd, whom Heav'n
Had crown'd with every gift his heart could frame,
His fond ideas paint. ——Yes, favour'd prince!
That envied happineſs was thine; 'twas thee
Th' Almighty choſe among the ſons of men,
To dedicate a temple to his name,
Where he, whoſe awful preſence fills the vaſt
Immenſity of ſpace, who makes the clouds
His chariot, rides ſublime the whirlwind's wing,
And guides the raging ſtorm, would deign to dwell,
And make his preſence known. ——Th' exalted taſk
Thy princely wiſdom worthily perform'd;
The pride of every region, every clime,
Thy pious care ſelected for the work,
And brought to Solyma; whoſe magazines
Th' united produce of the world contain'd.
Here might be ſeen the treaſures of the Eaſt,
The boaſted wealth of Taprobana's * ſhores,
With varied ſplendour ſtruck the dazzled eye,

* Bochart's Chanaan, B. I. Ch. 46.

And

And ſham'd thy radiant light, oh Sun! — Beneath
Thy foſt'ring hand, the glorious ſtructure roſe,
Whoſe haughty front on maſſy pillars built,
Contemn'd the earth, and menaced the ſtars.
Whoſe roofs, and walls, for which old Lebanon
Gave up the pride of years, with precious gems,
And gold were overlaid; whoſe lofty gates
On golden hinges hung, unfolding wide
With ſolemn ſound, which thro' the fretted vaults
In pealing ecchoes ran, diſplay'd the vaſt
Magnificence which ſtruck th' aſtoniſh'd view,
Where every grace, and beauty, art could frame,
Or human ſkill invent, blaz'd on the ſight. —
But chief the inner houſe, the holy ſeat
Deſign'd to guard the bleſſed covenant
Which Heav'n with man had made, employ'd thy care.
The em'rald's vivid hue, the diamond's glow,
Whoſe lucid rays the abſence of the ſun
Supplied, compos'd its ſacred walls. Here ſtood
The conſecrated veſſels, highly wrought
Of bright Parvaïm gold, where branching palms,
And Cherubs myſtic forms, the ſculptor's pow'r
And wondrous art diſplay'd. Here too was plac'd
The holy altar, where the great high Prieſt
Each year preſented to the throne of Heav'n
The blood of victims, and invok'd the God

Of

Of ſacrifice, to hear a nation's pray'r.
Two lofty Cherubins with wings of gold,
Of gold from Ophir brought, extended wide
The entrance kept, and ſpread a ſolemn ſhade:
And leſt unhallow'd hands ſhould dare defile
The ſacred utenſils, or curious pry
Into the holy myſteries, a veil
Conceal'd them from the view, through which the Prieſt
Alone preſum'd to paſs.—But ſtop, my Muſe!
Where is the adamantine pen, whoſe courſe
Unwearied as the Sun, has ſtrength to paint
Thoſe endleſs wonders, where the raviſh'd eye
From beauty, rang'd to beauty, without end.
Oh glorious Temple! worthy of the God
Whoſe ſplendid ſhrine thou waſt! what can compare
With Thee?—Ye wonders of the Heathen world!
Ye boaſted wonders! where is now your pride?
Ye pyramids! whoſe tow'ring heads aroſe
Into the ſky, and darkned Egypt's land;
Ye walls of Babylon! the far-fam'd work
Of her, who with a woman's form poſſeſs'd
The noble firmneſs of a manly ſoul;
Where is your grandeur now?—Your honour's loſt,
Your glory is eclips'd.—Ye works of vanity!
Unworthy incenſe to the pride of Man!
Ye trophies of deſtroying Time! Your fame

One

One day ſhall fail without a veſtige left
To ſhew you once have been.—Not ſo ſhalt Thou,
Thrice hallow'd Pile! whoſe Heav'n-inſpir'd deſign
Seraphic love, and pious ardour breath'd.
For tho' an impious Tyrant's daring hand,
Shall caſt thy bulwarks to the ground, and tread
Thy glory in the duſt, thy memory
Shall laſt, pure as th' unſullied light of Heav'n,
Recorded in that hallow'd page, whoſe truths,
Whoſe ſacred truths ſhall live, when years ſhall roll
No more, and every period which has mark'd
The furrow'd cheek of Time, amid the vaſt,
Unfathom'd ocean of Eternity
Be loſt.—

* The golden ſeaſon of the year
Now haſt'ned on, when yellow-haired Autumn,
His head with ſwelling ſheaves, and purple fruits
Encircled, pours his choiceſt treaſures forth.
Fair Nature's glowing pencil, dipt amid
The bluſhing tints which deck the bow of Heav'n,
With rip'ned beauty paints the waving ſcene.
The Sun now darts no more that burning rage,
Whoſe fierce effulgence drives the fainting world,
To ſeek the cooling ſtream, or ſhady bow'r;
His ſweeteſt beams he ſheds, attemper'd ſoft

* It was in the month Ethanim that the people were aſſembled.

Thro'

Thro' fleecy clouds, whoſe animating warmth
With wild luxuriance ſtrews the lap of earth,
And crowns the ſmiling fields with gen'rous plenty.—
'Twas then Judea's pious King, beneath
Whoſe foſt'ring care the coſtly edifice,
The labour'd work of many a year, receiv'd
That ſolemn grandeur which became the pride,
And wonder of ſucceeding times; proclaim'd
A ſolemn feaſt, and call'd to Salem's tow'rs
The ſons of Judah, ſcatter'd wide around
Her diſtant hills, from Hermon, to the mount
Of Horeb, down whoſe rock-encumber'd ſide,
In plenteous torrents roll'd the chryſtal ſtream,
Struck by that potent Rod, which once ſtretch'd forth
Upon the ſedgy waters of old Nile,
To putrid gore his circling waves congeal'd.—
As when the fountains of the roaring deep,
No longer burſting o'er their cavern'd bed,
Had ceas'd to pour their ſwelling billows forth,
Nor one unbounded ſea this earthly ball
O'erwhelm'd; th' unnumber'd ſpecies who eſcap'd
The wild uproar, and univerſal wreck,
Deſcended from the cloud-envellop'd top
Of Ararat, to plant the deſart waſte,
And animate the lifeleſs globe;—ſo ruſh'd
The num'rous race of Jacob, to behold

The ſacred pomp, and join the general joy.
Scarce could her ample palaces contain
The countleſs hoſt, which crowded to her gates.
No clouded brow was ſeen, but pleaſure fill'd
Each bounding heart, and ſparkled in each eye.
Pale Melancholy, with her murky train,
And Envy's haggard cheek, accurſed brood
Of Sin and Death, far from the happy ſcene
Where decent Mirth, and pious Gladneſs bleſs'd
The circling hours, amid the dreary realms
Of ſable-hooded Night, their native clime,
Where black-brow'd Darkneſs flaps his raven wings,
Their horrid ſhapes, and ſqualid looks conceal'd.
The bounteous King each care ſupplied, and grac'd
The feſtive board, where joyous Plenty ſmil'd,
And generous goblets crown'd the rich repaſt. ——
At length the morn which brought the hallow'd day,
Deſign'd to ſolemnize the myſteries,
And conſecrate to Heav'n's eternal King
The glorious fabric to his honour rais'd,
With roſy ſteps advanc'd, purpling the Eaſt.
Soon as the flaming car of light had left
Old Ocean's bed, and bounding up Heav'n's vault
Upon the gloomy world had pour'd the flood
Of day; the trumpet's lofty ſound the rites
Proclaim'd, and to the royal palace call'd

The Prieſts, the Elders, and th' unnumber'd crowd,
Which fill'd the walls of Solyma. The grand
Proceſſion thence began.—Firſt march'd the guards
In burniſh'd arms reſplendent to the ſun.
The victims next, more num'rous than the flocks,
And lowing herds, upon a thouſand hills,
An offering of peace approach'd.—To theſe
The great high Prieſt, in ſacred veſtments rob'd,
Succeeded, holding in his aged hands
The knife of Sacrifice. His ſilver locks
A mitre, rich inlaid with pearls, adorn'd,
Upon whoſe front theſe characters were grav'd
In words of gold, HOLINESS TO THE LORD.
Around his trembling limbs, which bent beneath
The weight, was wrapt a purple ephod deck'd
With coſtly gems, and gold; and on his breaſt
The myſtic Urim, and the Thummim ſhone.
Behind were ſeen the Prieſts, and Levites, cloath'd
In linen garments white as mountain ſnow,
Bearing the holy ark, with reverence,
And awe. Around in order march'd the ſingers,
Hymning Jehovah's name in ſongs of praiſe.
With every ſtrain the ſilver trumpets breath'd
Their ſwelling notes, and pierc'd the ambient air;
At which th' attendant throng enraptur'd join'd
The num'rous choir in ſhouts of heart-felt joy,

And

And ſang Hoſannahs to the King of Kings,
Who was, and is, and is to come, 'till Heav'n's
Capacious dome re-eccho'd to the ſound.
Next came the king array'd in crimſon robes,
And ſeated on a car of ſolid gold.
Around him walk'd the nobles of his court,
In purple cloath'd of richeſt hue, the work
Of Tyre, for ſkill, and cunning fam'd.—Behind
Appear'd the guards, who clos'd the pompous ſcene;
Which round the city's wide-ſtretch'd circuit march'd
With ſlow and ſoleman pace, until they reach'd
The Temple's lofty gates, whoſe ample round
The num'rous train admitted; where arriv'd,
Within the ſanctuary's hallow'd ſpace
They plac'd the Ark, and while the great High Prieſt
With due luſtrations ſanctify'd the courts,
And ſolemniz'd the myſteries, again
They ſtruck the chorded ſhell, and caroll'd ſweet
Th' impaſſion'd hymn of praiſe.—The deſtin'd victims
Upon the altar bound, he now approach'd,
To plunge into their breaſts the ſacred knife,
When Solomon deſcending from his ſeat,
Where underneath a canopy of gold
Sublime he ſat, and bending low, addreſs'd
The throne of Heav'n.—No more the choral ſong
Was heard, their golden lyres no more breath'd forth

The melting rapture, every voice was huſh'd,
A death-like ſilence reign'd around, and mute
Attention dwelt upon each tongue.—Oh Thou
Who erſt didſt open Zacharias' lips,
Eternal Spirit! ſearcher of all hearts!
Breathe thro' my inmoſt ſoul that light divine,
Whoſe pure unclouded fountains once inſpir'd
Thy prophets myſtic pens; that I may catch
Th' extatic fervour which inflam'd his breaſt,
While raptur'd at the altar's hallow'd foot
Theſe ſacred accents glow'd upon his tongue:

" FATHER omnipotent! Eternal God!
" Thrice holy! ſelf-exiſtent! Pow'r ſupreme!
" Whoſe mighty word yon maſſy ſpheres attun'd,
" And call'd the wonders of creation forth.
" Thou whom the ſun in his eternal courſe,
" And morning ſtars inſpher'd, together quire;
" Jehovah, incommunicable name!
" Before whoſe awful preſence, angels veil'd,
" With mighty Seraphim, inceſſant hymn
" Their God, in extaſy of ceaſeleſs praiſe.
" Shalt Thou, unchangeable, eternal King!
" Before whoſe ever burning throne, in chains
" Of adamant, Eternity, and Fate
" Lie bound. Who with the lightning's beam, in words

" Of

" Of fire, engrav'ſt thy everlaſting laws,
" Upon the front of Heav'n's unbounded ſphere.
" Beneath whoſe mighty nod, when Thou art wroth,
" The ſolid mountain from its center ſhakes,
" And Earth's ingulph'd foundations ſtand reveal'd;
" While Vengeance riſing from his bed of woe,
" To cruſh a guilty world, his creſted ſnakes
" Erects, and lances from his red right arm
" The flaming thunderbolt.——Shalt Thou reſide
" In houſes hands have faſhion'd? No; beyond
" Creation's ample circuit, where the car
" Of day, pure fount of empyrèal light!
" Ne'er ſhed his all-enliv'ning beam, thy pow'r
" Pervades, and fills th' unfathomable void
" Of Chaos, and of Night. —— Yet deign t' accept
" This Temple ſacred to thy holy name,
" And tho' thou dwell'ſt on high, receive our pray'rs.
" Forgive our paſt backſlidings, may we grieve
" No more that holy Spirit, which has work'd
" Unnumber'd miracles for Iſrael's ſons.
" Protect thy choſen race from murd'rous ſnares
" Of proud deceitful men, who hunt for blood,
" As roams the famiſh'd lion for his prey.
" Ariſe, oh King of Kings! and diſappoint
" Their malice, who unmindful of their God,
" Thy awful Majeſty, thy pow'r defy,

" And bow the knee to Dagon. Who amid
" Their nightly orgies, chant in mad'ning choirs
" His might divine, and give to ſculptur'd ſtones
" Thy glory, and thy name. Turn from theſe walls
" Their ſacrilegious hands, whoſe impious rage
" Burns to defile theſe hallow'd inſtruments,
" Theſe veſſels to thy ſervice conſecrate.
" Oh let no blood to idols offer'd ſtain
" This holy altar, nor within theſe roofs,
" To other Gods than thee, let incenſe ſmoke.
" Deſcend celeſtial ſpirits! Ye who wait
" Around the throne of God! deſcend, and guard
" This heav'n-devoted ſhrine. Come, holy Love!
" Meek angel! daughter mild of Innocence,
" And Truth! leave, leave thy bright enthron'd abode
" On high, and with Religion, ſainted maid!
" Propitious guide amid life's darkſome vale
" Our wand'ring ſteps. Oh ſend thy cherub, Hope,
" To chaſe from every contrite heart, the fiend
" Deſpair; and let thy mercy's gentleſt ray,
" Refreſhing as the ſilver dew of heav'n
" Upon the drooping flow'rs, deſcend to ſooth
" The weeping penitent. Breathe thro' our ſouls
" Thy heav'nly ardour, teach us to implore
" His tender mercies, whoſe paternal love
" Forgave our diſobedience. May our hearts

" In

" In duty firm, obſequious to his will
" His laws obey, and to his name alone
" Our adorations give, 'till wrapt beyond
" That ſtarry canopy, where Seraphs ſweep
" Their living lyres, and ſing in notes divine
" The endleſs wonders of creative pow'r,
" We join th' immortal choir, and tune our harps
" To endleſs raptures, and eternal praiſe."——

He ceas'd. When lo! a mighty noiſe was heard
Of ruſhing winds, and fire from heav'n conſum'd
The ſacrifice. Upon the holy ſeat
The Shechinah deſcended, and illum'd
The temple's ſpacious walls with radiant glory.
A burning cloud it ſeem'd, like that which erſt
Attended Judah's ſons, when to avoid
The galling load of Pharaoh's iron ſway,
From Egypt's land they fled. The unnumber'd Hoſt
Amazed at the ſight, with holy awe
Their faces veil'd, and proſtrate on the ground
In hallelujahs hymn'd Jehovah's name,
To him alone aſcribing majeſty,
And pow'r. Jehovah's name the vaulted roofs
Rebound; their acclamations pierce the ſkies,
And with the ſmoke of ſacrifice aſcend
A grateful incenſe to the throne of God. —

THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

BY

GEORGE BALLY, M. A.

WRITTEN FOR MR. SEATON's PRIZE, BUT REJECTED.

M DCC LVII.

THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

FOE to each ſtrain, which ſooths th' unhallow'd ear,
And violates the dignity of ſong,
The Chriſtian Muſe exults to catch her flame
From altars of the living God, to drink
Her inſpiration from the fount of Truth.
Glorious her theme and ſolemn! fit to ſwell
The raptures of a Seraph, when with hymn
Ecſtatic, to his golden harp attun'd,
He makes the throne of Deity reſound.

Deign, Holy Spirit, in thy SIBYL's breaſt,
If pure the ſhrine, and for th' illapſe prepar'd,
To plant a ray of thy celeſtial light,
That ſo the viſionary maid, enlarg'd
Her tone and feature, may with awful ſound
Utter immortal myſteries, may ſing
The glories of thy kingdom: how, transfixt

With

With his own arrows, Death ſhall yield his prey,
And groan in ſullen agonies his laſt:
How Time ſhall join Eternity's abyſs,
And mingling ſink ingulf'd: how Earth ſhall tremble
With fruitful throes, and heave with quicken'd duſt,
Man burſting from the priſon of his tomb
(By ſhocks without, by fears within appall'd)
To meet the dread award; to ſee his God,
In all the ſplendors of judicial pomp
Array'd, deſcending from the empyreal ſkies.

When ſiren Pleaſure ſpreads her guilty charms,
And ſummons all her blandiſhments to melt
Thy manhood into ſoftneſs, and debaſe
The Heav'n-ſtamp'd image to a grov'ling brute;
Or when Ambition waves her plumy creſt,
And with the gaudy pageant fires thy blood;
Prompts to break moral ties, as chains that bind
Heroic worth, and check fair Fame's career;
Heir of eternal life, reflect, O Man,
What to thyſelf thou ow'ſt, whoſe endleſs doom
Hangs on this ſquander'd moment, or the next.
To ſpecious phantoms, by thy paſſions dreſt
In pleaſing gloſs, let Fancy's magic glance
Oppoſe the final and tremendous ſcene:
Think that thou ſee'ſt the veil etherial rent

Th' Om-

Th' Omniſcient Judge diſclos'd, begirt with pow'r
Paternal: ſhudder at th' imagin'd ſound
Of the loud-pealing trump, which Nature hears
Shook from her priſtin functions, and convuls'd:
Rapt in ſad trance behold the teeming graves
Yawn and unhouſe their tenants, trooping all
Where the bright ſtandard of th' enſanguin'd Croſs
Waves o'er the throne imperial, in mid air:
Image thyſelf from ſubterranean cell
Thruſt into light, and ſummon'd to the bar,
Pallid, aghaſt, and trembling for thy doom,
Heav'n op'ning all her joys, her torments Hell.
If to thy mind this picture were diſplay'd
In all its heighten'd colourings of awe,
Deep wou'd th' impreſſion ſink: no worldly lure
Wou'd tempt the riſque of an immortal ſoul.
Superior to the glitter of a crown,
To INDIA'S wealth, or Beauty's roſeate ſmile,
Touch'd by Religion's ray, thy kindling ſpirit
Wou'd ſoar on Adoration's eagle wing
To the Triune all-glorious Sun: there drink
Large draughts inſatiate from the bliſsful fount,
In ecſtaſies ineffable diſſolv'd.

In that portentous hour, when ev'ry heart
Shall groan, and ſympathize with Nature's pang,

When

When the world, unſubſtantial as its joys,
Shall like a fleeting ſhadow melt away,
What ſhall ſuſtain the ſoul? What ſhoot a beam
Of conſolation thro' the ſolid gloom?
What? but a retroſpection of the paſt,
If, brighten'd with good deeds, the proſpect ſhew
No darker ſpots than errors of ſurprize:
If, liſted in the ſervice of thy God,
Tenacious of thine oath thou ſtood'ſt the ſiege
Of Satan, unſubdu'd, tho' all his wiles
Combin'd with direful enginery aſſail'd
The more than ſtoic fortreſs of thy heart:
Or if, ſeduc'd, and yielding to his ſnares,
Thy ſoul, with deep contrition ſmit, bewail'd
Her baſe defection, and with fervent pray'r,
And vow'd amendment to the throne of grace
Suppliant return'd, and ſtruggled for the boon.
Then Conſcience, flame implanted from above
To guide thro' life's dark wild our devious ſteps,
(That ſmiles an angel, or a dæmon frowns)
Will ſing her ſoothing requiem to thy breaſt.
Much will it chear thee, if amidſt the crowd
An orphan or a widow meet thine eye,
Whoſe lighten'd woes confeſs'd thy foſt'ring hand:
If mild forgiveneſs in thy boſom glow'd,
Thy friends embracing, nor excluding foes.

This

This thy bleſt Saviour, unexhauſted ſource
Of love and mercy! when He deign'd to ſhroud
The Godhead in Mortality's frail robe,
Enjoin'd and practis'd. Heaven is bound to pay
What man's benevolence expends on man.
Than Charity no fairer ſweeter flow'r
The Chriſtian chaplet weaves. All other virtues
Their end attain'd ſhall ceaſe for ever. Hope
Shall in Fruition's ocean be abſorpt,
And Faith in Certainty's meridian blaze.
But this ſweet bud, tranſplanted from the bleak
Ungenial nurſery below, ſhall bloom
Immortal in ambroſial EDEN's bow'rs,
And with diffuſive odours glad all heaven.

Thus taught to ſhun the perils of that ſtorm,
Which ſhall the Wicked wreck, but waft the Good,
Propitious, to calm ports of endleſs joy;
The Muſe embolden'd will her taſk purſue,
And all the dread amazing ſcene unfold:
Reckleſs, tho' man condemn her frigid ſtrain,
If Heav'n her modulated life applaud,
The better ſong! and in that ſolemn day,
Which trembling now ſhe meditates to ſing,
Deign to beſtow the bright unwith'ring wreath.

Time's

Time's moſt ſtupendous birth, by glaring types
Prefigur'd, by the dark myſterious voice
Of holy ſeers announc'd, by God himſelf
(Empty'd of glory, and in fleſh reveal'd)
Foreſhewn in noontide luſtre, now diſclos'd
Frowns horrible on Earth's awaken'd ſons.
Yet (ſo inſenſate, and obdur'd his guilt)
Tho' the moſt awful enſigns of diſmay,
Dark'ning the face of Nature, had proclaim'd
The world's approaching obſequies, yet Man
Graſps ſublunary ſhadows, pictur'd clouds,
And anchors on the toſſing wave his hope.
So in the days of NOAH, tho' forewarn'd,
Ere the flood burſt, and whelm'd their impious Heads,
The playful votaries of BELIAL gorg'd
Their rav'ning palate, and in all the luxe
Of lawleſs joys, and wild intemp'rance rag'd.
But now, like centinels aſleep by thoſe
They dread ſurpriz'd, they ſtart, they ſtare, they groan,
And read their woeful ſentence in their fears.

For lo! the Judge, with Myriads in his train,
Angelic cohorts, hierarchal pow'rs,
And all the thron'd dominions of the ſky,
Proud to adorn the triumphs of this day,
From the bright Empyrean bends to earth

His

His radiant progreſs. Earth to th' inmoſt center
Shakes to and fro aſtounded. Hark! the trump
Ætherial pours the ſleep-diſpelling blaſt,
And bellows in the concave of her womb
Parturient of life, and big with man.
Nature reverſt her Lord's beheſt obeys,
Her Dead with breath inſpir'd, her Quick transform'd.
The vaulted tombs, the cloud-capt pyramids,
Hear the loud-echo'd ſummons, and refund
The treaſur'd reliques, faithful to their truſt.
Nor only labours monumental Earth
With human births. Each element throughout
Glows in this work; and feels the ſeeds of man
Unravel from its complicated maſs.
From the four winds, by voice divine compell'd,
Thick ſwarming atoms thro' the clouded air
Precipitate their flight, to build anew
The moulder'd frame; no more to be diſſolv'd!
And now its priſtin tenement renew'd,
The ſoul long exil'd, which perhaps had roam'd,
A reſtleſs fugitive, the blue expanſe,
Or, wheeling nearer to lov'd earth her flight
Hover'd impatient o'er th' impriſon'd corſe;
Or, couching on the confines of her doom,
Had wiſh'd, or fear'd the grand deciſive day;

True

True to its nuptial tie, this ſoul returns,
And weds a partner, which ſhall live for ever.

O rapture to the juſt! to think that they,
When ev'ry planet, ſtricken from its orb,
Shall fade, and o'er a ruin'd univerſe
Darkneſs incumbent ſpread her raven wing,
That they, emerging from the wreck, ſhall ſhine,
Like cluſt'ring ſtars around the ſun of glory,
In firmaments unconſcious of decay!
See! how their brighten'd cheek with tranſport glows,
As, riſing from their dank and wormy bed,
They moult corruption! All on wing they dart
Their wiſhes, and anticipate the ſkies.
Ah! how unlike the wicked! The ſcar'd Muſe
Starts at the conjur'd ſpectres. Grant, O Lord,
The Poet may not in that group be ſeen;
But ſhun thoſe terrors, which in fancy chill
His blood, and with a Stygian vapour blot
Each fair idea dawning on his mind!
Slow and reluctant from their dungeon's gloom
They riſe unjoyous. Happier, if they ne'er
Had riſen from Death's dark oblivious vale!
On their dim faded brow ſits pale Diſmay,
And from their haggard eyes, ſhockt with each ſight,

Each

Each ſound that meets their ear, wild Horror glares:
And Deſperation, that internal Hell,
Their mien with Sorrow's darkeſt ſhade imbrowns.

But, hark! again the trumpet's direful clang,
Mixt with triumphal ſhouts of banner'd hoſts
Ruſhing from high, th' affrighted welkin rends,
And to a congregated world proclaims
The Deity's approach. On radiant clouds
From pureſt æther ſpun, as on a car,
Borne thro' the yielding air he comes, and Earth,
Unable to ſuſtain th' effulgent beam
Of Godhead, with her adamantine hills
Shrinks at his preſence, and like wax diſſolves.
Lo! thro' the vaſt extenſive cope of Heaven
Swells an immeaſurable arch, with all
The gay diverſities of light diſtinct,
The dread tribunal of our Judge. Imblaz'd
With Glory's richeſt veſture, there he ſits
Obvious to ev'ry eye. Stars confluent crowd
Into a wreath imperial for their King.
His glance outſhines the ſun; and, when he waves
Th' ambroſial beamy treſſes of his head,
Tremble the ſkies, and all creation ſhakes.

Tranſcendent majeſty of CHRIST! ſublim'd
To ſplendor from contempt, to higheſt bliſs

From depths of woe for us ſuſtain'd! how chang'd
From him, whoſe ſacred temples bled beneath
Th' inſulting preſſure of a thorny crown!
From him, who judg'd, condemn'd by vaſſal Man,
Death's deadlieſt pang endur'd; and, to the Sun
Expos'd, who fled the ſpectacle abhorr'd,
Shook CALVARY's dire top, and SALEM's tow'rs
With groans of agonizing Deity!
Look up, affrighted ISRAEL, and confeſs,
Amazingly convinc'd, thy ſad miſtake.
See there th' anointed Lord; the ſame who preſs'd
Thee with endearing call beneath the wings
Of healing mercy to repoſe, when erſt
He ſojourn'd in thy tents; a GOD unown'd;
Tho' Nature thunder'd to each ſenſe the truth,
Suſpended at his beck her pow'rs, or chang'd!
How this his glorious advent, grac'd with pomp
Brighter than that thy carnal hope preſag'd
Of the firſt advent, fatally o'erlook'd,
Harrows thy ſoul! how all thy Elders mourn!
How droops thy Sanhedrim, abaſht to view
The flaming Banner, and the ſentenc'd Judge!

Yet Mercy in that boſom ſits enthron'd,
E'en for his foes an advocate, and melts
The wrathful flaſhes of that awful brow

Into

Into ſoft beams of tenderneſs. The bleſt
Redeemer mitigates the Judge's frown.
Elſe who ſo pure, and incorrupt of heart,
As with unſhaken hope to fix his eye
On Majeſty's inſufferable blaze,
In terrors dreadfulleſt array reveal'd?

And now th' Archangel's trumpet thro' the vaſt
Expanſe of univerſe, which trembling ſwells
The lengthen'd peal, the dire citation ſounds.
High, o'er the Judgment-ſeat, triumphant floats,
The dread of infidels, the chriſtian's boaſt,
Th' ennobled Croſs. Where'er its glories ſtream,
Eternal crimſon paints the bluſhing ſcene.
The Sword of Juſtice, by a Seraph wav'd,
Illumines the wide air, and hung aloft
Th' eventful righteous Balance flames with gold.
Hither, in one diffuſive area's ſpace,
By ſweeping whirlwinds level'd to a plain,
ADAM's collective progeny conven'd,
Myriads on myriads crowd; in number more
Than billowing ſands, by winds tempeſtuous driven
Thro' LIBYA's treach'rous ſoil. How undiſtinguiſh'd
Thy armies here, proud XERXES, at whoſe touch
Rivers exhauſted ſhrunk! What but a drop
To ocean added, and in ocean loſt?

See! how Earth's cedars bow their with'ring head,
Scath'd with the lightnings, which inceſſant break
From yon tremendous throne! How quake her CÆSARS,
Her NIMRODS and her BOURBONS, lawleſs chiefs,
Beneath whoſe waſteful ſword unpeopled realms,
Ambition's victim, bled! whoſe laurels bloom'd,
And wanton'd in the widow's flowing tears,
Their guilty joys bought with mankind's diſtreſs!
Curſt the vain triumph, and the trophy'd Arc,
And all the proud memorials of their rage,
The ſtricken heroes mourn, and wiſh atchiev'd
Thoſe victories, to which th' angelic hoſt
Thro' Heav'n's glad courts applauſive Pæans ſing,
Immortal victories, and worthy Man,
O'er paſſions conquer'd, and o'er ſelf ſubdu'd.
Not ſo the potentate, whoſe ſpotleſs life,
Pure as his ermine, ſhone; who ne'er the ſword
Unſheath'd, but when Religion aſk'd its aid,
Or his lov'd Country, groaning under wrongs,
Bade him Oppreſſion's inſolence chaſtiſe:
Fluſh'd with gay hopes, and panting for the palm,
He views th' unfading crown, for which he toil'd,
Amidſt the ſoft allurements of a throne
Firm and unſhaken, when Earth ſaw him ſhed
Balm from his ſceptre o'er a foſter'd realm.
Ye virtuous ALFREDS, GEORGES, ANNES, ELIZAS,

Protectors

Protectors of your country and mankind;
Lift up the brow of confidence, aſſume
Th' unbluſhing mien of grandeur, and behold
Th' exceeding weight of glory, which your King
Awards to all, who made the throne a ſtep
To mount their bleſt ambition to the ſkies.

The world's diſtinctions, and its gloſſy plumes
Are vaniſh'd. Here the goodneſs of the heart,
Exuberant in fruits of holy life,
Gives man the juſt pre-eminence o'er man.
The Monarch, if, to ev'ry luſt a ſlave,
He bruis'd his ſubjects with an iron rod,
And iſſuing from th' imperial den, on blood
And rapine bent, with ruin mark'd his way,
Outcaſt from light, and to congenial fiends
Conſign'd, reverſe deplorable! ſurveys
The beggar diadem'd, and thron'd in bliſs.
All greatneſs, but what aggrandizes man,
Diminiſht ſhrinks. Pale Beauty hides her face
Once prais'd, than loath'd Deformity more foul,
Unleſs fair Virtue, beaming from within,
Sheds a celeſtial radiance o'er the mien.
Proud boaſtful Science, o'er the midnight lamp
So oft in vain reſearches poring, droops
To ſee the ſage now dwindle to a fool,

Who ne'er in ZENO's porch, or PLATO's grove,
Explor'd the path to happineſs and GOD.

None more exult, or with more heighten'd bloom
Impurpled, on the dread tribunal fix
The eye ſerene uprais'd, than thoſe whoſe breaſt
Glow'd with extenſive charity, and bade
The ſtream benign in widen'd channels run,
To diſtant ages circulating joy,
And ſolace as it flow'd. Lo! HENRY leads
Th' illuſtrious band. The clouds, which here o'ercaſt
His penſive brow, the ſtorms, which vex'd his reign,
Are diſſipated all. Immortal Hope
Diſtends his heart, and glitters in his eye.
Blood-ſtain'd uſurper, how the ſcorpion whip
Of Conſcience ulcerates thy bleeding ſoul!
How doſt thou wiſh BOSWORTH's leſs dreaded plain
Had giv'n the laſt deciſion to thy fate!
Hail, pious prince! and to thy virtues due
A crown receive, which no rapacious hand
Shall raviſh: view a moment's woes outweigh'd
By an eternity of ſolid bliſs.

Now palſy'd Fear the whole aſſembly ſhakes,
And burſting ſighs o'er all the void reſound:
Now e'en the Good miſgivings feel. For lo

The

The ſeal of adamant is broke, and open'd,
Big with the fate of man, th' eternal book.
The Angels, anxious for this hour which clears
The mazes of the moral plan; unveils
Myſterious depths; which erſt intent to ſcan
They ſtoop'd, and of their wand'ring found no end,
Throng round the Judge unnumber'd; and behold,
Aſtoniſht, ev'ry dark enigma ſolv'd,
And providence aſſerted in his ways.
The marſhal'd world, obedient to command,
Forms a two-fold diviſion; on the right
The Juſt, the Wicked on the left are rang'd.
So when the genial ſpring the turgid gems
Unlocks, and breathes a verdure o'er the meads,
The ſhepherd, ſedulous to pour his flock
O'er the freſh paſture, the mixt troop ſurveys,
And bids the fetid and laſcivious herd
Graze from the bleating innocents disjoin'd.
Suſpenſe awhile, and dread Amazement holds
The ſtill creation motionleſs: when lo!
The ſounding Alchymy, by breath inſpir'd
Of Archangelic Herald, rings a peal
Of ſummons to the righteous, to attend
The Judge, and hear enounc'd their final doom.
Thin ſhades of doubt amidſt the conſcious gleams
Bright'ning their front are interpos'd. As when

A Roman chief, from the well-foughten field
Returning, felt alternate paſſions ſway
His breaſt, now hoping, fearing now leſt all
His labours might diſparag'd ſink below
The envy'd prize of Triumph's feſtal pomp.

With placid brow, at which the æther ſmiles
Fluſh'd with redundancy of light, the Judge
Surveys the choſen flock, and ſheds abroad
Peace o'er their hearts, and luſtre o'er their mien.
Meek dove-ey'd Innocence, with Slander's darts
Oft here tranſpierc'd, and in the ſhuffled crowd
Of accidents with Guilt confounded, pure
And ſpotleſs as the recent ſnow appears.
Her ſtern accuſers wither at the ſight,
While Cherubs, with benevolence o'erflowing,
Clap their exulting wings, rejoic'd to view
Effulgence of their ſanctitude, and long
To waft their ſiſter ſpirit to the ſkies.
Omniſcience pleas'd the honeſt heart inſpects,
His nobleſt work; and bares the deep receſs,
Where Charity and Virtue ſit enſhrin'd.
Each unambitious grace, which, like the roſe
That paints th' untrodden wild, in ſecret bloom'd,
Too delicate to bear the ruffling breath
Of worldly praiſe, now beams in open day,

And

And its unfolded beauties ſpreads before
Applauding angels, and a ſmiling GOD.
The ſtains, which to the beſt below adhere,
Moles in a well-ſhap'd body thinly ſown,
Are by the candid Judge, without a frown,
From Heav'n's memorial books eras'd for ever.

O glorious trial! where the Juſt, like gold
By friendly fire refin'd, with added weight
And ſplendor ſhine conſpicuous, on the ſtage
Of an aſſembled world proclaim'd aloud
Their merit, and by lift'ning ſaints extoll'd!
See ſuff'ring Worth exult, her utmoſt wiſh
Now more than gratify'd! the weighty meed
O'erpays her woes, and with a boundleſs tide
Perennial pleaſures burſt upon her ſoul.
How glow Religion's Chiefs, whom threats nor flames
Could e'er ſubdue; nor all the ſtudy'd pains,
Which witty Malice forg'd, could ever ſhake
From the firm baſis of their high reſolve!
Their gracious GOD inclines his head, and nods
His approbation, in their ſorrows pleas'd
To recognize his own: the heav'nly Band
The victors greet with pæans, and rejoice
To add the ſteady phalanx to their roll.

Huſh'd

Huſh'd be ye winds! and Earth and Æther, wrapt
In ſilence, liſten to your Maker's voice
Mellifluous, which aloud the mild award
Enounces thro' your regions. "Come, ye Bleſt,
"Share the unfading pleaſures of my realm,
"Coheirs of bliſs, my ſire's adopted ſons."
Rapt at the ſound the Juſt, a ſhining train,
The yielding clouds divide, by angel wings
Convoy'd in triumph thro' th' aerial ſpace,
With Hallelujahs, and the dulcet ſtrain
Of harps reſounding. Round his throne the Judge
The gather'd Faithful ranks in ſev'ral files
Proportion'd to their worth, all ſtars ordain'd
Orbs to relume by Satan and his crew
Rebellious voided, but in glory each
From each now diff'ring, as on earth their deeds.
How vaſt the rapture, infinite the joy
From breaſt to breaſt rebounding! how inflam'd
With love ineffable the bridegroom burns,
To meet the pure unſpotted ſpouſe, in all
The heighten'd charms of Piety array'd!
How the Redeemer with complacence hails,
The glorious ranſom of his precious blood,
His ſaints, from ev'ry quarter of the globe
Conven'd, aſſeſſors of his throne, to hear
Guilt ſentenc'd, and applaud her righteous doom!

See! on the left what conſternation broods
O'er all the louring proſpect! how deſponds
The miſcreant throng! how frantic ev'ry look,
And ſpeaking geſture! what a burſt of groans
Declares the direful bodings of their ſoul!
For now the Wicked, like a ruſhing ſea
Turbid with ſtormy guſts, their cited numbers
Pour round the bar, and deluge all the plain.
Luſt, Murder, Avarice, and rancour'd Hate,
And Perſecution, varniſht o'er with zeal,
And foul Hypocriſy, beneath the veil
Of fair Religion lurking, griſly forms,
Touch'd by a ray, quick flaſhing from the throne,
Start up in native ghaſtlineſs reveal'd.
How vain the caitif's artifice, which oft
O'er baffled Juſtice triumph'd, now the Judge
Omniſcient ſcans his life, and brings to light
Each hidden purpoſe, each unwitneſs'd deed!
Th' invenom'd heart, its mazy folds evolv'd,
And ev'ry cell diſclos'd, where Malice ſate
Hatching dire treaſons, maſſacres, and ills,
Trembles beneath a ſearching God. Appall'd
Heav'n's habitants look down, with horror viewing
Humanity degraded to a fiend.

Ah!

Ah! how they writhe their limbs, and gnaſh their teeth,
With tortures inly rackt, aſham'd to view
Blazon'd their crimſon ſpots, afraid to meet
The glances of Omnipotence enrag'd,
Th' offended JESUS to confront, whoſe laws
They trampled under foot, whoſe name they mock'd,
And glorying in their ſcandal, ſtill rebell'd,
By all his gracious offers unreclaim'd!
In vain to rocks they call, in yawning depths
To whelm their heads abaſht. Alas! the rocks
Soon will their fuel'd entrails ſcatter wide,
And nought remain a monument of wrath
Divine, but Man, apoſtate Man, condemn'd
To feed th' undying worm, to howl in fire,
His torments coextended with his being.

And now with aſpect, kindled into rage
Tenfold, at which earth, air, and ſea around
Float with redundant flames, with voice, at which
Trembles Heaven's wide circumference, the Judge
The ſtern award enounces. "Go, ye Curſt,
"To fire, as everlaſting as your ſouls,
"For Satan and his impious hoſt prepar'd."

Strait at the ſound deſtroying Angels pour
Their wrathful vials o'er a world proſcrib'd,

A guilty

A guilty world! which ſaw its Maker bleed.
Inceſſant thunders thro' th' aerial vault
Roll the big mutt'ring peal, and lightnings glare
Terrific thro' the gloom. The ſun, the moon,
With blood diſcolour'd, o'er the darken'd ſcene
Scowl horror and amaze: ſtars from their ſphere
With hideous ruin and combuſtion ruſh.
Convulſive tremors rock the reeling earth,
And from her riven womb, where priſon'd ſlept
Till now, in min'ral or metallic beds,
The vengeful miniſters, embody'd flames
Shoot the long ſpiry trail, and billowing puſh
O'er many a ſpacious realm and region wide
The ruddy torrent. Ah! what havock reigns!
How Deſolation o'er the proſtrate globe
Furious her ſcythe-arm'd chariot drives, and all
Its boaſted ſplendor levels with the duſt!
Where are the giant-ſons of Earth, the ALPS,
And APENNINES, the PYRENEAN cliffs,
Proud boundaries of kingdoms? Where huge ATLAS,
Who frown'd tremendous o'er the ſubject ſurge?
All, like the ſnow which glitter'd on their tops,
Melted before the preſence of the LORD,
Are periſh'd, and no veſtige left behind.
Ah! vaniſh'd is that ſpot, for juſtice fam'd,
Of injur'd ſtates th' Aſylum, Queen of Iſles,

BRITANNIA.

BRITANNIA. Oh! my country! there ſhe ſinks
Whelm'd in the fiery flood, and ambient ſeas,
Once her ſtrong bulwark, but augment the blaze.
Empires renown'd, where erſt contention rag'd
To add freſh laurels to the victor's brow,
Join'd in one fate, an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs
Of ruin lie, a monument to ſhew
How vain Ambition's moſt ſucceſsful toil.
The raging tumult thickens, and Uproar,
'Midſt Nature's groans, and cruſh of elements
Holds her licentious anarchy. The pow'rs
Of Heaven are ſhaken, and yon unpillar'd arch,
Earth's gorgeous canopy, with fervent heat
Melts, like a ſcroll convolv'd, to viewleſs air.
Th' auguſt aſſize now finiſh'd 'midſt the loud
Plaudits of wond'ring Angels, darkneſs drops
The curtain o'er Creation. Oh! what plaints,
What yells reſound, while rolling in the ſurge
Sulphureous, kindled by the Almighty's blaſt
Th' eternal Tophet, Myriads howl and wiſh
They in the gen'ral wreck cou'd loſe their being!

His ways aſſerted, and unerring right
In each proportion'd recompenſe diſplay'd,
The Judge all-glorious riſes from his throne,
And with his bright retinue wings his car

Triumphal

Triumphal thro' the ſkies, to heavenly SION
In radiant pomp aſcending. Angels ſtrike
Their golden chords, and melody divine
Exulting thro' the ætherial region floats.
On their gay foreheads amaranthine crowns
Of joy, immortal praiſes in their mouths,
The ranſom'd ſaints their Saviour hail, and loud
Hoſannas from unnumber'd voices pour'd
Swell the glad jubilee. Heav'n's op'ning portals
Shook with the feſtive acclamations ring.

THE

THE

REDEMPTION:

A

MONODY.

BY

J. SCOTT, M. A.

Τον οὐδα παιδων Κυριον γενικωδαιον,
Και πάιερα, τθιον διατελει τιμαν, μονον
Αγαθων τοιυτων ευρετην κτιςορα.

Frag. Menand.

M DCC LXIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader need not be told that the following Poem was written for SEATON'S PRIZE, *and rejected. It is not now publiſhed as an appeal to the Public from the ſentence of the Judges; but as it may afford half an hour's innocent entertainment to the Reader.*

The Author choſe this contracted plan for two reaſons: one was, that he might keep clear of Arguments pro and con, which if unſkilfully handled are as ridiculous in poetry, as wooden ſwords in ſkirmiſhes at a puppet-ſhew; and the other, that he might not treſpaſs upon the Reader's patience by entering too prolixly into a ſubject, which is better ſuited for a large volume, than a ſmall pamphlet.

The poetical Reader need not be told that the Metre is an imitation of that, which Milton *hath uſed in his* Lycidas. ——

THE

REDEMPTION.

DAUGHTERS of Jove, no more!—Adieu, ye Maids,
Whoſe viſionary forms have met my eye;
Whether I mus'd by Anio's headlong ſteep,
Or by the fabled haunts of Caſtaly,
Or where Cephiſus joins the billowy deep;
Or where thro' groves, and olive-woven ſhades,
Iliſſus rolls his ſtream;
For now a loftier theme
Demands my ſong, REDEMPTION's wondrous plan,
And thy ſad ſufferings, O my God, for Man!

But come, O Virgin-muſe of Sion, come,
Come gently, and my breaſt inſpire
With ſome faint ſparks of that ſeraphic fire,
Whoſe beams refulgent glow'd,
When burſting thro' the womb
Of dark futurity, "A God, a God,"

Proclaim'd aloud the heav'n-enlighten'd Seer,
" From Boſrah lo he comes mighty to ſave,
" Mighty to triumph o'er the grave! "——
And all the oaks of Baſhan ſtoopt to hear,
And Lebanon's attentive cedars bow'd.

But turn, O turn thine eyes
To where with groves of Palm, and Olive crown'd,
On the fair boſom of the mountain lies
The Garden's holy ground!
For there my Saviour's bitter agonies
Began; there from th' Abyſs profound
Of blackeſt Hell, a ſtream of horrour flow'd,
And overwhelm'd his pure and innocent ſoul;
Or ere his ſacred blood
Had waſht, had cleans'd us from pollutions foul,
And ſeal'd anew the League 'twixt Man and God.

Dark roſe the dreadful Night,
And not one ſprightly note, or pleaſing ſound,
Was heard to breathe around:
The Shepherds ſat with ſilent horrour mute,
And charm'd no more their pipe or jocund flute;
And Philomel her wonted ſtrain forbore:
How could ſhe ſing, while from the blaſted oak
The hoarſe night-ravens croak,
And Screech-owls moan aloud in dire affright,

And

And ſcreaming from the pool with hideous cry
Aloof the Bitterns fly;
While clouds impetuous burſt with horrid roar,
And Spectres ſhriek, and Ghoſts unholy yell,
And mutt'ring in the black and turbid air
Dæmons and fiends of hell,
Array'd in livid flames, terrific glare?

Earth to the center ſhook,
And univerſal Nature quakt for fear,
As if her end was near;
While ev'ry pale Star, with diſtemper'd look,
Shot from the ſky:—and well, O well they might
When he was doom'd to agonizing pain,
Who bade them flame on high,
The faireſt gems in heav'n's fair canopy,
And fill'd their orbs with everlaſting light.
But now ſee where he lies
On the cold ground, expos'd to thick dank air,
And all the fury of the madding ſkies!
See how each nerve and vein
Trembles and throbs with torture; how his eyes
Start from their ſeat with anguiſh and deſpair!
What drops of ſanguine ſweat roll down amain
From his fair limbs! "O Father, O remove
"If poſſible this cup; yet not my will,

" But thine be done!" O agonizing Love,
O Grace beyond compare!
Swift thro' the yielding air
The words upflew to heav'n, and all the Quire
Of bleſſed Angels ſtood in ſpeechleſs trance:
Aſide they flung their harps of golden wire,
And in their bow'rs of amaranthine ſhade
For one ſhort moment ſtay'd
Their ardent ſongs of rapture and of praiſe,
While wonder-ſtruck they gaze,
O King of Suff'rings, on thy conflicts dire!

But ſoft! Am I deceiv'd, or doth a ray
Of light ethereal burſt thro' yonder cloud,
And gild the mountain top with its fair beam?
Lo down the lucid ſtream
An Angel glides! he leaves his cryſtal ſphere,
And cuts with nimble wing his liquid way
Thro' the rank vapours of this murky air;
Sent, O my Saviour, from thy lab'ring breaſt
To drive away the horrours of deſpair,
And give thy ſorrow-ſick'ning ſoul to reſt.

And hark, while ſwiftly from th' ethereal he
This harbinger of light
Deſcends, what awful ſilence reigns around!

No

No more their ruſtling heads the Cedars wave,
And each aërial Sound
Creeps ſoftly to its cave:
The dark Clouds ſlumber on the mountain's brow,
And Nature ſtands abſorb'd in dread ſuſpenſe;
While thus the Angel cheers his drooping ſenſe,
And bids full ſtreams of heav'nly muſic flow.

THE HYMN.

Hail * Sun of Righteouſneſs, whoſe healing ray
Can pierce the darkneſs of Egyptian night;
Tho' now ſome earth-born clouds obſtruct thy way,
Soon ſhalt thou blaze in thy meridian height;
And beaming, with celeſtial love,
Deſtroy the † covering, and the veil remove,
And guide the nations with thy friendly light,
To the bleſt regions of eternal day.
Then, O ye Hoſts on high,
Cherubs and Seraphs, that excel in might,
Ye that encircling guard the ſaphyr throne,
And ſing Hoſannas to the great THREEONE,
O praiſe him, praiſe him everlaſtingly!

When Man rebell'd, and from th' abyſs profound
Thoſe miſcreated monſters Sin and Death

* Malachi iv. 2. † Iſaiah xxv. 7.

A way

A way to Eden found;
There blaſting, with their peſtilential breath,
Each herb, and fruit, and flow'r,
Of Eve's * delicious bow'r;
Thou ſaw'ſt the havoc, ſaw'ſt with melting eye
† The ſad Earth labour under the horrid doom
Of guilt, and miſery;
Saw'ſt all her beauty, all her vernal bloom
Like flow'rs froſt-ſmitten die;
While heaving with convulſive pangs, and groans,
She op'd her jaws, and yawn'd the general tomb
Of her once happy, once immortal ſons!
At that dread hour, when ſtatue-ſtruck with woe
Stood the primæval Pair,
And wept, and loaded with their ſighs the air,
We ‡ lookt around—but lo
Not one to pity them, not one to know!
No Son of light, no Angel dar'd to plead,
No Seraph intercede:
Till Thou, the high prieſt, heard'ſt the wretches moan,
And off'ring up their incenſe-breathing pray'r
In golden cenſer at th' eternal throne,

* Paradiſe Loſt, iv. 690.

† The Author purpoſely left this line thus unharmonious, that the Sound might be in accord with the Senſe.

‡ Pſalm lxix. 20, & Iſaiah lix. 16.

"On

" On me their Shepherd, me thy wrath employ,
" But ſpare theſe hapleſs ſheep, O Father, ſpare,
" Let me with agonies their grief atone,
" And all their ſins, and all their ſorrows bear."
Then ſang the morning Stars their hymns of joy,
When thou, the Father's uncreated Son,
The promis'd * Shilo, quitting thy abode,
That heaven of heav'ns the boſom of thy God,
And ſtript of all thy bliſs, and all thy glory,
Began'ſt, O wondrous ſtory,
The taſk of Love, and voluntary Woe.
Hail Word eternal! Hail creating Mind!
Then did the Hills, then did the Vales reſound;
The Vale of Arnon, and the purple brow
Of beauteous Amana, and Shenir rang,
And all the foreſts of thy Carmel ſang,
When Thou, in fleſhly † Tabernacle ſhrin'd,
'Ganſt pour the ſtream of bleſſings all around,
And brooding over teach thy helpleſs care,
As the fond Eagle doth her young, to try
Their ſcarce-fledg'd plumes, and thro' the baſer air
Aſſert the manſions in their native ſky.
‡ O goodly Vine, beneath whoſe cluſtring boughs
The weary flocks repoſe!

* Gen. xlix. 10. † 2 Cor. v. 1. ‡ John xv. 1.

O * Roſe of Sharon! O † Encloſure ſweet
Of chief perfumes, of ſpices freſh and rare!
Wake, wake ye winds, and o'er the Garden blow,
That all the ſoul-delighting ſcents may flow;
And ye, O Spirits of air
Catch the rich odours, and to heav'n repair,
That angels may diſſolve in raptures meet!
O ‡ Phoſphor! O effulgent Son of Morn!
But ah how fallen, faln! how chang'd from Him,
Who led to war th' embattled Seraphim,
And all the Youth of Heav'n; whoſe flaming hand,
With thunders arm'd, hurl'd from th' ethereal ſky
The arch apoſtate and his rebel band,
Hurl'd them with ruin, and combuſtion dire,
To bottomleſs perdition, there to lie
Weltring in lakes of everliving fire!
Yet, ſpotleſs Lamb, tho' now with wrath divine
Thou feel'ſt thy adamantine ſoul oppreſt;
Tho' Adam's ſins are by adoption thine,
And cruſh with heavy load thy lab'ring breaſt;
Yet quickly ſhall the mortal coil be o'er,
And grief, and pain, and anguiſh be no more;
Soon ſhall the brightneſs of thy Godhead ſhine:
Ev'n now methinks thy § robes with ſanguine red

* Solomon's Song, ii. 1. † Solomon's Song, iii. 12. & infra.
‡ Re. xxii. 16. § Iſai. lxiii, 2.

Are

Are ſtain'd, like thoſe that in the winefat tread;
I ſee, I ſee thee riſe.
How bright, how glorious, o'er the ſtarry ſkies,
And Sin, and Death are led
Chain'd to thy Chariot wheels! Hark, hark the Song
Begins, the Song of triumph and delight,
Which erſt we ſung, when from the dreadful fight
Returning Victor all the rapturous throng
Of Saints and Angels hail'd thee, wond'rous King,
Almighty Lord, Heav'n's ſole eternal Heir:
Lift up your heads, ye Gates, and O prepare,
Ye living Orbs, your everlaſting doors,
The King of Glory comes!
What King of Glory?—He, whoſe puiſſant might
Subdu'd * Abaddon, and th' infernal pow'rs
Of Darkneſs bound in adamantine chains:
Who wrapt in glory with the Father reigns
Omnipotent, immortal, infinite!

The Angel ceas'd, and from his flinty bed
The God-redeemer roſe:
Lull'd was his care in heav'n-inſpir'd repoſe,
And his ſick ſoul with airs ethereal fed:
Content he roſe, O Father, to fulfil
Thy fixt eternal will.

* The Angel of the bottomleſs pit is ſo called in Rev. ix. 11.

And

And now the madding crew their Saviour led
Mild as a Lamb to ſlaughter, like a ſheep
Before her ſhearers dumb — But, O my Muſe,
Forbear!—Ev'n gnarled Oaks for grief would weep,
And the rough rocks their briny tears diffuſe,
Should'ſt thou to Calvary's cleft ſummit riſe,
And there, in colours ſuited to thy woe,
The torments and ſtupendous ſorrows paint
Of the great ſuff'ring Saint.——
Oh ſtop, and from the humble baſe below
Caſt up thy tearful eyes
To where thy Lord, and * Love was crucify'd;
So ſhall the World, and all its vanities
Appear like droſs—Ambition, Luſt, and Pride
Shall far, far off their baleful pow'rs remove,
And in the pure unſpotted mind
Nothing remain behind,
But Adoration, Ecſtacy, and Love.

* Cyp. Ερως μου εσταυρωται.

FINIS.

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